

No 11

FEB.-MAR.

COOKIE

IND.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FLASH!

GOOD NEWS!

EXTRA! "THE KILROYS"
NOW PUBLISHED
EVERY MONTH!



... AND EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATELY, THAT
GREAT COMIC,
"THE KILROYS,"
WILL APPEAR
EVERY MONTH!



"THE KILROYS," FOLKS...
GREATEST COMICS
MAGAZINE SHOW ON
EARTH! PRESENTED **EACH**
MONTH FROM NOW ON!



*Yes, you asked for it, boys
and girls...SO WE'RE BRINGING IT
TO YOU!* IN RESPONSE TO **NATIONWIDE
DEMAND**, YOUR FAVORITE FUN MAGAZINE GOES
ON SALE **EACH AND EVERY MONTH FROM NOW ON!**

So...twice as many laughs as before!

TWICE AS MUCH JOY AND MERRIMENT! FOR THE TEEN-AGE TIME
OF YOUR LIFE, LATCH ON TO **NATCH, JUDY, JACKSON AND KATIE...THE
KEENEST TEENS YOU'VE SEEN!** MAKE A HA-HA HABIT OF
AMERICA'S **FUNNIEST FAMILY**
...**THE KILROYS!** IT'S A BIG
PARADE OF BELLY-LAFFS...ALL
IN THAT GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE
NOW APPEARING **EVERY MONTH!**

gib **The KILROYS**
America's Funniest Family!
...THE MOST WANTED COMIC
IN HISTORY!

"COOKIE"

DON'T
YA EVER
MISS?

SMACK!

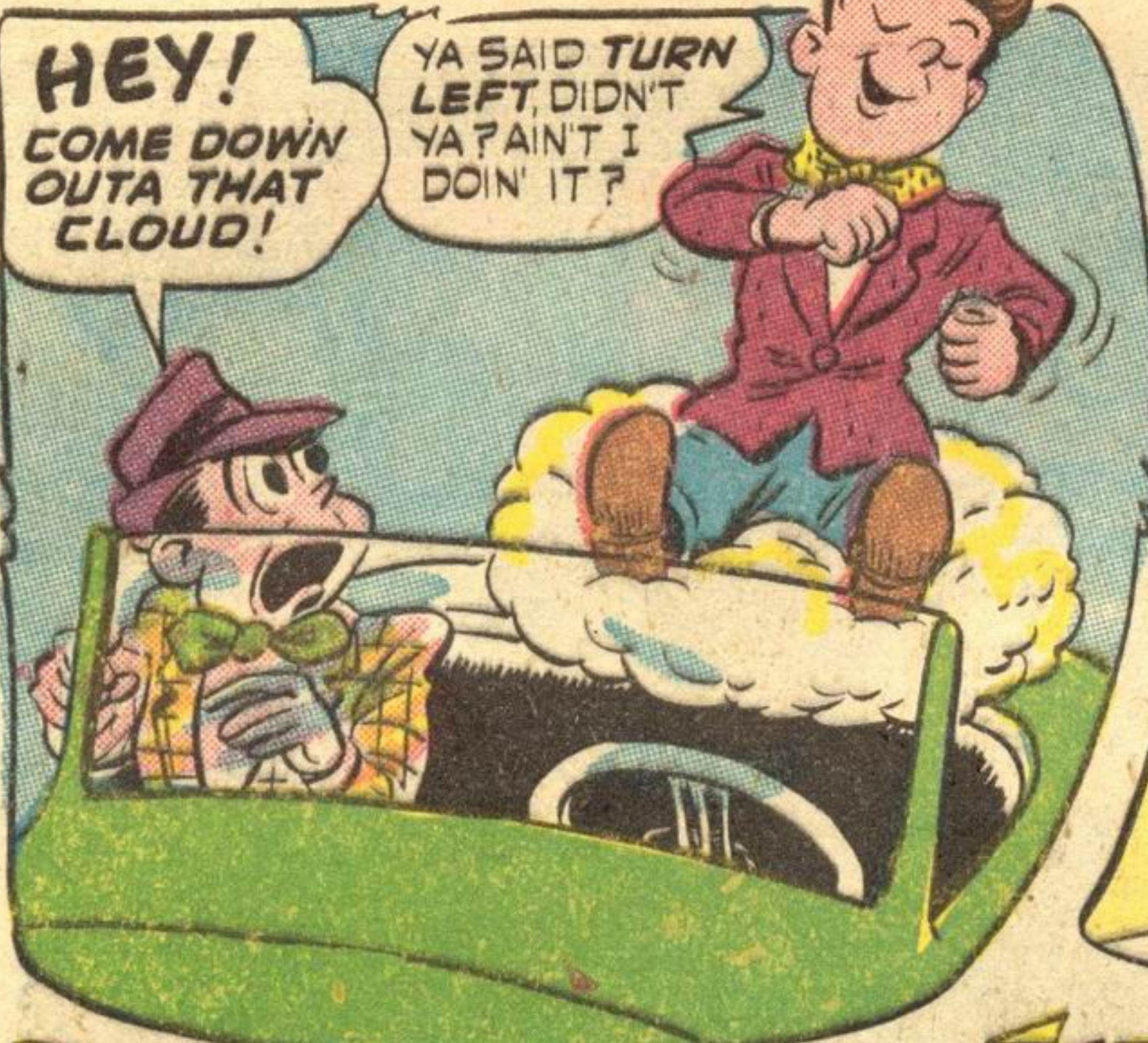
"dangardane"

TCH, TCH!
WILL YA
LOOKIT THAT
GUY COOKIE?
HE'S WALKIN'
ON **CLOUDS**!

G'NIGHT,
GORGEIOUS!

ADIOS,
ADONIS!

ROMANCIN' ANGELPUSS
HAS PUT YA IN A **TRANCE**!
TURN LEFT AT THE NEXT
CORNER...LET'S BE
REALISTIC AN' GET
A **HAMBURGER**!.

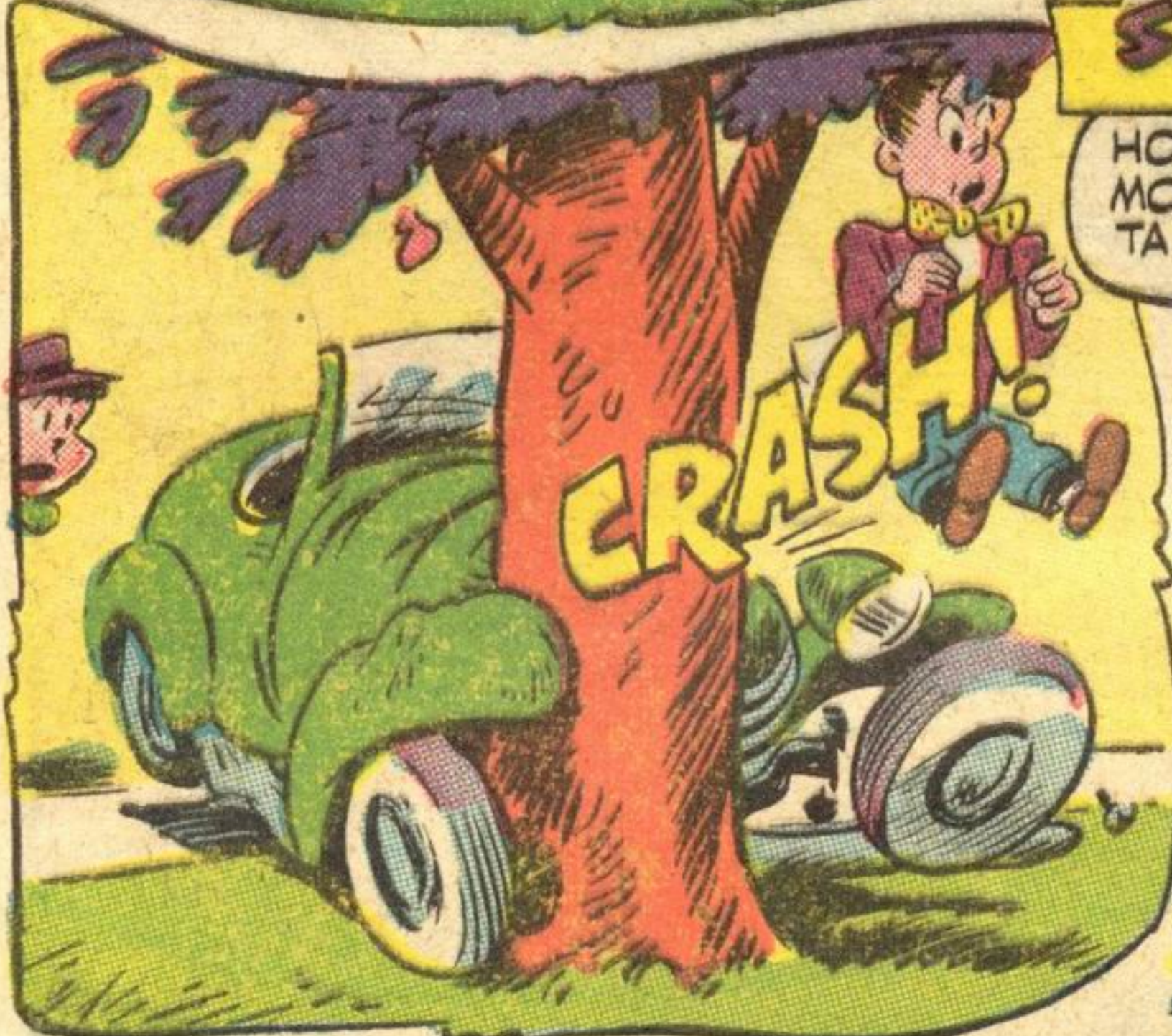


HEY!
COME DOWN
OUTA THAT
CLOUD!

YA SAID TURN
LEFT, DIDN'T
YA? AIN'T I
DOIN' IT?



GERONIMO!



Sad moments later...

HOW MUCH DID THE GREASE
MONKEY SAY IT WOULD COST
TA PUT YER FATHER'S CAR
IN SHAPE?

**ONE
HUNDRED
AN' TWENTY-
SIX BUCKS...
AN' THIRTY-
FIVE CENTS!**

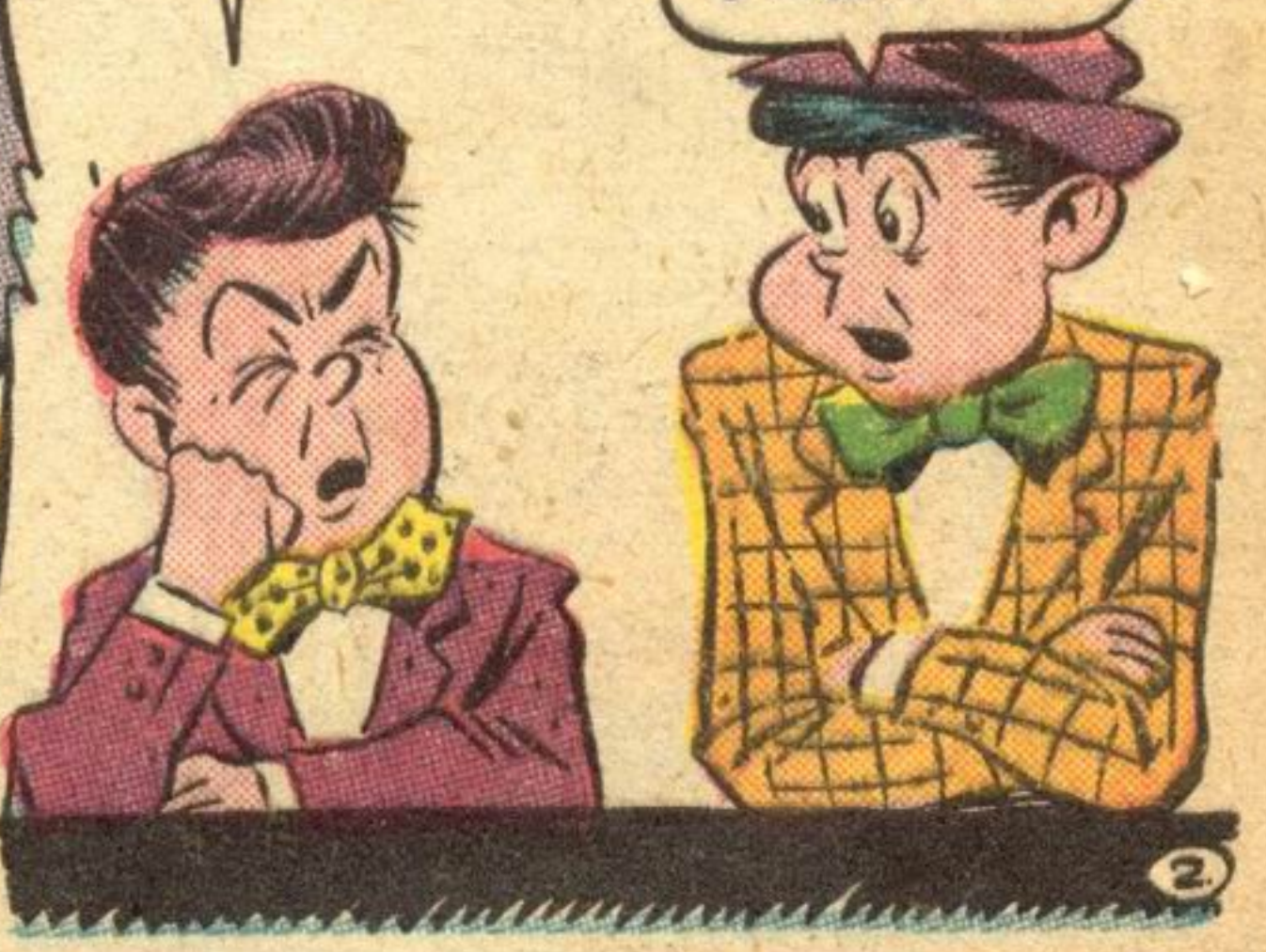


OH, BROTHER!
WAIT'LL YER
POP HEARS
THAT!

HE CAN'T HEAR ABOUT
IT **YET**...HE'S OUTA TOWN!
AN' GOSH...BEFORE HE LEFT,
HE SAID I WASN'T TA
TOUCH HIS CAR AT
ALL!

OH, WHY DID I DO IT?
IF WE'D O' WALKED
TONIGHT, THIS AWFUL
THING NEVER WOULD'A
HAPPENED!

ONLY ONE
THING TA DO
...**RAISE THE
DOUGH AN'
GET IT FIXED
BEFORE YER
POP GETS
BACK!**



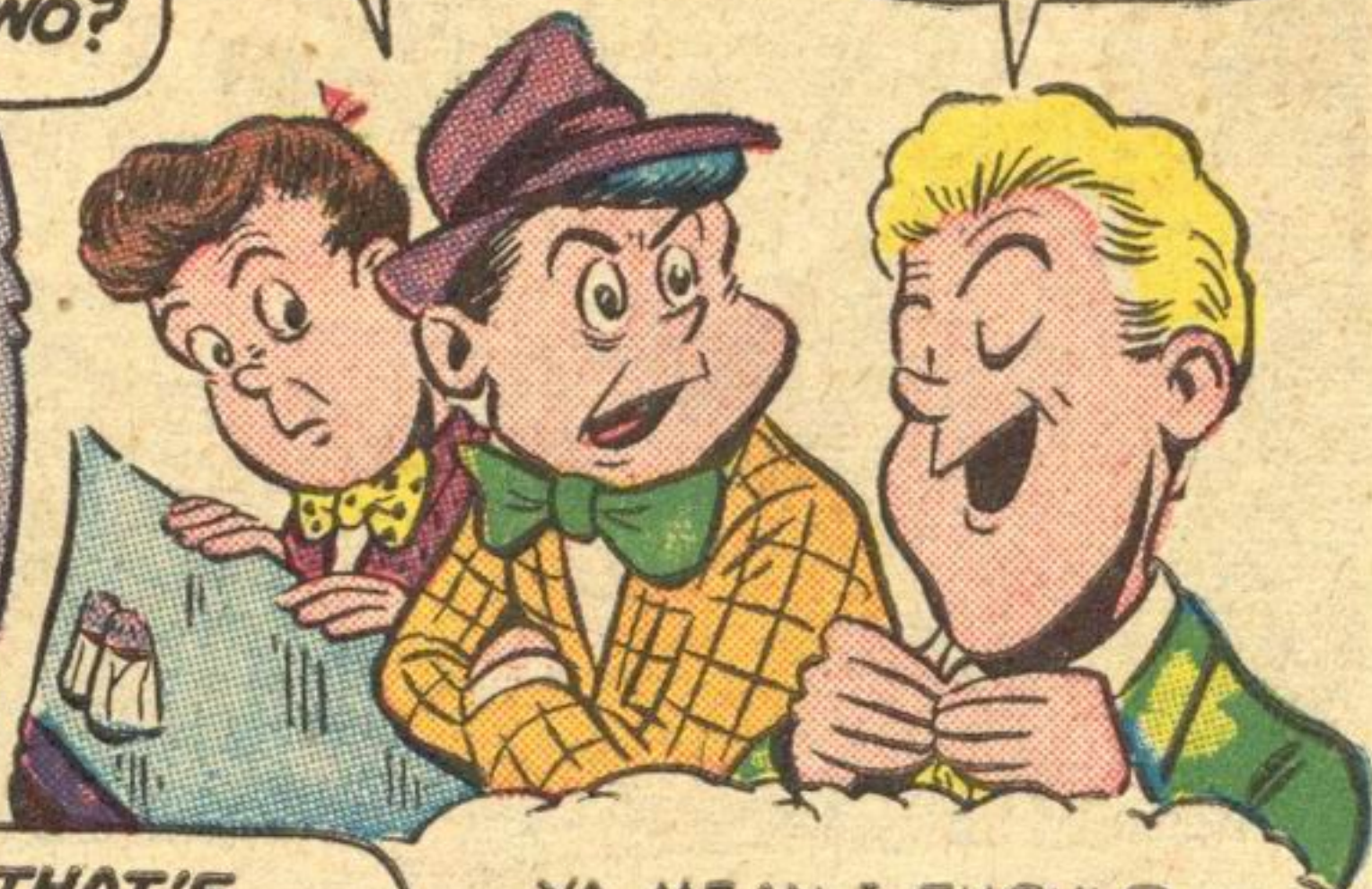
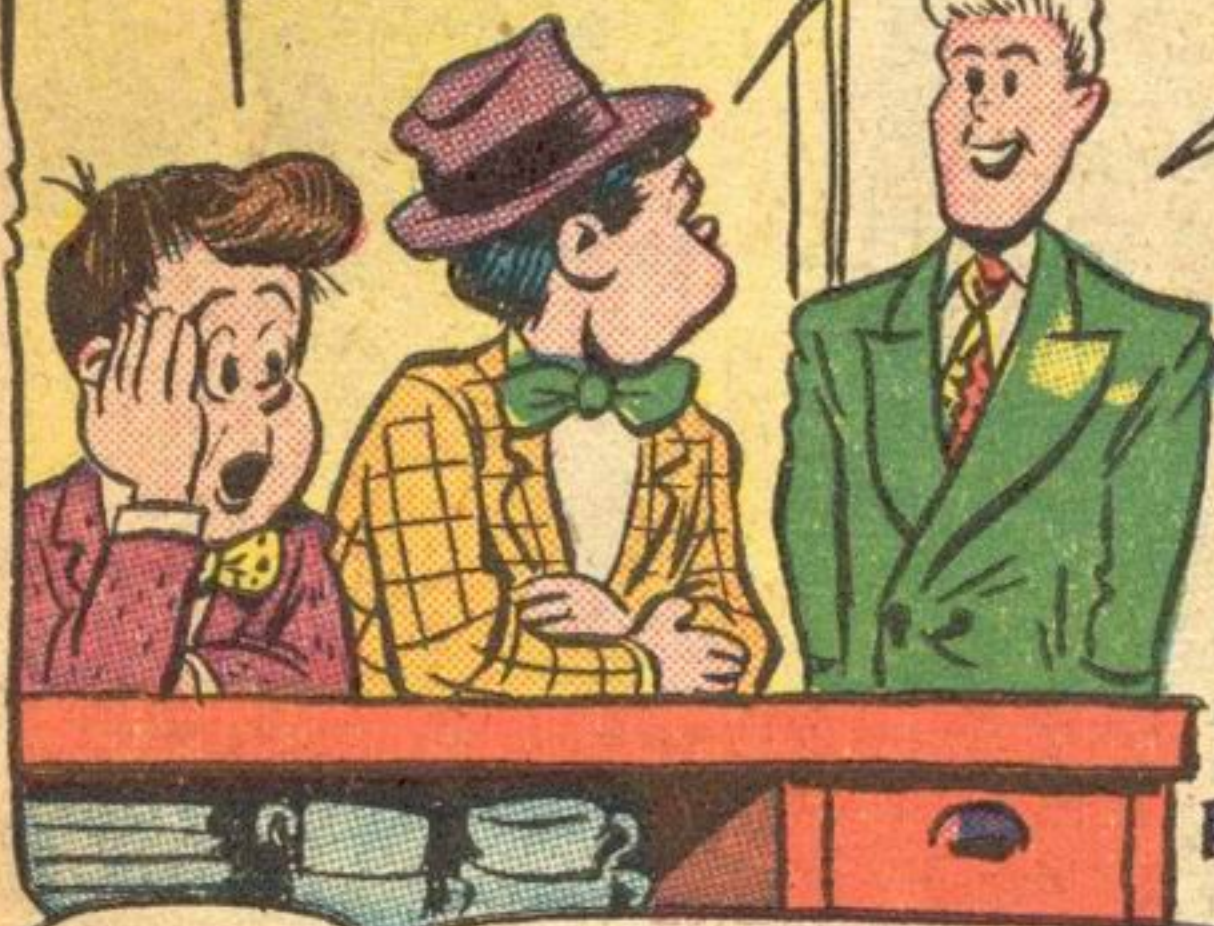
YER RIGHT! SOME WAY
I GOTTA RAISE \$126.35
...OR ELSE!

AS IF WE AIN'T
GOT TROUBLE
ENOUGH...LOOK
WHO'S HERE!
ZOOT!

AND WHY
SHOULD I
TROUBLE
YOU TWO?

WHY? ON ACCOUNTA
COOKIE'S JUST HAD A
DATE WITH **ANGELPUSS**
...SO IT'S TIME FOR
YOUR GREEN EYES
TA LIGHT UP!

YA MEAN I
OUGHTA BE
JEALOUS? ON
THE CONTRARY..
I'M VERY **GLAD**
I STAYED AT
HOME TONIGHT!



**THIS
IS
NEWS!**

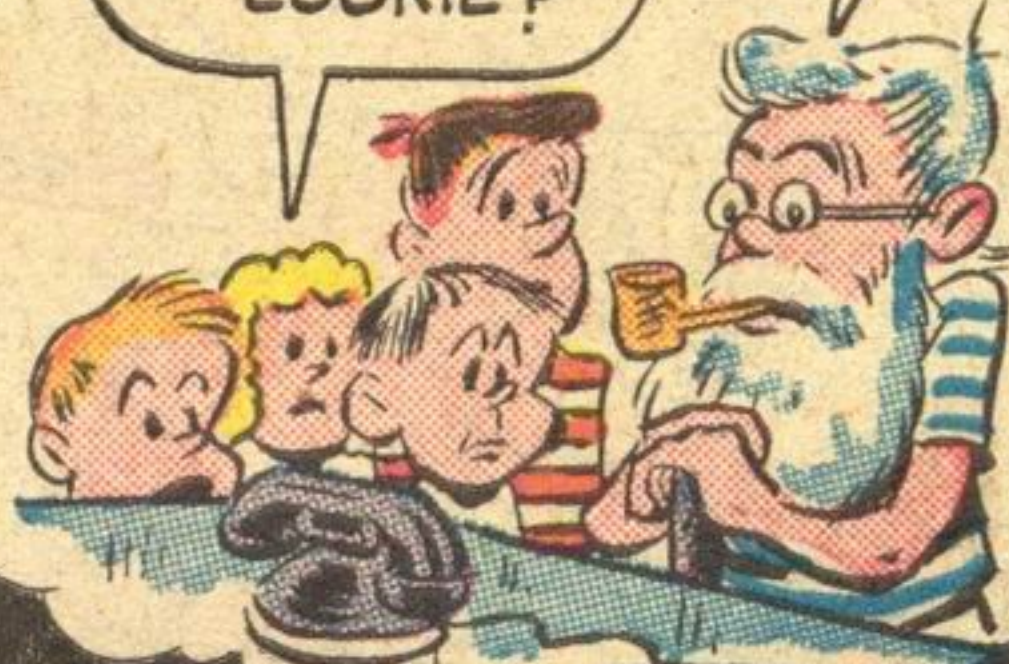
UH-HUH! SO WAS THE
PHONE CALL I GOT
FROM THE **MAGNESIA
HOUR** ON THE RADIO!
IT NETTED ME JUST
TWO HUNDRED BUCKS
TO BE AT HOME WHEN
THEY CALLED!...
LOOK!

HEY...**THAT'S
IT, KID! RADIO!**
THAT'LL SOLVE
YER PROBLEM!

YA MEAN I SHOULD...

NO PHONE-CALL
**YET, GRAMPA
COOKIE?**

NOPE!



THAT'S OUT,
JITTERBUCK! POP'LL
BE HOME DAY
AFTER TOMORROW!
I GOTTA DO
SUMP'N **BEFORE**
THAT!

I DIDN'T MEAN YA SHOULD
JUST SIT AT THE TELEPHONE!
I MEANT YOU SHOULD GET ON
A **QUIZ SHOW!** THEY
PAY OFF **BIG!**

YA GOT AN
ANGLE THERE!
BUT HOW DO
YA **GET** ON
THOSE THINGS?

THAT WE'LL DISCOVER
TOMORROW! YOU AN'
I'LL GO TA TOWN AN'
FIND OUT!



**AND WITH THE ADVENT OF A NEW DAY,
WE FIND OUR BOYS AT RADIO CITY!**

WELL, HERE WE
ARE! LET'S
SEE, NOW...

JEEPERS! LOOKS LIKE
EVERYBODY WANTS TA
GET INTO THE ACT!

**QUIZ CONTESTANT
GET TICKET
AT THIS DESK**

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDIN'!
LOOK!

GET TO THE
END OF THE
LINE, PLEASE!

IT WON'T WORK, JIT! POP'LL
BE HOME TOMORROW...
AN' YOU CAN SEE FOR
YOURSELF THESE PEOPLE
HAVE BEEN HERE FOR A
LONG TIME!

HEY, MOM!
I NEED A
SHAVE!

LOOK...I
GOT AN IDEA!
LET'S GO BACK
IN THE LOBBY!

KEEP A
STRAIGHT
FACE, NOW!

HEY...DIDJA
HEAR? THERE'S
A GUY GIVIN'
AWAY HUNDRED-
BUCK BILLS ON
THE 55TH FLOOR!
NO QUIZ OR
NOTHIN'!

BOY, DID
THAT GET
'EM!

YEAH, BUT
I DON'T
GET IT!

JUST WHAT PROGRAM
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
COMPETE ON, SIR?

IF IT'S OKAY WITH
YOU, JACK... WE'LL
TAKE ONE OF
EACH!

TO
ELEVATORS

**QUIZ CONTESTANT
GET TICKET
AT THIS DE**

GOTTA HAND IT TO **YOU**, JIT!
THAT WUZ A **TERRIFIC**
INSPIRATION
YA HAD!

YEAH! BOY, I'D GIVE
ANYTHIN' TA SEE
THEIR FACES WHEN
THEY GET TA THE
55TH FLOOR AND
FIND...

HEY, THAT
KID WAS
RIGHT!

IMAGINE THAT! **GIVING**
AWAY HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILLS...
AND NO QUESTIONS!

GOODY, GOODY,
MOM! **I CAN GET**
THAT SHAVE
NOW!

55TH FLOOR
...**QUICK!**

TOO LATE, BOYS!
I JUST GOT
THE LAST
ONE!

DON'T **LOOK** AT ME
LIKE THAT, COOKIE! I
GOT THE **TICKETS**,
DIDN'T I?

...AN' WITH **YOUR**
EDUCATION...

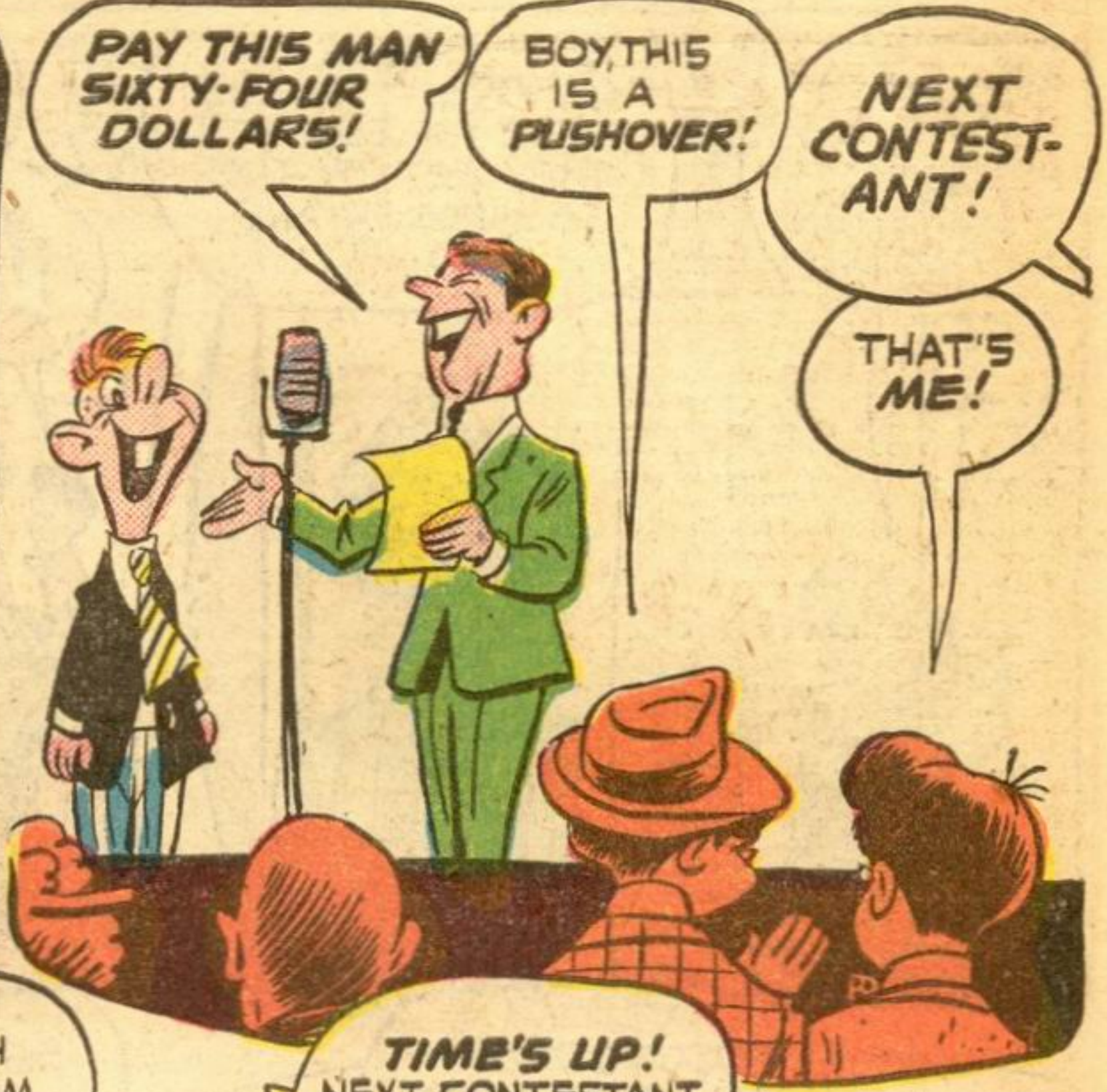
YEAH, I KNOW... I'LL
WIN A MILLION
BUCKS!... LET'S
START HERE!

TAKE IT
OR
DON'T
STUDIO C



AND NOW FOR SIXTY-FOUR DOLLARS ...WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS THE STREET?

HEH-HEH! TA GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF KAWSS!

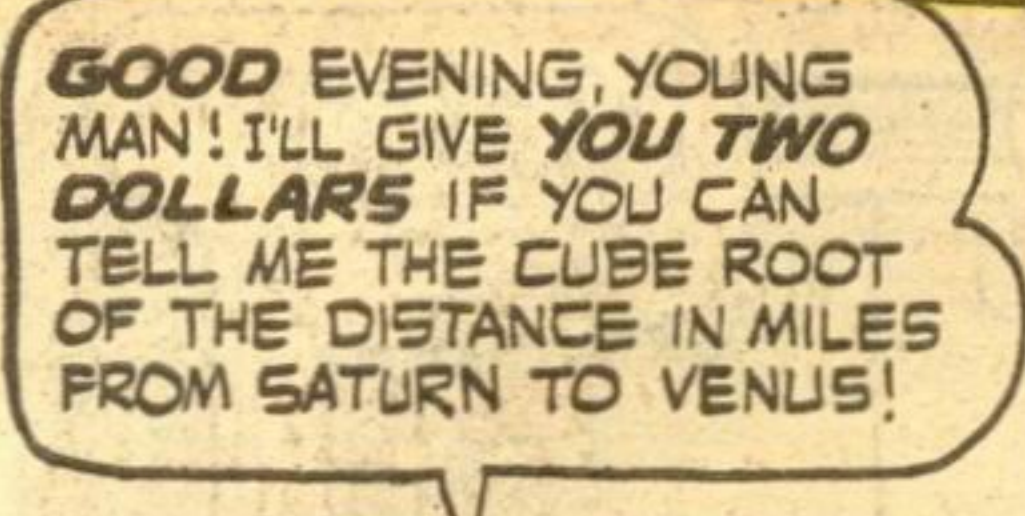


PAY THIS MAN SIXTY-FOUR DOLLARS!

BOY, THIS IS A PUSHOVER!

NEXT CONTESTANT!

THAT'S ME!



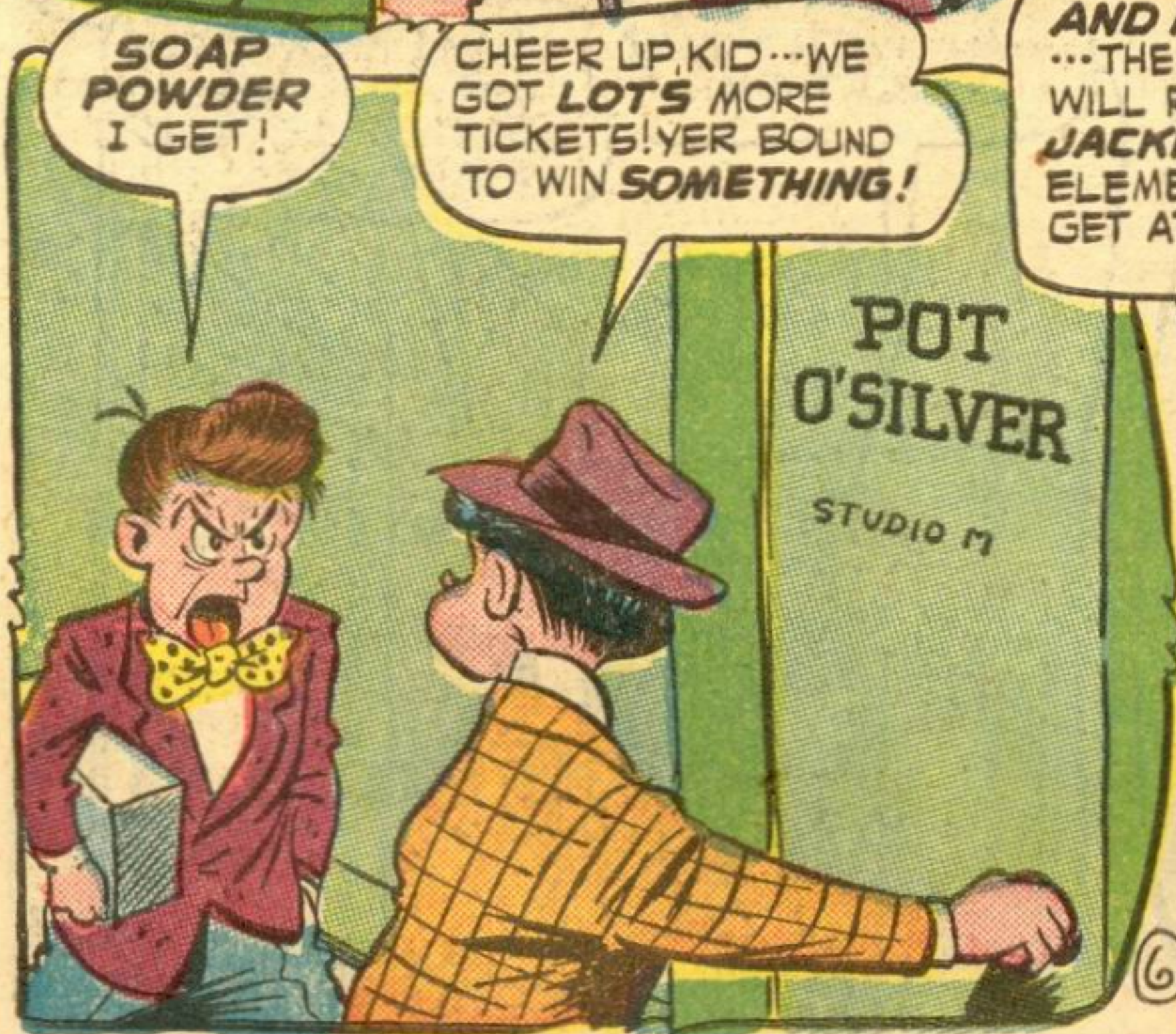
GOOD EVENING, YOUNG MAN! I'LL GIVE YOU TWO DOLLARS IF YOU CAN TELL ME THE CUBE ROOT OF THE DISTANCE IN MILES FROM SATURN TO VENUS!

ER...AH
...ER...UM
...AH...



TIME'S UP! NEXT CONTESTANT, PLEASE!

BONG!



SOAP POWDER I GET!

CHEER UP, KID...WE GOT LOTS MORE TICKETS! YER BOUND TO WIN SOMETHING!

POT O'SILVER
STUDIO M

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN ...THE FIRST TO ANSWER WILL RECEIVE THE ENTIRE JACKPOT! ...WHAT IS THE ELEMENT FROM WHICH WE GET ATOMIC ENERGY?

UR...
...RANIUM!

HE WINS!

WELL, SO FAR I'VE GOT ONE BOX OF SOAP...A LIGHTNING ROD...3 BOXES OF CEREAL...A FOUNTAIN PEN...ANOTHER LIGHTNING ROD...A CARTON OF CIGARETTES WITH NO NICOTINE, NO SMOKE, NO TOBACCO...

YEAH, BUT WE STILL GOT **ONE** MORE TICKET! **LET'S GO!**

AND NOW MR. SMIDLUMP ON MY RIGHT...

STUDIO X
DR. P.Q.

DR.
P.Q.

I HAVE A **JERK** IN THE BALCONY, DOCTOR!

VERY WELL! I'LL GIVE THAT JERK...ER, GENTLEMAN...\$2,000 IF HE CAN REPEAT THE FOLLOWING **EXACTLY** AS I SAY IT! ARE YOU READY?

READY!

KID, THIS IS IT!
2,000 BUCKS!
WOW!

I WILL SAY THIS ONCE AND ONCE ONLY!...**MRRRMMF IK FLOOFL ARRIFZINBIC CAROZZZPPR BITZINKA TLLAMXXXPFF!**

MRRMNNNN
???

MY TONGUE-TIED FRIEND WILL JUST TAKE A BOX OF CLICKERS IF YOU DON'T MIND, DOCTOR!

WELL, THAT'S *THAT*...
BUT MAYBE YER POP'LL
LIKE CLICKERS AN'
OVERLOOK THINGS,
COOKIE!

UMMMMMMMM...

...AND AS FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED, YOU CAN
KEEP YOUR OLD
CAR!

FACT
OR
CONSEQUENCES
STUDIO Z

SLAM!

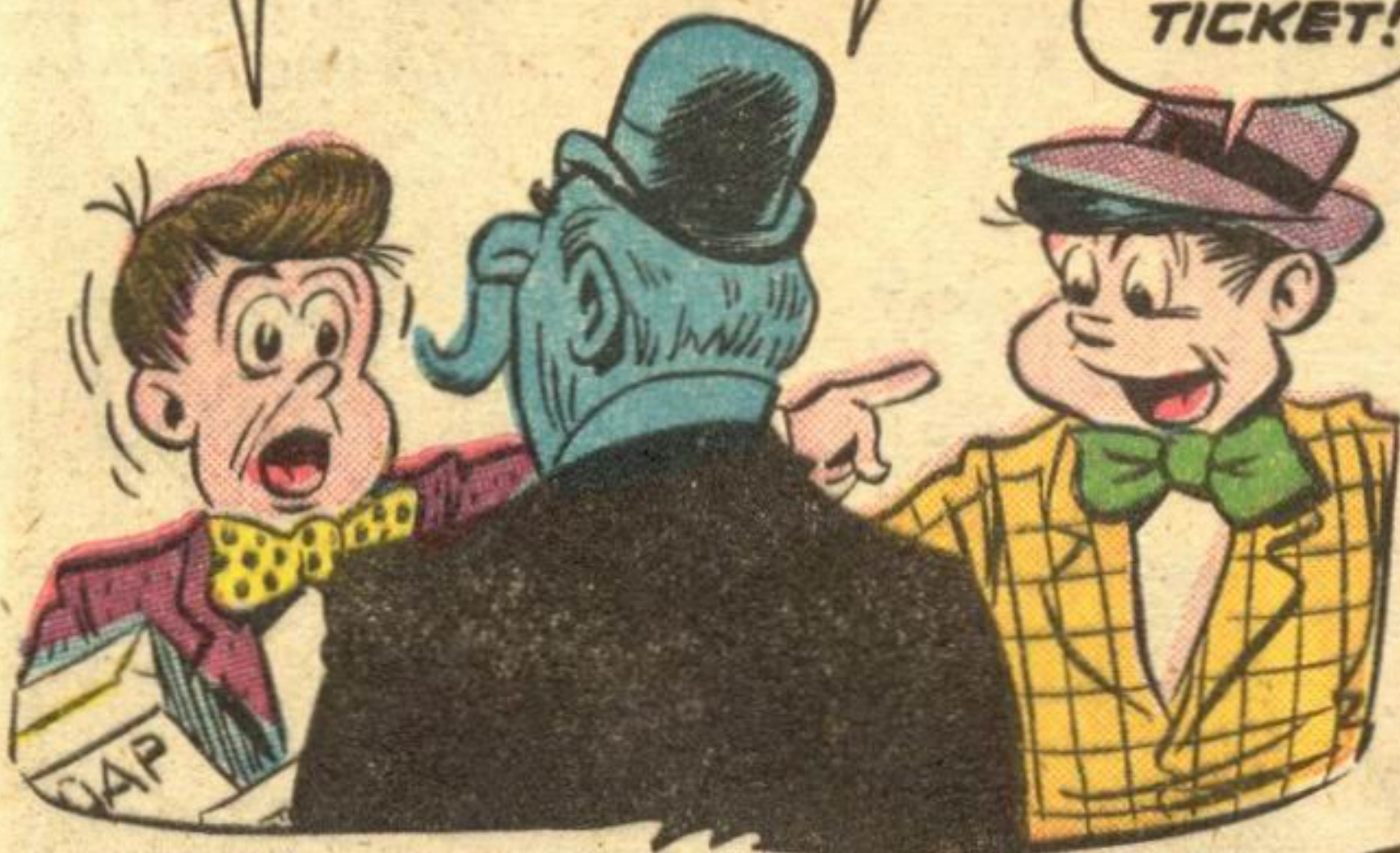
CAR? *CAR!* YOU
MEAN THEY'RE GIVIN'
AWAY A *CAR* IN
THERE?

YES... BUT THE
THINGS A MAN
HAS TO DO TO
WIN IT!

*GIMME
THAT
TICKET!*

WE'RE VERY SORRY
ABOUT OUR LAST
CONTESTANT, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN!
BUT...

*HOLD IT!
I GOT A
CONTESTANT!*



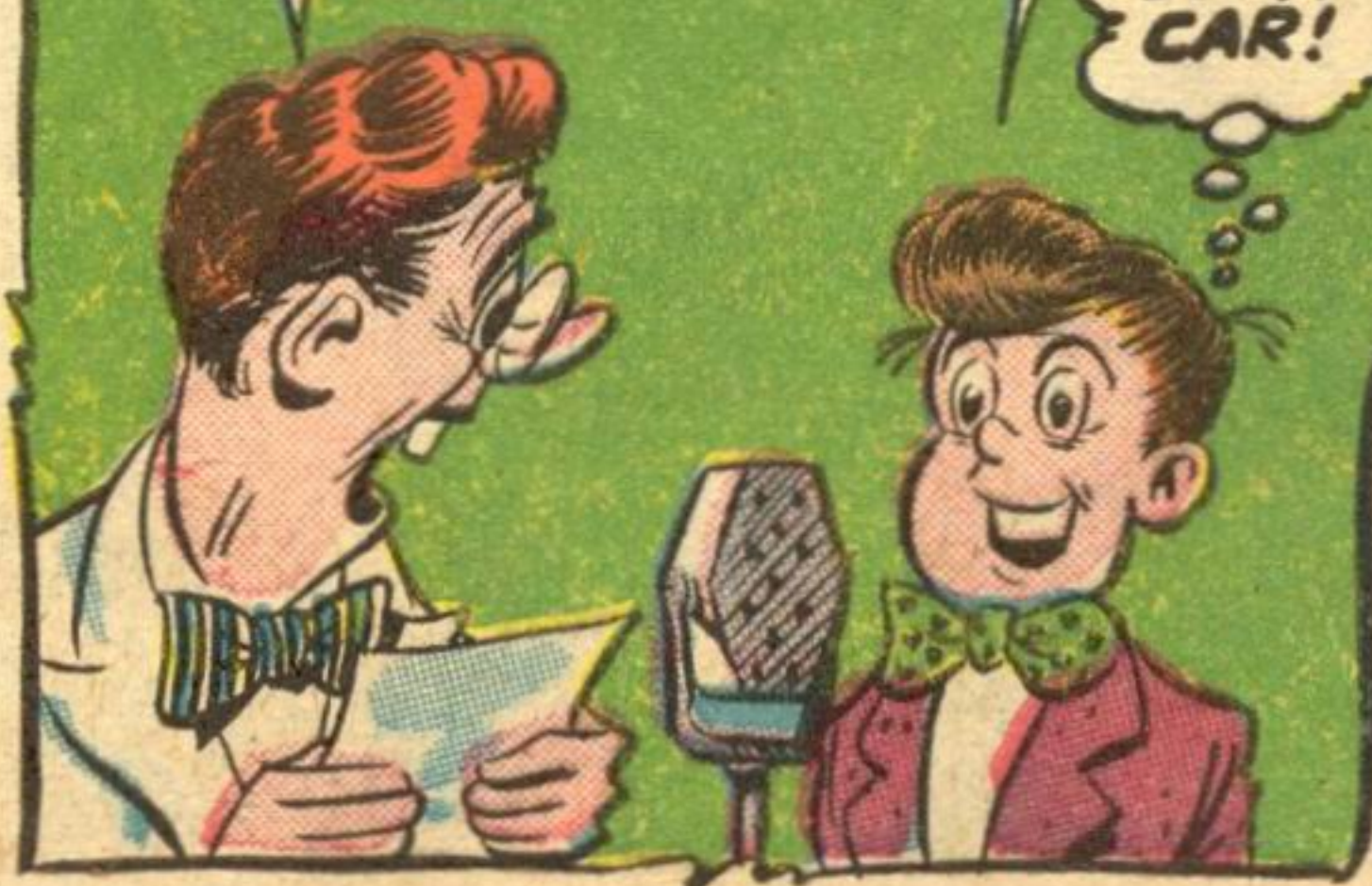
THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN,
FOR VOLUNTEERING! NOW,
YOU UNDERSTAND THAT
IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE
ANSWER, YOU MUST PAY
THE CONSEQUENCES?

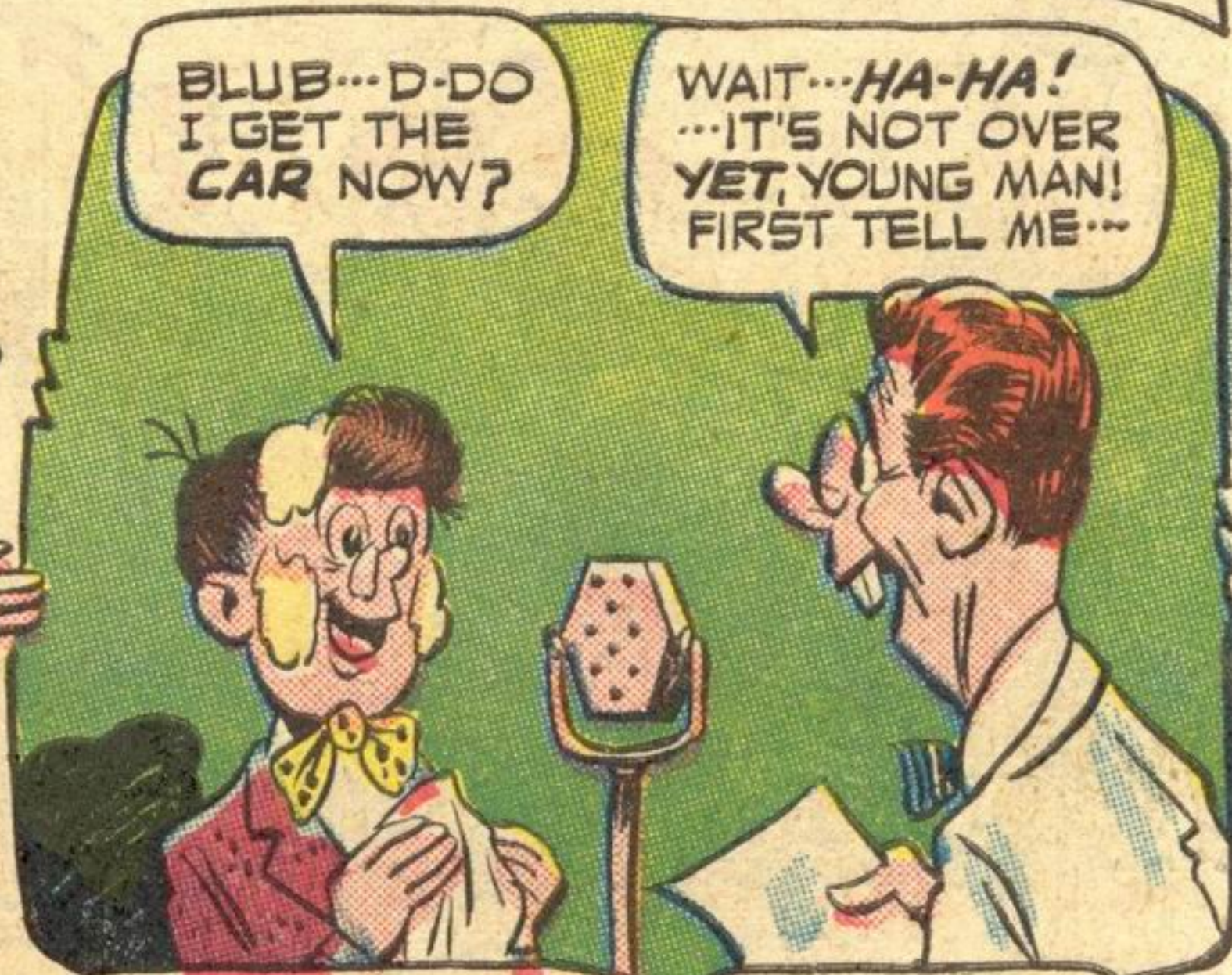
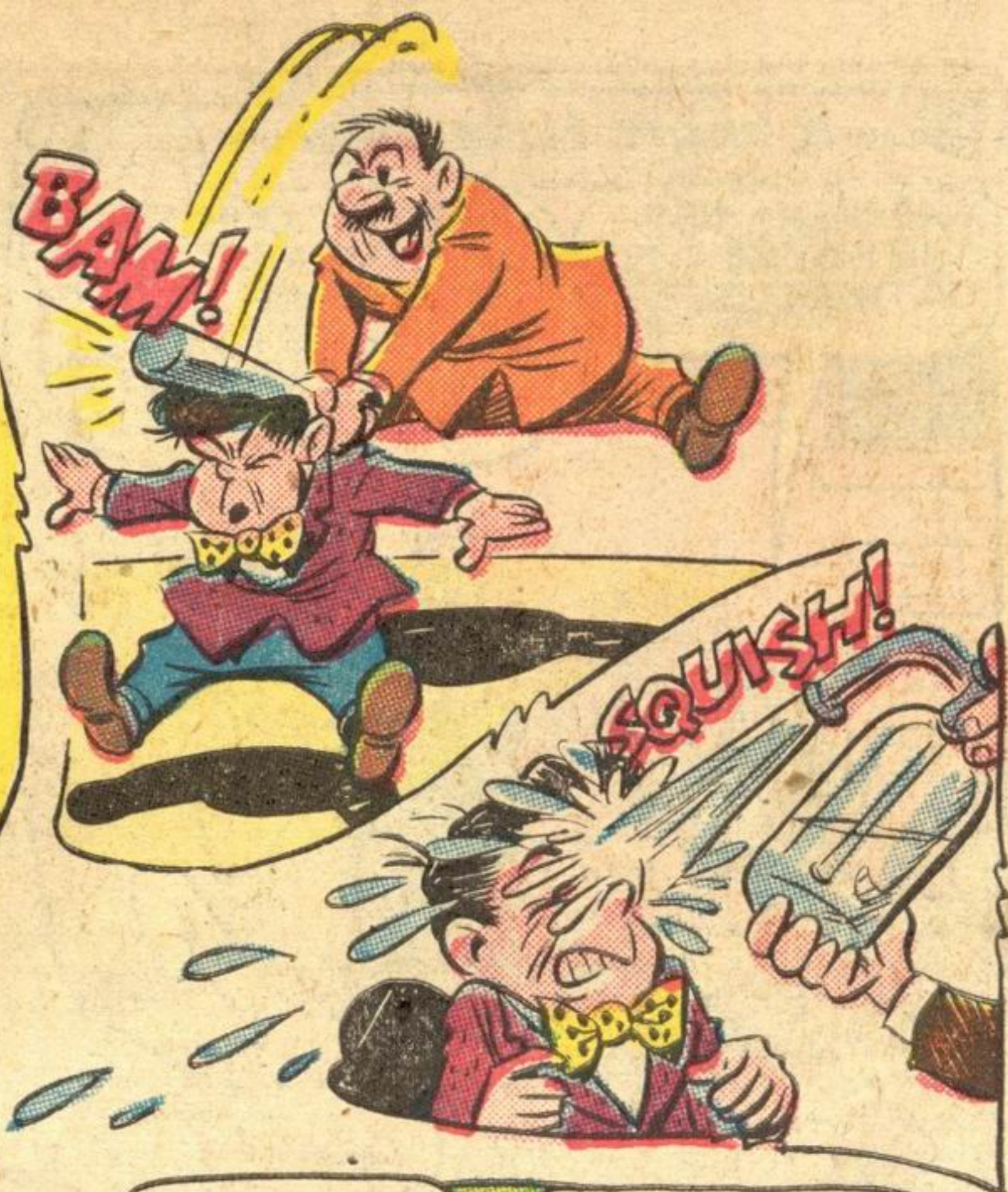
THAT
I DO!

OH,
BOY! A
CAR!

FINE! NOW TELL ME!
IF A THING IS AS COLD
AS A HERRING... *WHAT'S
ITS TEMPERATURE?*

GULP!





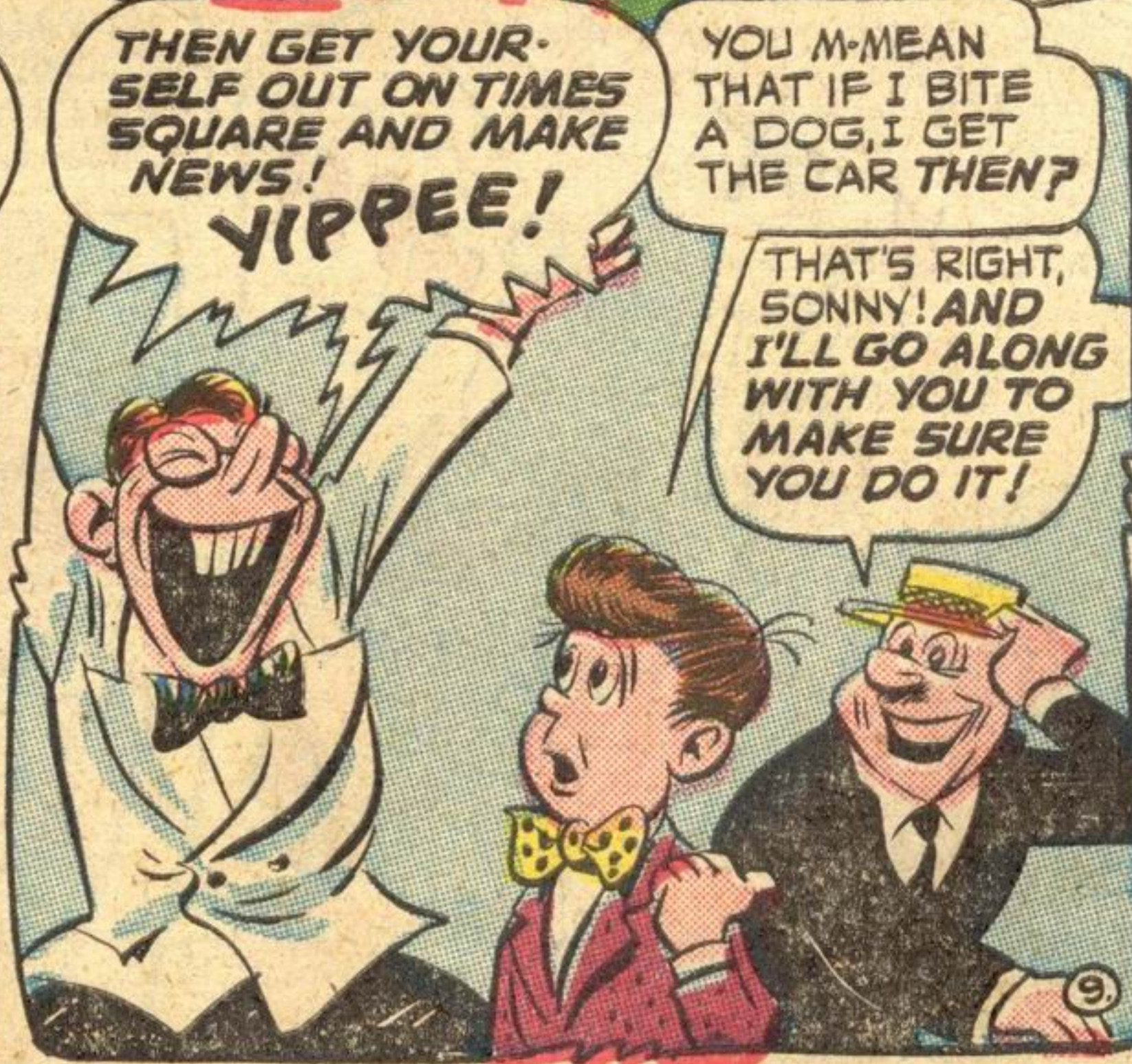
...HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THAT OLD SAYING THAT WHEN A DOG BITES A MAN, IT'S NOT NEWS, BUT WHEN A MAN BITES A DOG...

...THAT IS NEWS! SURE!

THEN GET YOUR-SELF OUT ON TIMES SQUARE AND MAKE NEWS! YIPPEE!

YOU M-MEAN THAT IF I BITE A DOG, I GET THE CAR THEN?

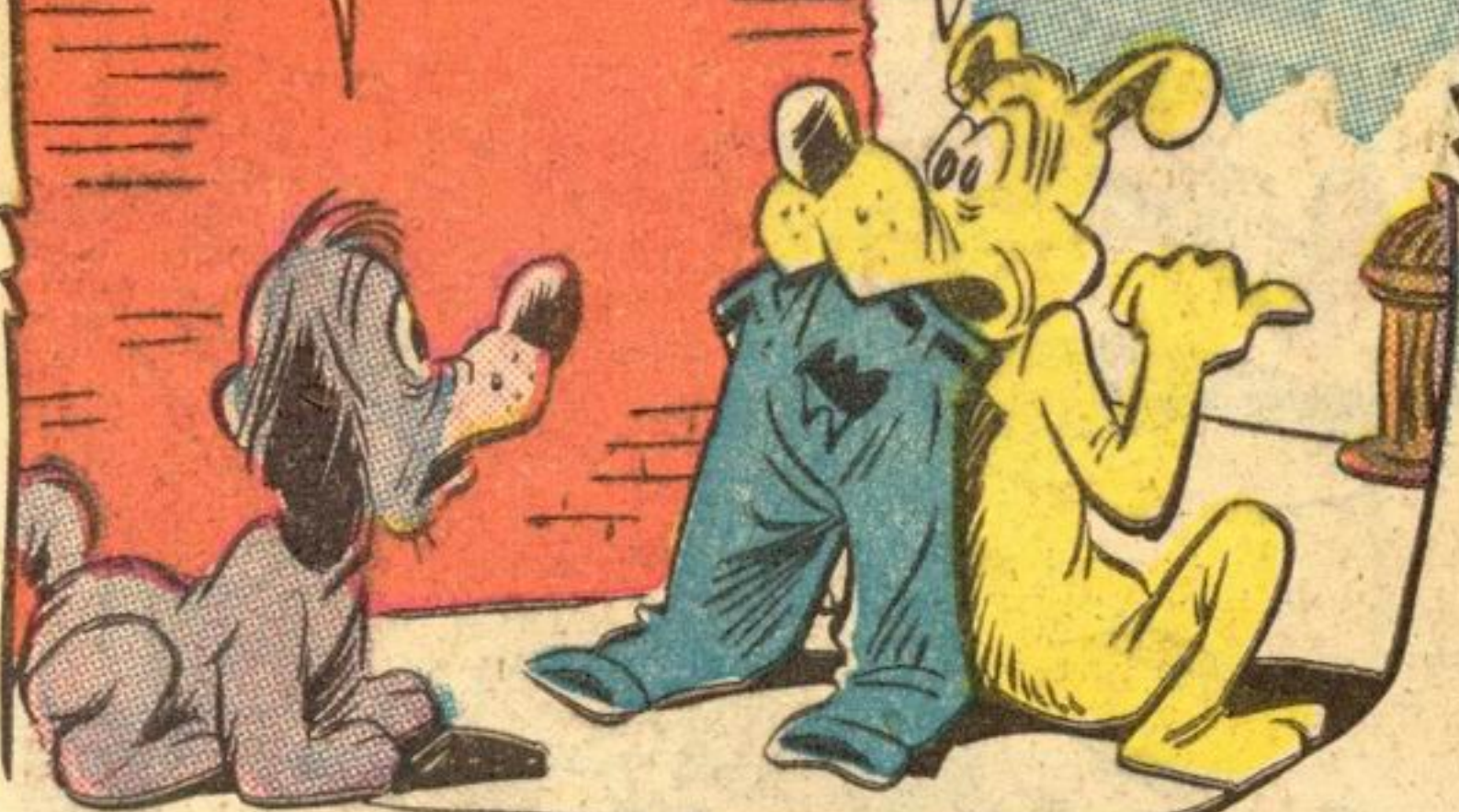
THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY! AND I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU DO IT!



So... a short time later...

WHERE'DJA GET THE KISSER FULL OF TWEED, GUS?

AW, SOME LOONEY KID UP THE STREET TRIED TA BITE ME! BUT I GOT THERE FOISTEST WITH THE MOSTEST ...TEETH, THAT IS!

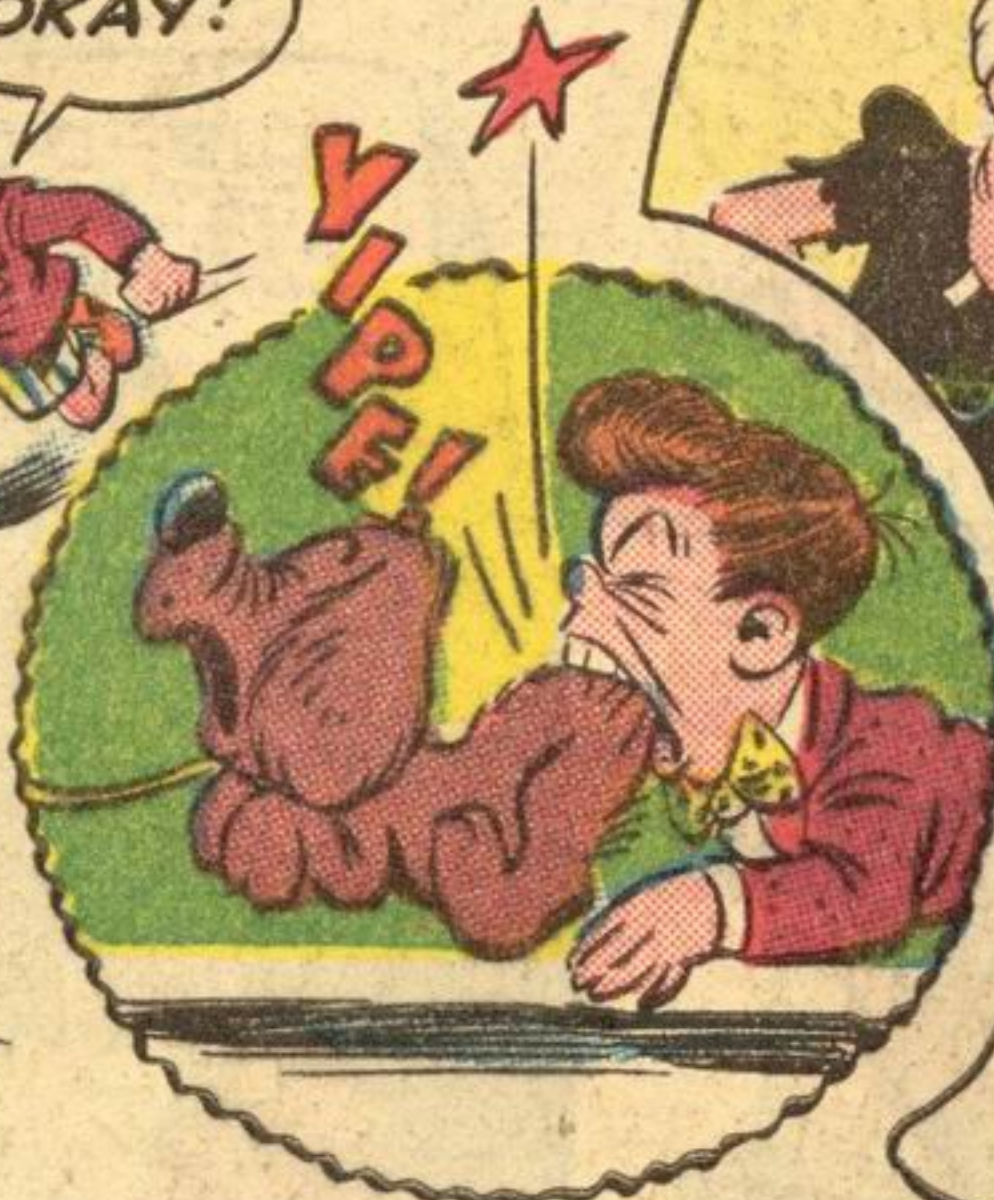
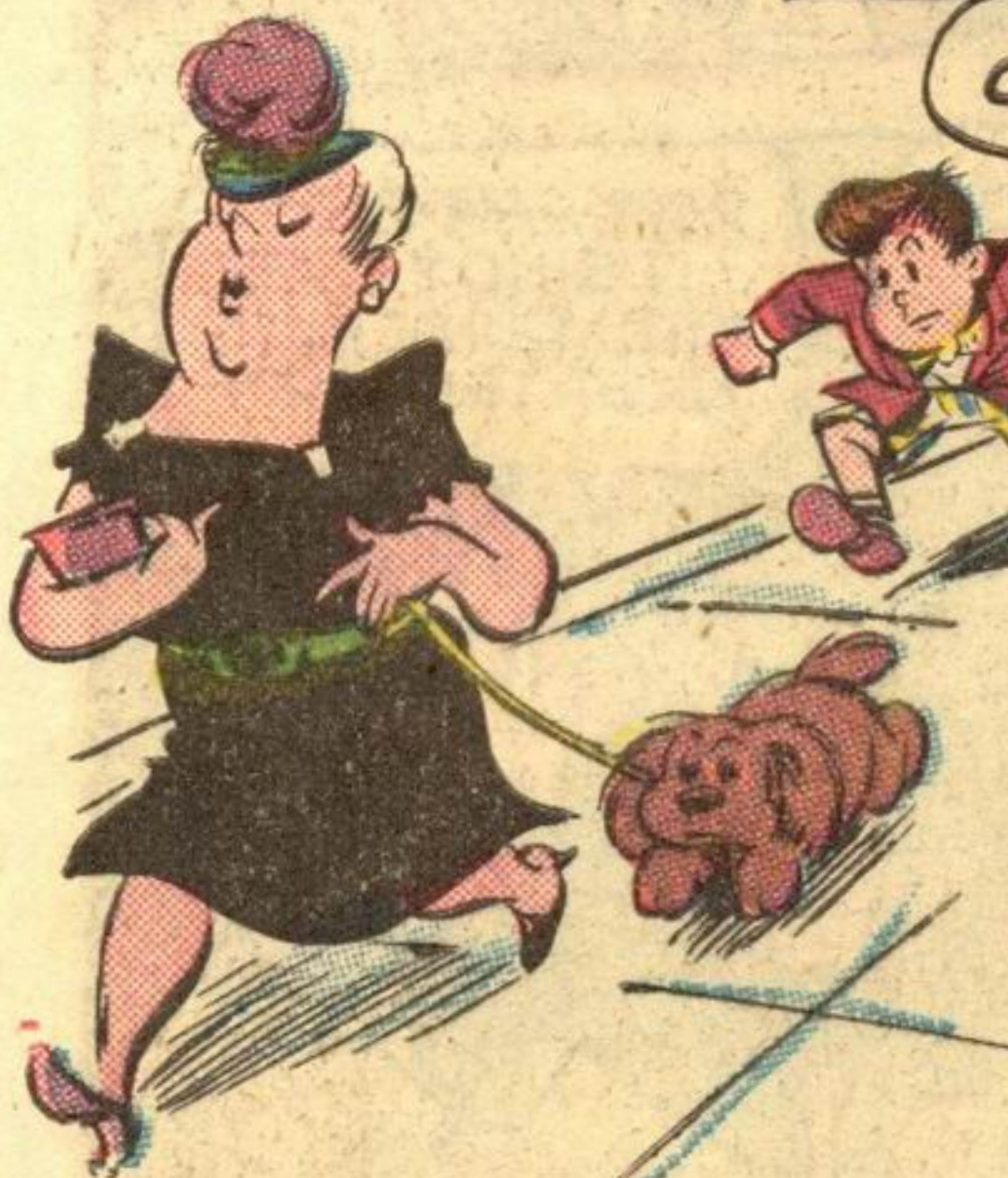


B-BUT SIR!

YOU HEARD THE M.C! IF YOU **DON'T** BITE A DOG...**NO CAR!**



OKAY!



I DID IT! I DID IT!



YA MADE IT, COOK! YER TROUBLES ARE OVER!

YEP! THE CAR WILL BE DELIVERED FIRST THING TOMORROW...**RIGHT TO YOUR HOME!**

OH, BOY!



Next day...

OH NO, POP! I ADMIT I WRECKED YOUR CAR... BUT THEN I WON A **BRAND NEW ONE** FOR YOU! IT'LL BE DELIVERED ANY...

YOU **SURE** YOU'RE NOT LYING TO ME, COOKIE?

RRING!

THE BELL!
THAT'S THEM NOW,
I BET!

YES?

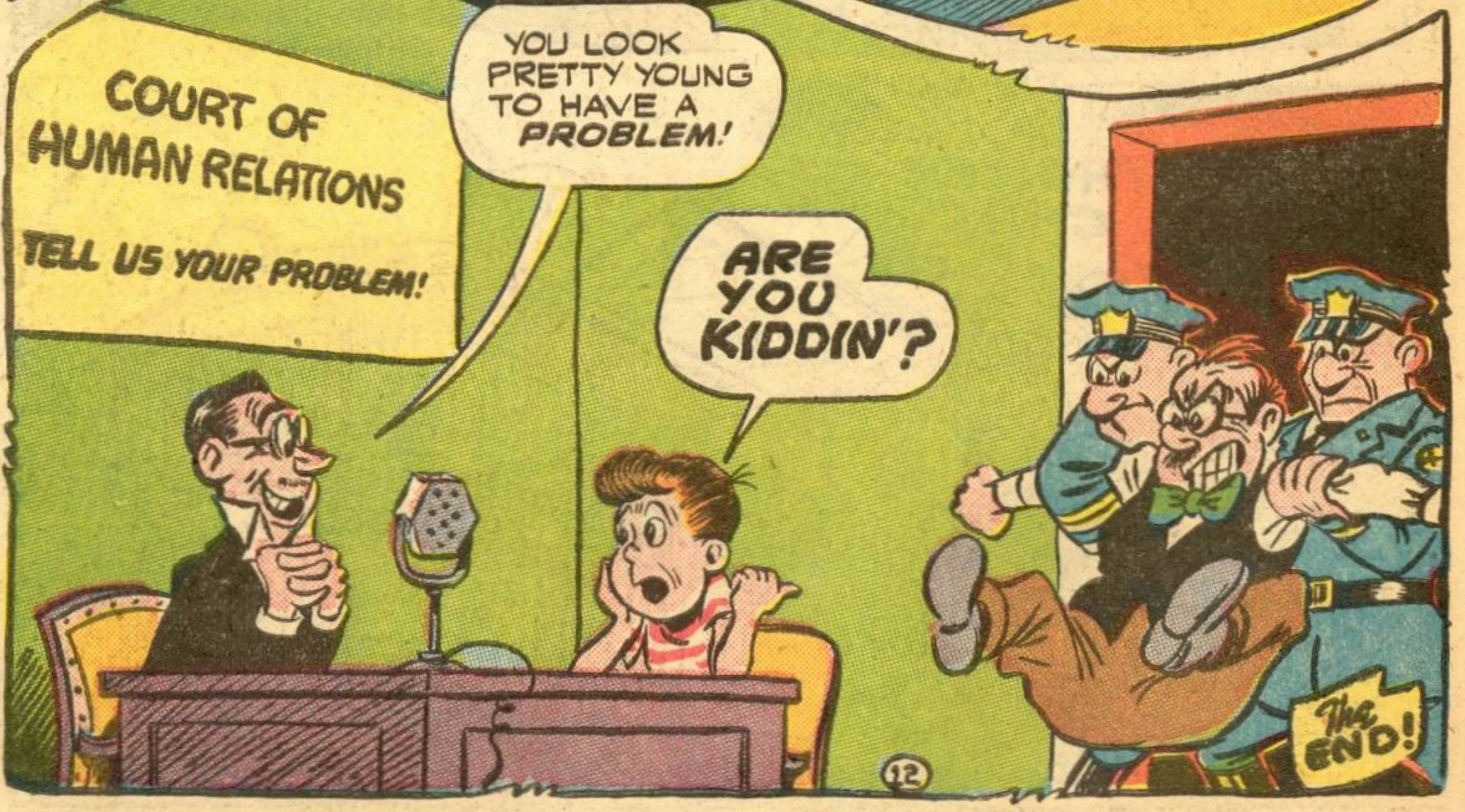
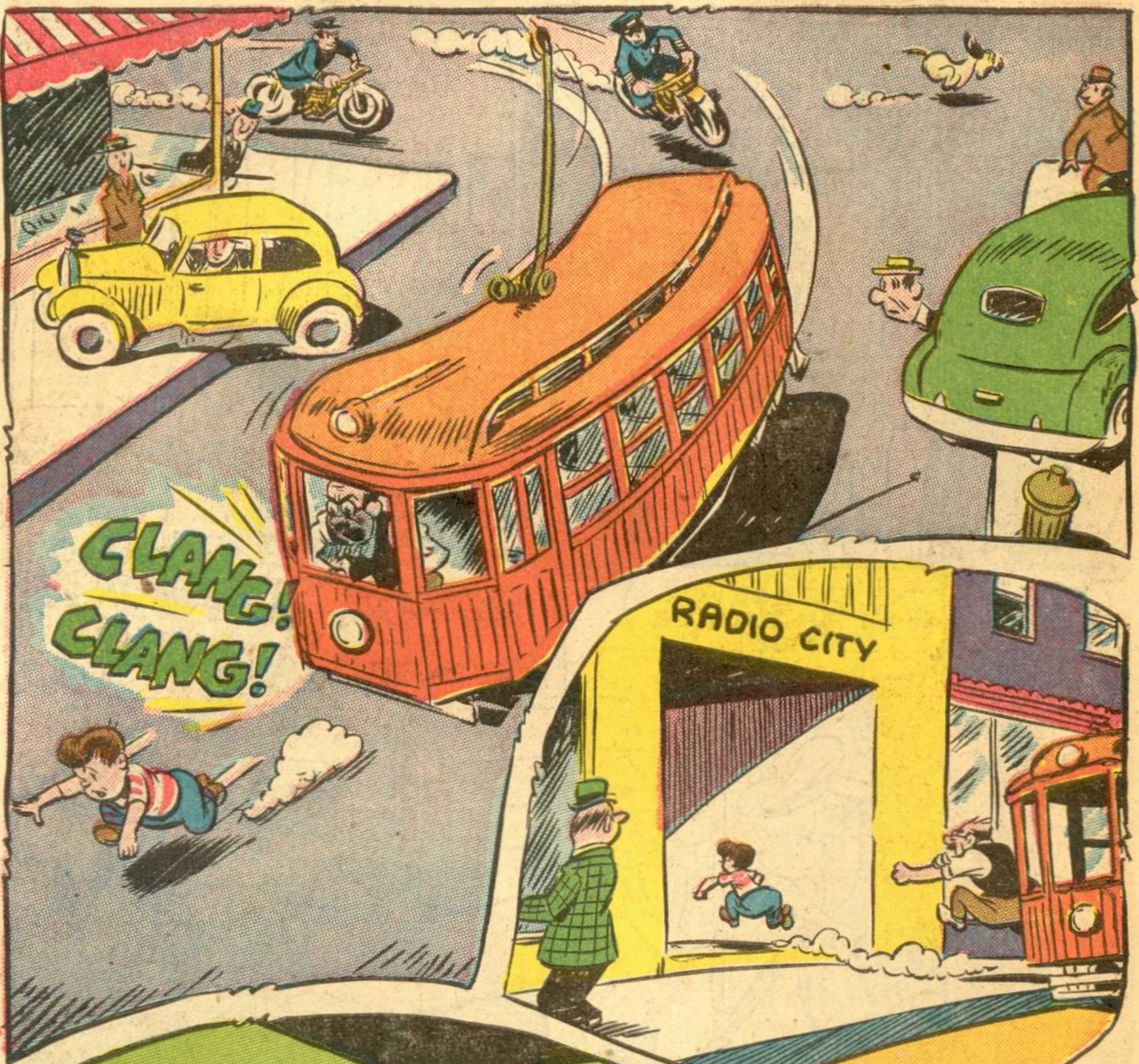
THE CAR YOU WON
...WE PUT IT IN YOUR
GARAGE!

COME AN'
GET IT, POP!

YIPPEE!
A NEW
CAR!

**A
TROLLEY
CAR!**

**SOME
JOKE...
EH, PAL?**



PICKLES



BABY SITTING looked easy to Pickles-until he found out there were babies AND babies! There's a merry mixup coming-and it's yours FOR LAFFS!

PICKLES, M'BOY! HOW ARE YOUR FINANCES FOR THE SCHOOL HOP?

I WUZ BROKE--AN' I'M STILL BADLY BENT... BUT THINGS ARE STRAIGHTENIN' OUT, BINKIE! I'LL BE IN SWELL SHAPE FOR THE SWING SESSION!

WHAD'JA DO? HIT UP YER DAD?

UH-UH! FOR THE PAST WEEK, I'VE BEEN A BABY SITTER!





YOU HEARD ME STRAIGHT, GATEY I'VE BEEN MINDING BABIES AND MINTING MONEY...

Listening in on the party line...

...IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'VE BEEN ABLE TO RAISE ENOUGH DOUGH TO TAKE DEBBIE TO THE SHINDIG IN STYLE--BUT **DON'T TELL HER...** SHE THINKS I'M THE **RUGGED TYPE!**

WAIT'LL ROMEO RAVELLI HEARS ABOUT THIS! HE'S MY PAL-- I OWE HIM A GOOD TURN!



Later...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, ROMEO! PICKLES IS TAKING DEBBIE TO THE HOP AFTER ALL!

OH, **NERTS!** I THOUGHT HE'D BE BROKE AND I'D BE ABLE TO MOVE IN AND TAKE HER **MYSELF!**

WELL, MAYBE I CAN THROW A WRENCH IN THE WORKS, YET! **HMMM... SAY! YOU'VE GOT A BABY SISTER, HAVEN'T YOU, KEWPIE?**

SURE! GOT AN ANGLE?



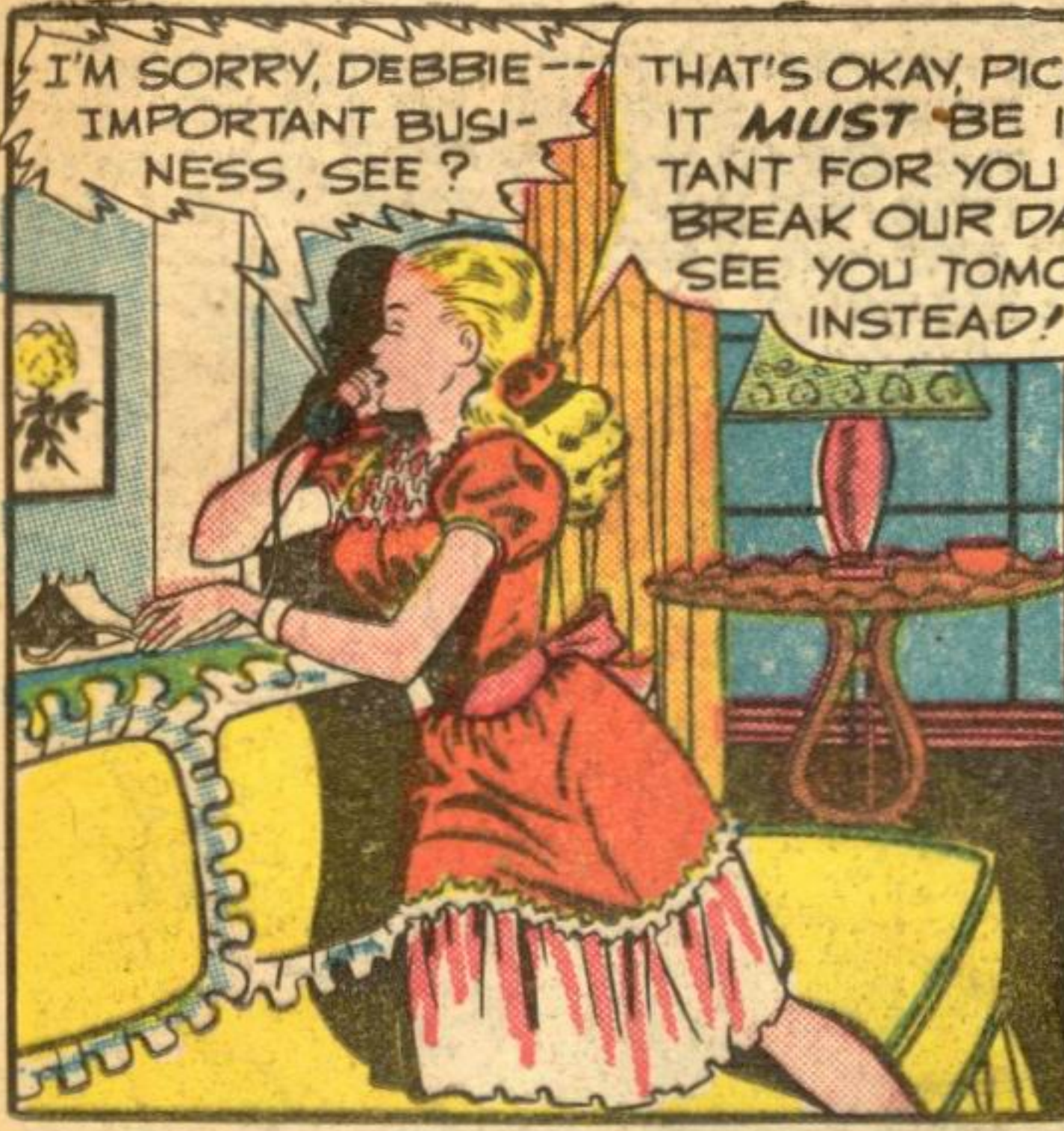
HAVE I! GET YOUR FOLKS OUT OF THE HOUSE TONIGHT, SEE? THEN HAVE PICKLES COME OVER TO MIND YOUR KID SISTER! WHEN HE ARRIVES--**BZZ--BZZ-- GET IT?**

That night...

YOU'VE GOT **ANOTHER** JOB, PICKLES! THE DOLL FAMILY WANTS YOU TO MIND **THEIR** BABY!

GOSH! I **WUZ** SUPPOSED TO GO OVER TO DEBBIE'S--BUT I NEED THAT DOUGH! I'LL CALL HER!

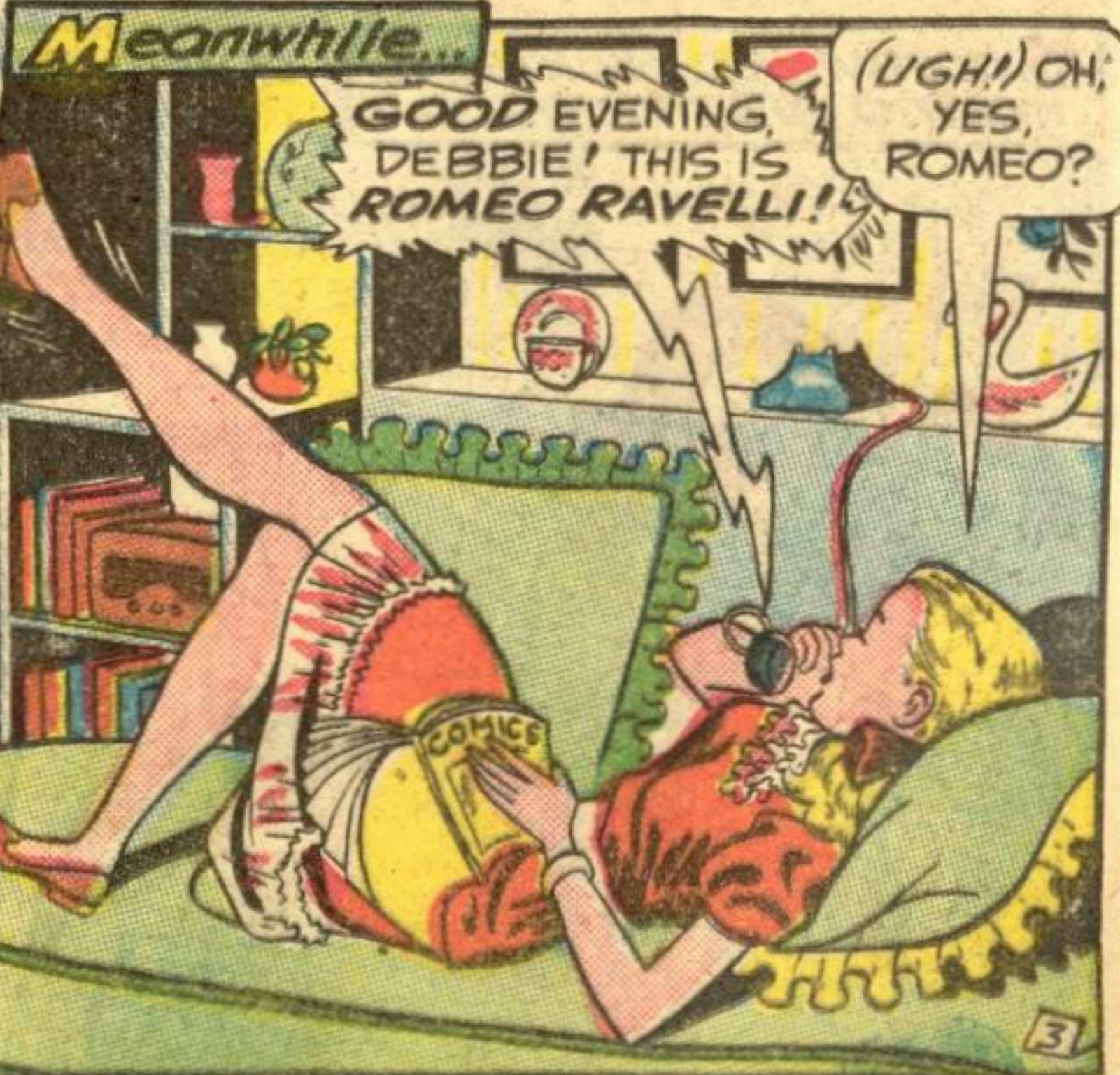
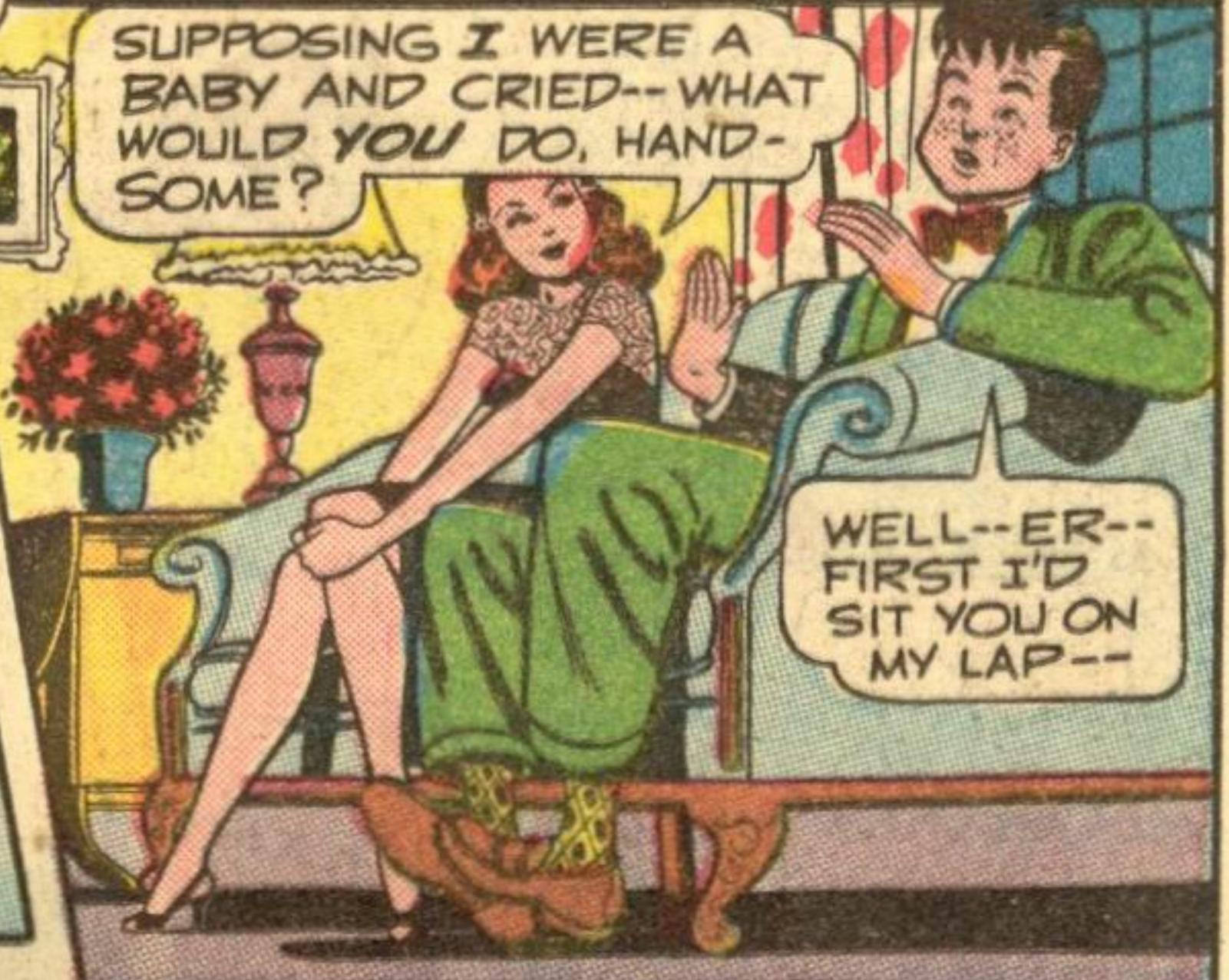




THAT'S OKAY, PICKLES!
IT **MUST** BE IMPORTANT
FOR YOU TO
BREAK OUR DATE!
SEE YOU TOMORROW,
INSTEAD!



SUPPOSING I WERE A
BABY AND CRIED-- WHAT
WOULD YOU DO, HAND-
SOME?



I'M SURPRISED TO FIND YOU **ALONE** TONIGHT! HEH--I THOUGHT YOU HAD A DATE WITH **PICKLES!**

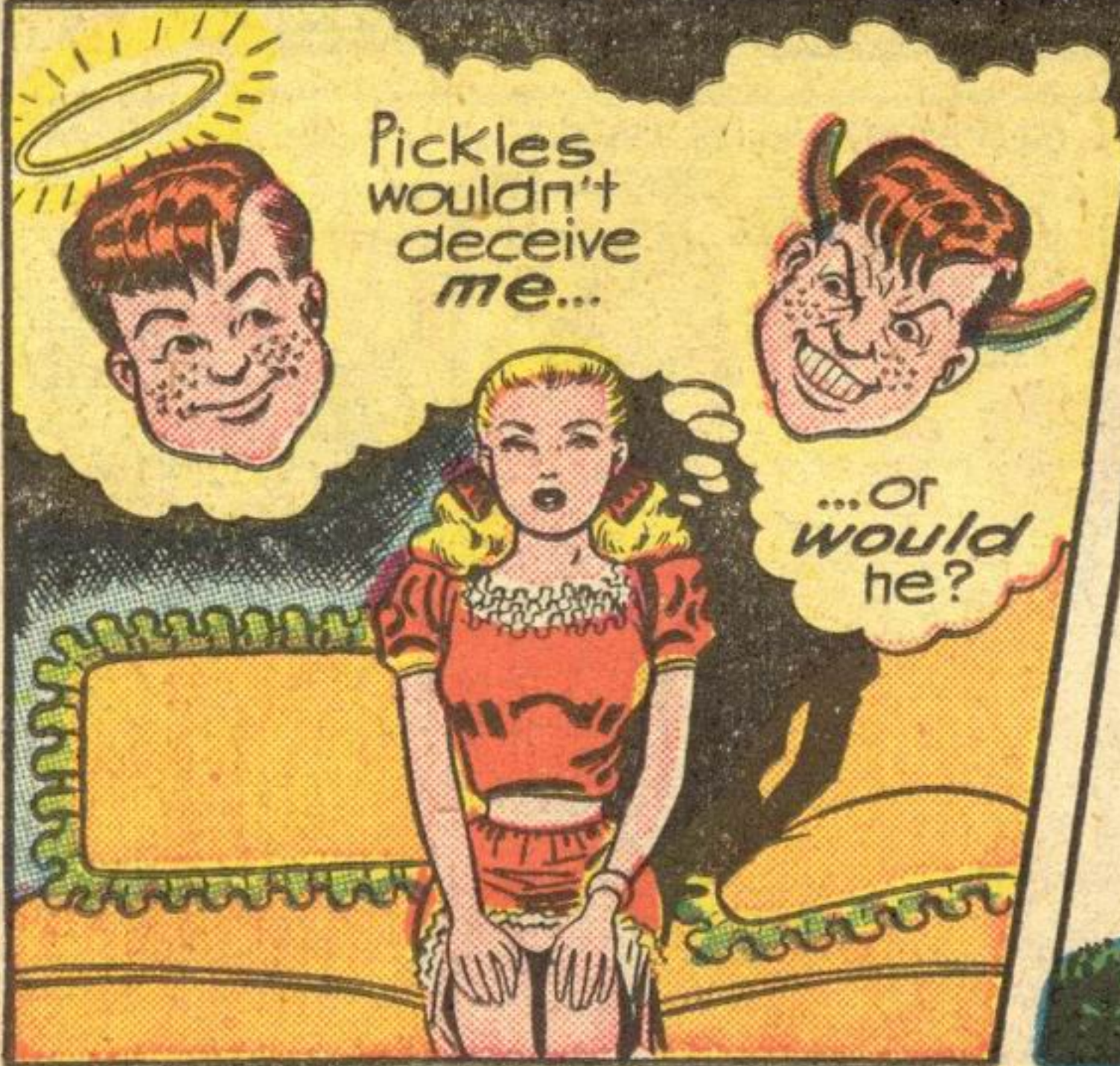


LET'S SKIP THAT! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, ROMEO?



I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT PICKLES IS GIVING YOU THE **BRUSH-OFF!** RIGHT NOW, HE'S ENJOYIN' SOME **ATOMIC AMOUR** IN KEWPIE DOLL'S LIVING ROOM!

ROMEO, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN **AGITATOR!** GOOD BYE!



ROMEO, I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER WHAT YOU SAID! COME OVER AND GET ME... I WANT TO SEE **THIS** WITH MY OWN EYES! BUT IF THIS IS ANOTHER **FALSE ALARM...**!



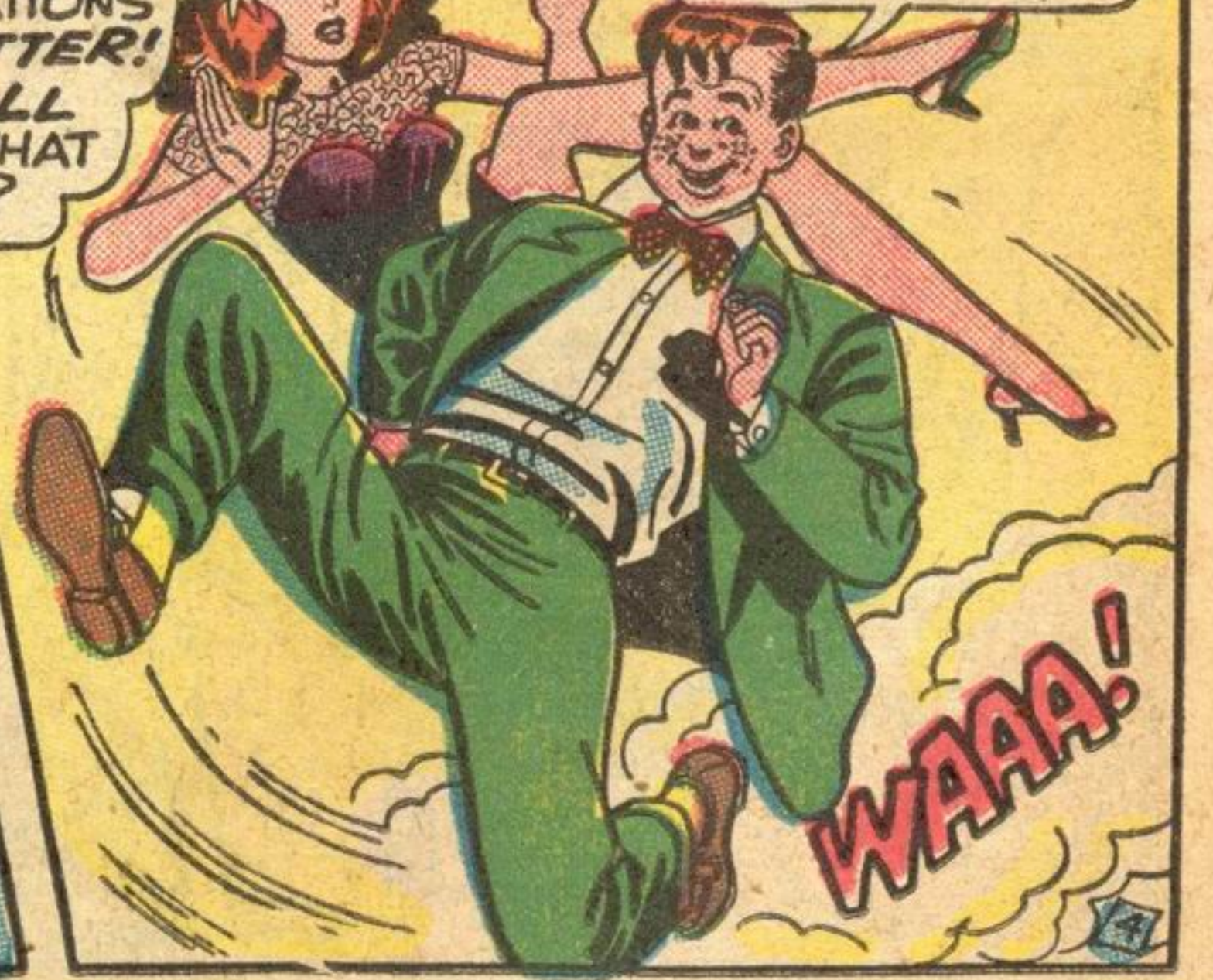
Meanwhile... Pickles is having HIS troubles...

NO, KEWPIE! HALP!



DON'T BE **SILLY**, PICKLES! I'M JUST TESTING YOUR QUALIFICATIONS AS A **BABY SITTER!** IF THE **BABY STILL CRIED-- THEN** WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WHEW! COME AND WATCH! THAT'S THE **BABY, NOW!**



Outside, the plot sickens...

JUST SNEAK UP TO THE WINDOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, DEBBIE!

I WILL!

GITCHIE-GOO... YOU'RE MY LITTLE DARLIN'! C'MON-- SLIP ME ANOTHER KISS, CUTIE!

I C-CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS!

T-TAKE ME HOME, ROMEO! BOO-HOO!

HI YA, DEBBIE! OH, HULLO, TALL, DARK AN' GRUESOME! WOT COOKS?

HEH-- DEBBIE JUST CAUGHT HER KNIGHT IN SHINING L'AMOUR!

P-PICKLES IS HOLDING A GIRL ON HIS LAP! SNIFF!

OH, THAT! WHY, HE'S BEEN TAKIN' CARE OF ALL THE BABES IN TOWN! BUT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW, DEBBIE!

INDEED!
LET'S GO, ROMEO!

NOW WOT GOT INTO HER?--YIPE!
I THINK I KNOW!

PICKLES! ROMEO RAVELLI
HAD DEBBIE SPYIN' ON YOU!
SHE THINKS THE BABY YOU'RE
MINDIN' IS A **BIG ONE** --
GULP... **IT IS!**



DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS,
BINKIE! THE **OTHER** KIND OF
BABY IS HERE TOO... **AN' I**
THINK I SMELL A RAT IN
THIS WHOLE SETUP!



LOOK! YOU GOTTA
MIND **BOTH** THESE
BABIES, WHILE I
DASH OVER TO
DEBBIE'S AN'
SQUARE THINGS!



GULP!
--OKAY!

WHICH BABY DO
YOU WANNA HAN-
DLE FIRST, BINKIE?



ER-- NOW CUT IT OUT,
KEWPIE! YOU KNOW
MY DEFENSES ARE
WEAK!



OPERATOR... THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY! CALL THE
COZY COKERIE AN'
HAVE THE GANG GET
OVER HERE **FAST!** I
NEED PROTECTION!



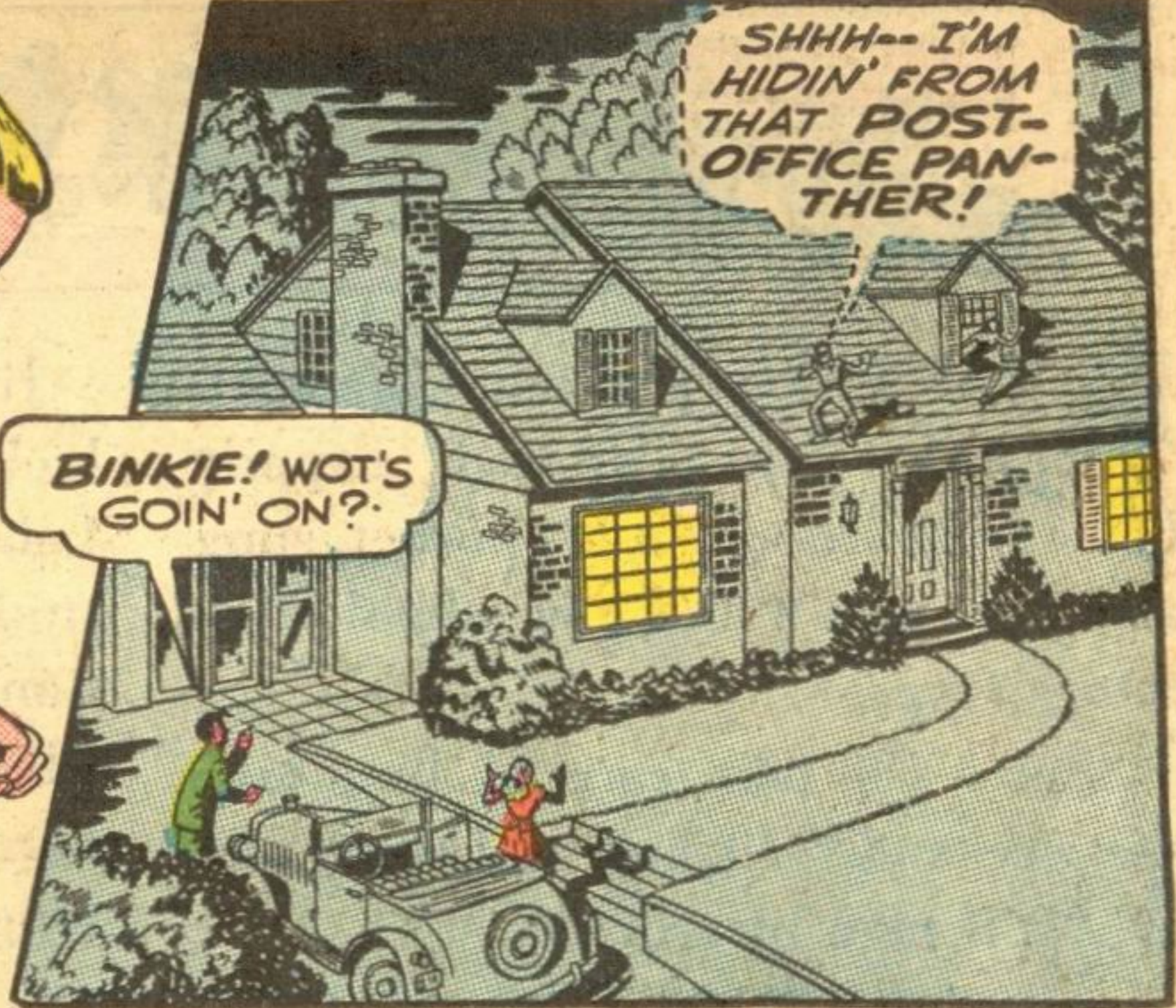
Meanwhile...
at Debbie's...



...AN' SO **HELP** ME--THAT'S
THE **TRUTH!** I'VE BEEN
MINDIN' BABIES TA
RAISE MONEY FOR THE
HOP! I CAN **PROVE IT!**
ASK ANY PARENT
IN TOWN!

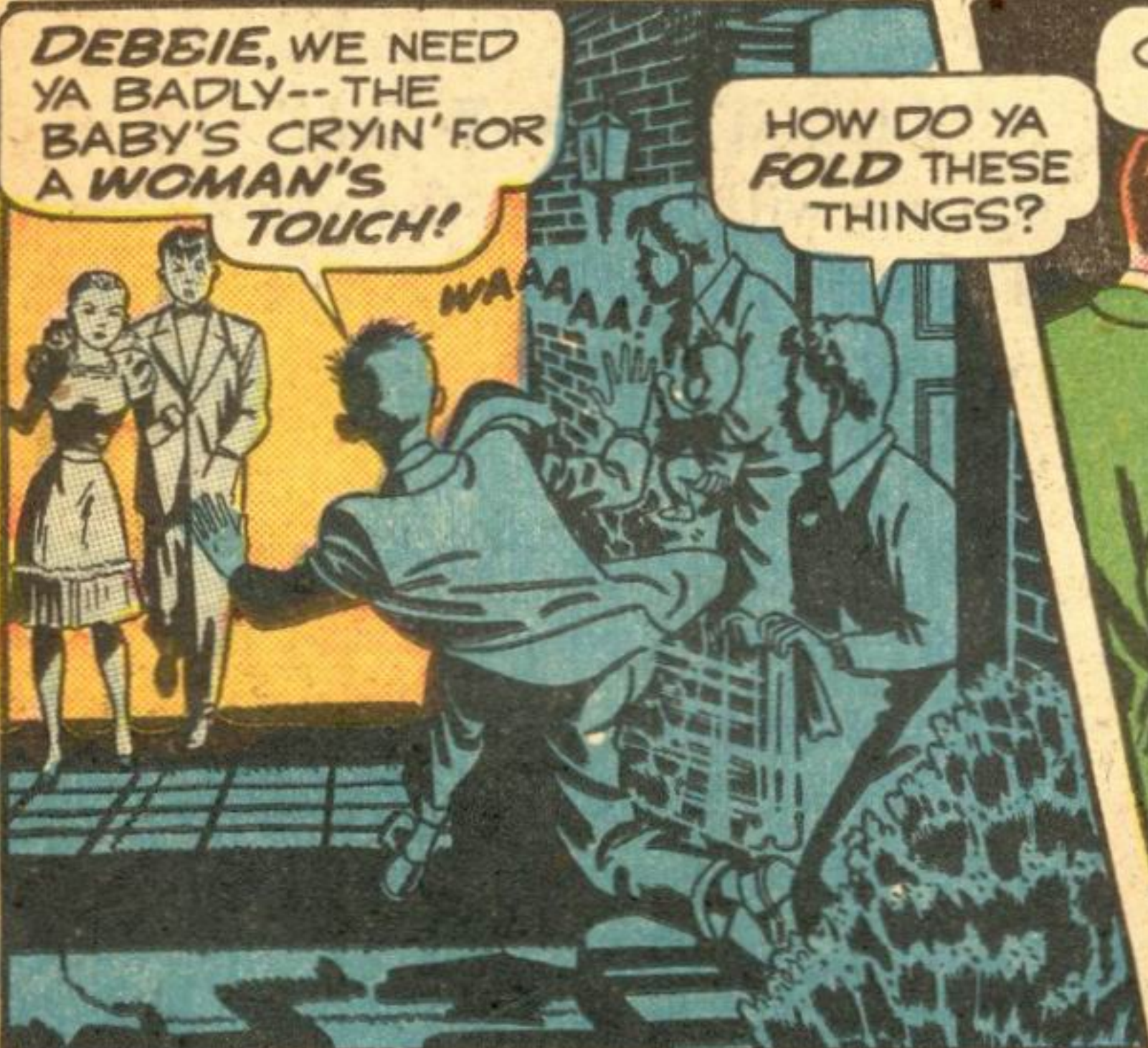


I BELIEVE YOU, PICKLES!
C'MON... WE'LL GO OVER
AND RESCUE
BINKIE!



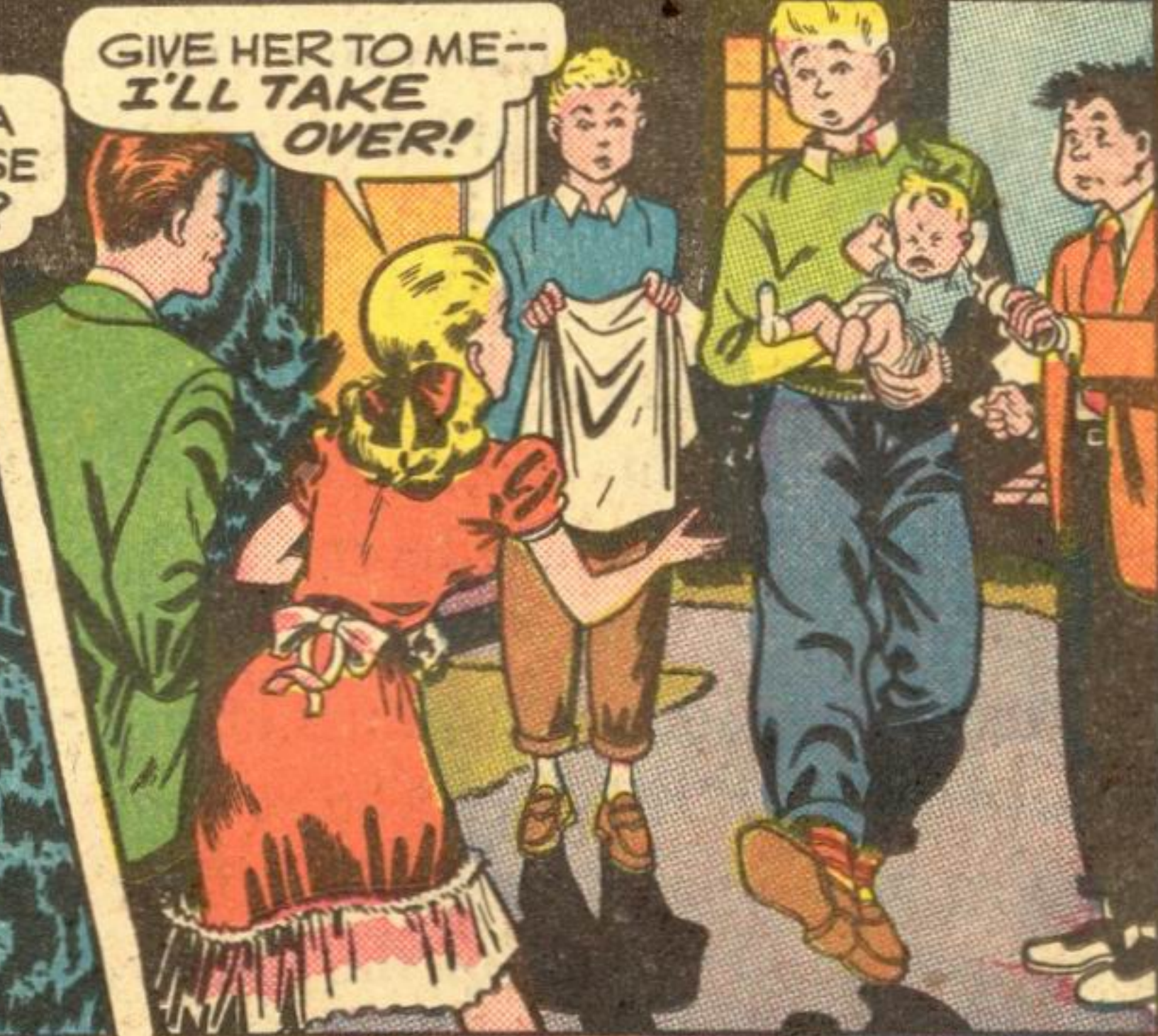
SHHH-- I'M
HIDIN' FROM
THAT POST-
OFFICE PAN-
THER!

BINKIE! WOT'S
GOIN' ON?!

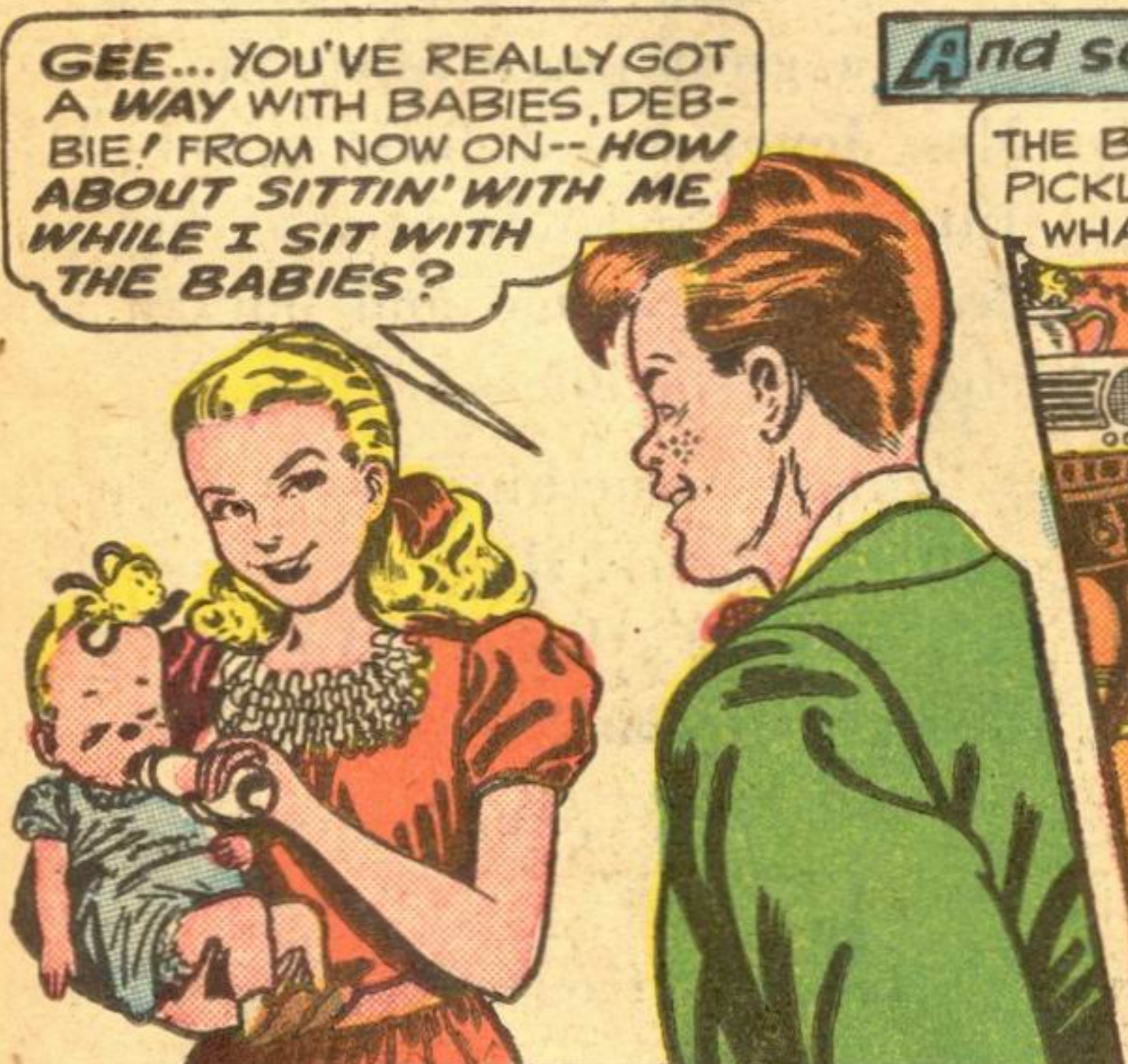


DEBBIE, WE NEED
YA BADLY-- THE
BABY'S CRYIN' FOR
A WOMAN'S
TOUCH!

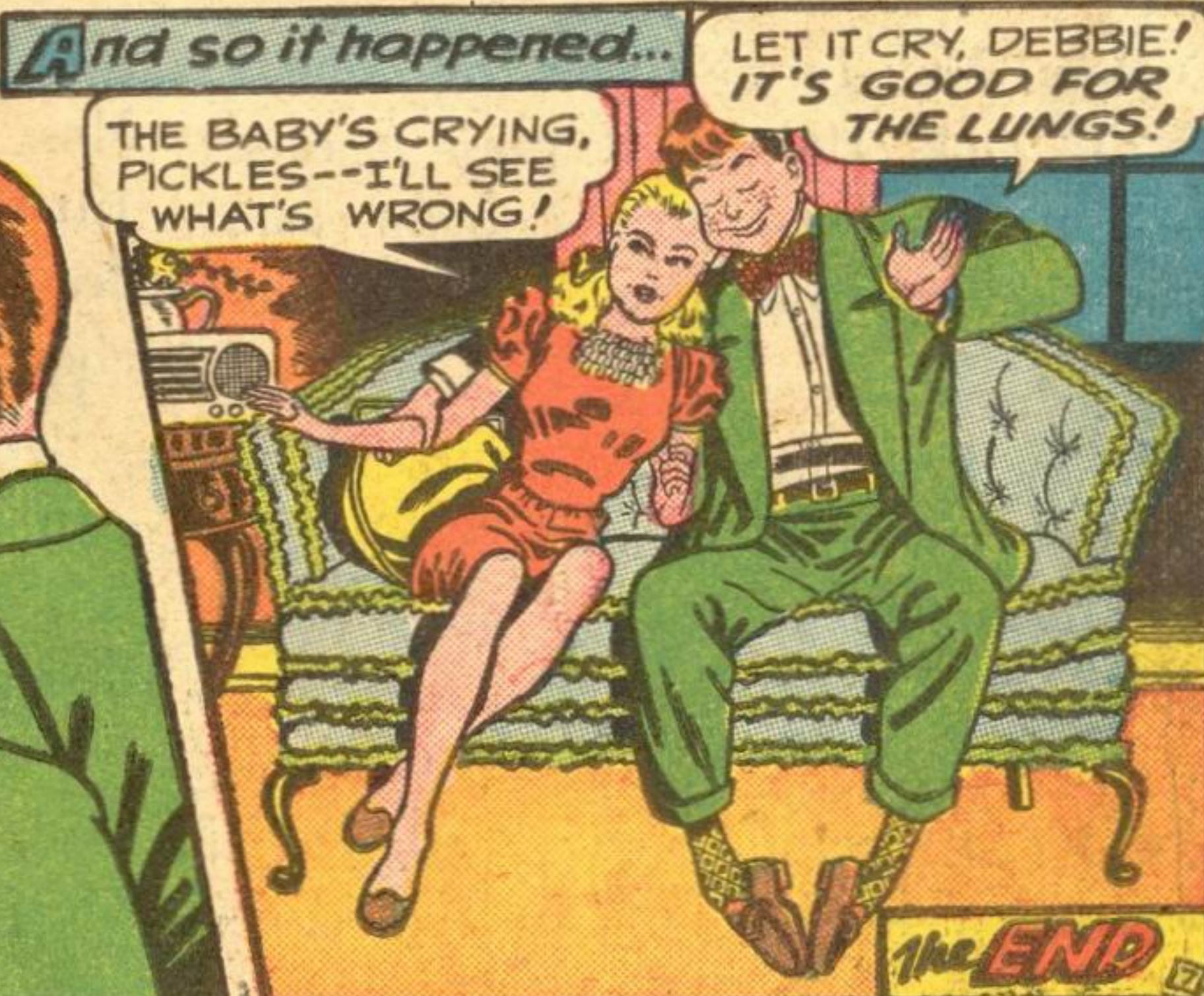
HOW DO YA
FOLD THESE
THINGS?



GIVE HER TO ME--
I'LL TAKE
OVER!



GEE... YOU'VE REALLY GOT
A WAY WITH BABIES, DEB-
BIE! FROM NOW ON-- HOW
ABOUT SITTIN' WITH ME
WHILE I SIT WITH
THE BABIES?



And so it happened...

THE BABY'S CRYING,
PICKLES-- I'LL SEE
WHAT'S WRONG!

LET IT CRY, DEBBIE!
IT'S GOOD FOR
THE LUNGS!

The END

JITTERBUCK'S HOUSE GUEST

IT WAS Friday afternoon, and Jitterbuck Jones trotted happily home from school. In his pocket, snug and safe, was Willie, the school laboratory frog.

"Sure. I'll take care of him over the weekend," Jit had told the teacher. "It'll be a pleasure."

As he entered the house, he heard an unpleasantly familiar voice from the kitchen. "Uh-oh," said Jit, "something new has been added, and I'm afraid it's Aunt Lobelia!"

Stashing Willie away in a little glass tank, he washed his hands and face, combed his hair and decended to dinner.

"Oh, *there* you are!" Aunt Lobelia greeted him. "Hmph! You're not much to look at and that's a fact. Take after your father's side of the family, I guess!"

Poor Mr. Jones threw his son a guilty look. He was helpless against the onslaughts of Aunt Lobelia, who had a mind of her own . . . and spoke it!

"The first thing I want to do is throw out that nasty old chair," she announced, pointing to pop's easy chair. "We'll move all the furniture around and what's this? Cream pie for desert! Ugh! Take that horrible stuff off the table this instant! I can't stand cream pie!"

Jit and his pop exchanged dreary looks of despair, but that didn't stop Lobelia. "A boy should study, study, study!" she said, turning her attention to Jit. "You're too easy with him. I'll tell you what! Suppose I just stay here for a month or two or maybe longer and sort of run things! I tell you I . . . help! *Help!* It's a monster!"

"Why, it's only Willie!" Jit said, staring with glee at the plump green frog that perched comfortably on the edge of Aunt Lobelia's soup plate. "He can't hurt you!"

But auntie was shrieking too loudly to hear him, and what was more, she was already on her way upstairs. "I won't stay in this house another minute!" she screamed hysterically. "I'm going home!"

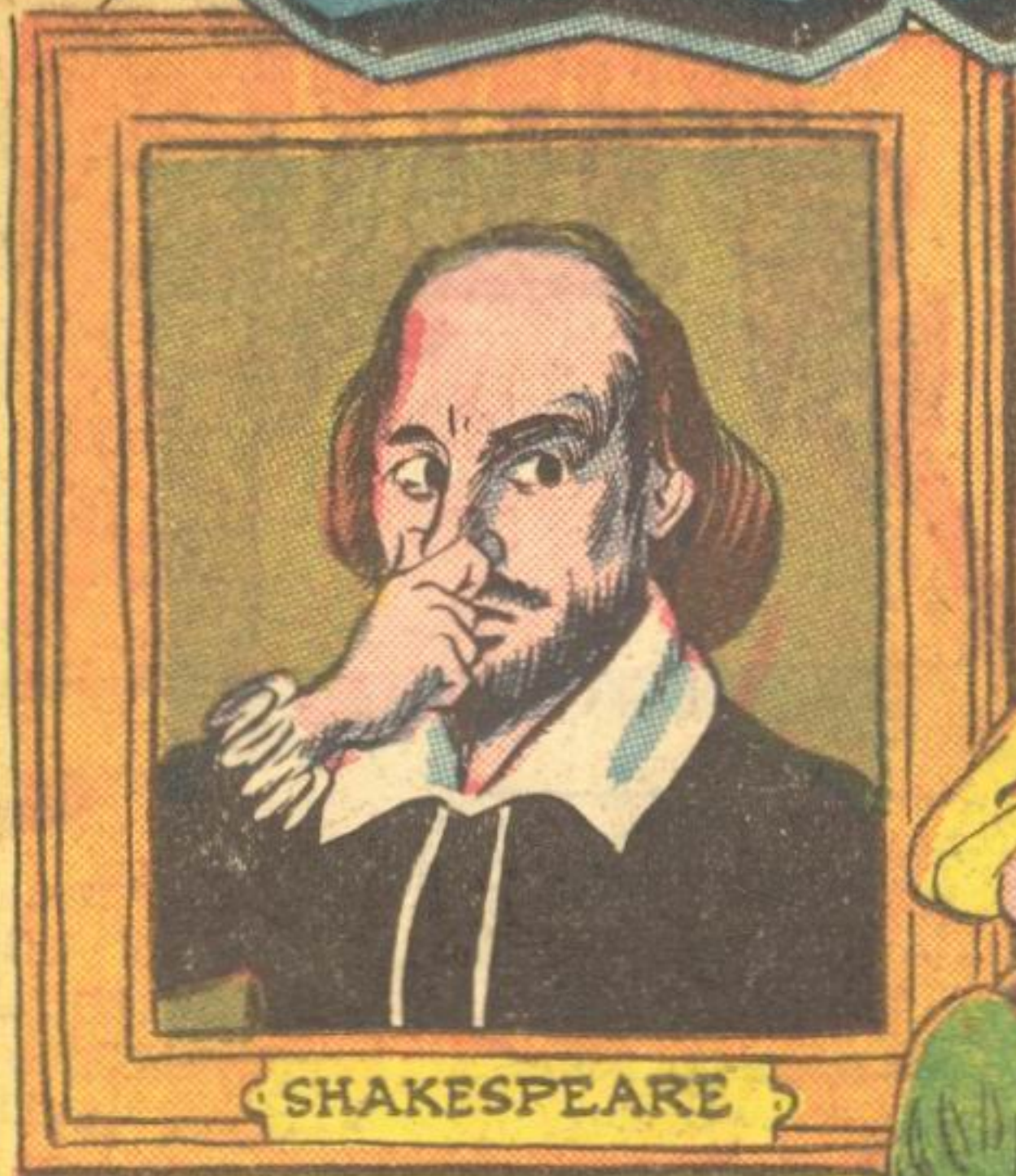
After Aunt Lobelia's hasty departure, a great peace filled the house. Mrs. Jones was a little ashamed of Jitterbuck, and told him so, but pop drew Jit to a side and put an arm about his shoulders.

"Here's something for you, son," said Mr. Jones, slipping a five-dollar bill into Jit's hand. "And do me a favor, will you?"

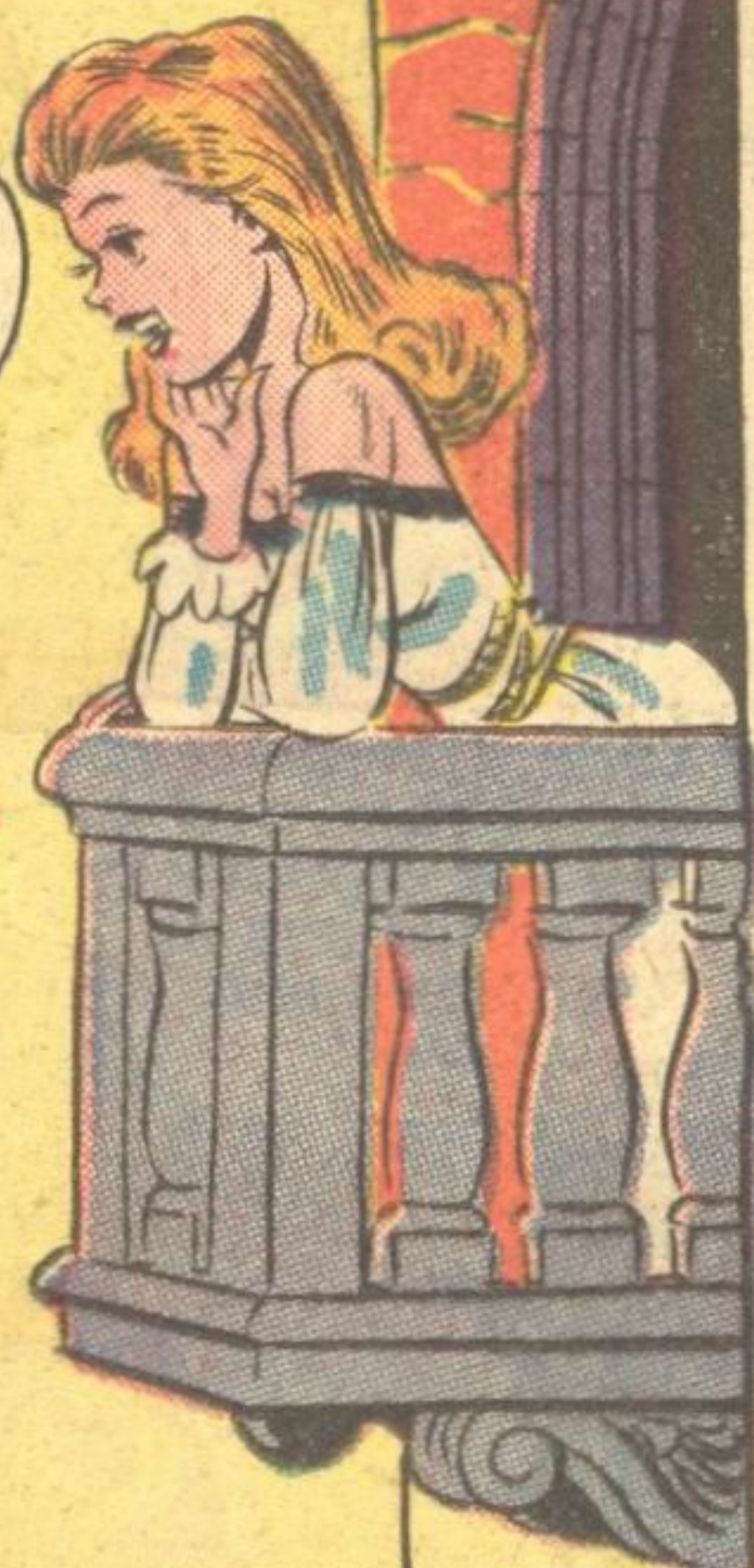
"You bet, pop," answered Jit. "What?"

"Buy that frog something good to eat!" said Mr. Jones.

"COOKIE"



AH, ANGELPUSS!
ANGELPUSS! WHERE-
FORE ART THOU,
ANGELPUSS?



OH, **COOKIE!** DON'T
BE JEALOUS...IT'S ONLY
A HIGH SCHOOL PLAY!
SURELY YOU DON'T THINK
THAT ZOOT MEANS
ANYTHING TO **ME!**

YEH, YEH...I KNOW,
ANGELPUSS...BUT IT
DRIVES ME **NUTS**
TA THINK O' THAT
BIG HUNK O' CON-
CEIT GETTIN' THE
PART O' **ROMEO!**

OKAY, JULIET!
LET'S TRY THAT
BALCONY SCENE
AGAIN!

COMING, MISS
DE MILLY!...
BE GOOD,
COOKIE!

OKAY,
ANGEL...



NO! NO! STOP!
NOT THAT WAY!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE ROMEO...
NOT JIMMY
DURANTE!

SOMETHING?

LOOK, STUPID... IF IT
WASN'T THAT THIS SHOW
WAS FOR CHARITY, I'D
CHUCK THIS JOB AS
DIRECTRESS IN A
MINUTE!

MISS DE MILLY!
WON'T YA PLEASE
GIVE ME A TRY
AT THAT ROLE?
I'M SURE...

AW, BEAT IT, SONNY!
YOU'RE TOO SHORT
... YOU'D NEVER FIT
THE COSTUME!

PSST!
HEY, COOKIE
... C'MERE!

OH-HHH! THE VERY
THOUGHT O' THAT
CONCEITED JERK ZOOT
PLAYIN' THE ROMANTICS
WITH ANGELPUSS MAKES
ME WANNA DIE,
JITTERBUCK!

OKAY, OKAY...
SO YA'LL DIE!
SO LET'S DUCK
IN HERE... I GOT
AN ANGLE!

ATHLETIC
SUPPLIES

WOT'S
UP? I DON'T
GET IT!

DIDN'T SHE SAY YA HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE AT THAT
ROMEO PART ON ACCOUNT
YER SHY ON THE PHYSIQUE?
SO...

BUT JIT!
I'LL BE A
PHONEY!
I...

LOOK, IF CHARLES BOYER CAN
GET AWAY WITH PHONEY HAIR,
THEN THE WAY I LOOK AT IT,
YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF A COUPLA FAKE INCHES
AN' A MUSCLE OR TWO!

ONCE AGAIN, ROMEO!
AND IF THERE'S NO
IMPROVEMENT **THIS**
TIME, I'M GONNA KICK
THIS LADDER OUT
FROM UNDER YOU,
SO HELP ME!

OH, MISS
DE MILLY!
♪ ♪ ♪

MY FRIEND HERE
FIGURES HE COULD
DO A GOOD JOB
WITH THE PART
OF...

...ROMEO! BUT OF
COURSE! UMMMM...
WHEREFORE HAST
THOU BEEN TILL
NOW, **BIG BOY?**

COOKIE!

DON'T LET
YERSELF BE
FOOLED, MISS
DE MILLY!
HE'S...

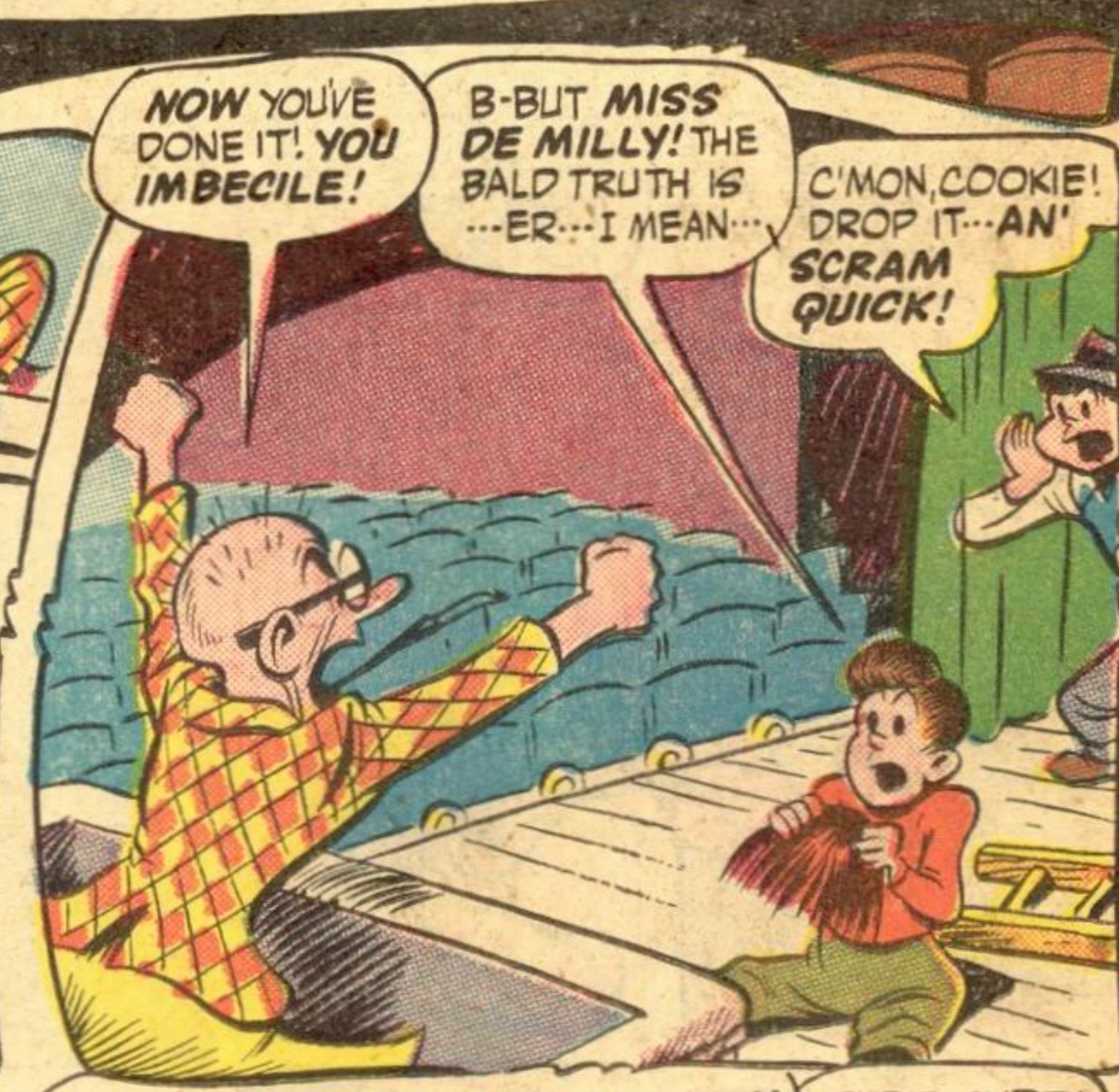
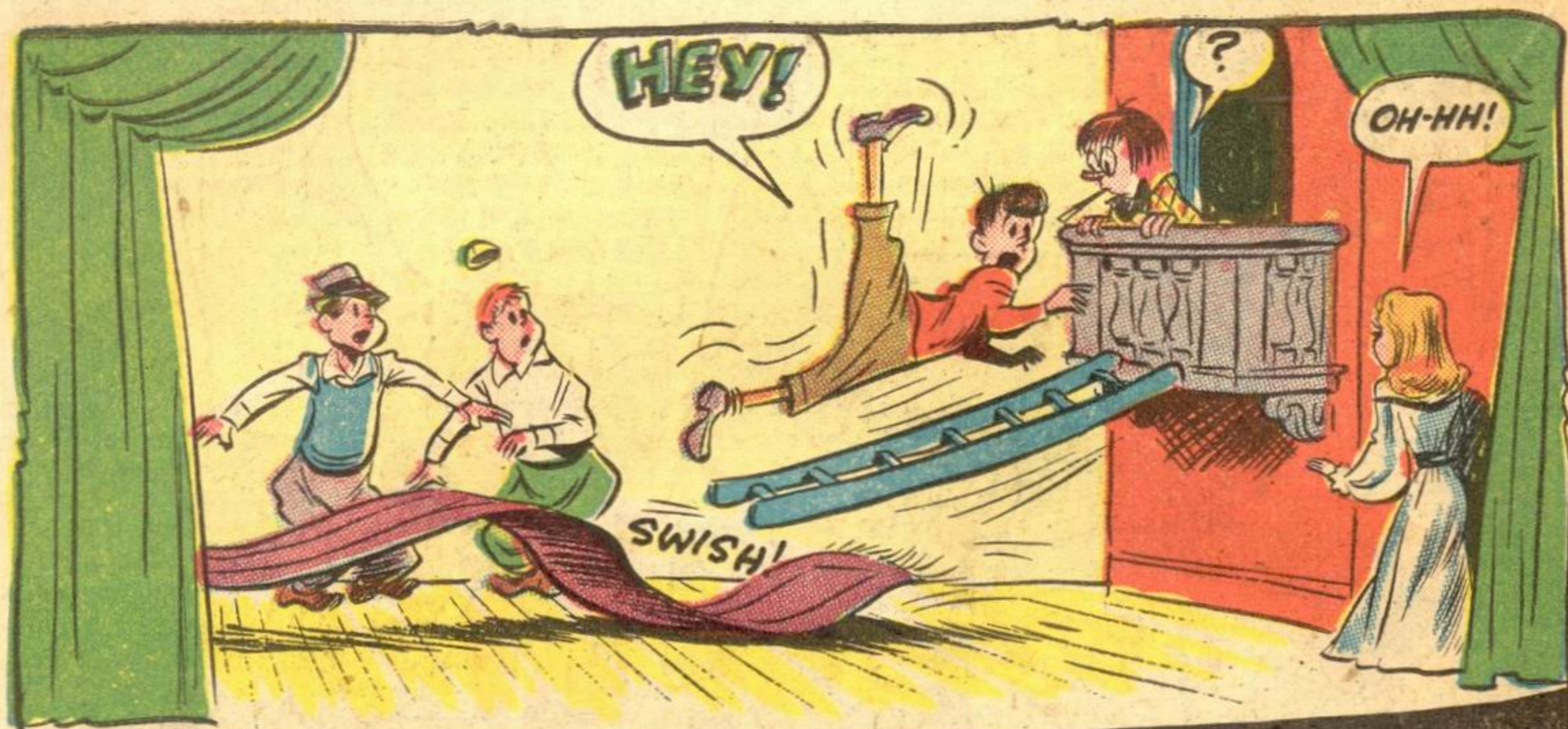
ONE SIDE, STUPID!
COME ON, TARZAN...
LET'S **US** RUN THROUGH
THAT BALCONY SCENE! I'LL
PLAY JULIET, SO THAT I CAN
...ER... COACH YOU IN
YOUR LINES!

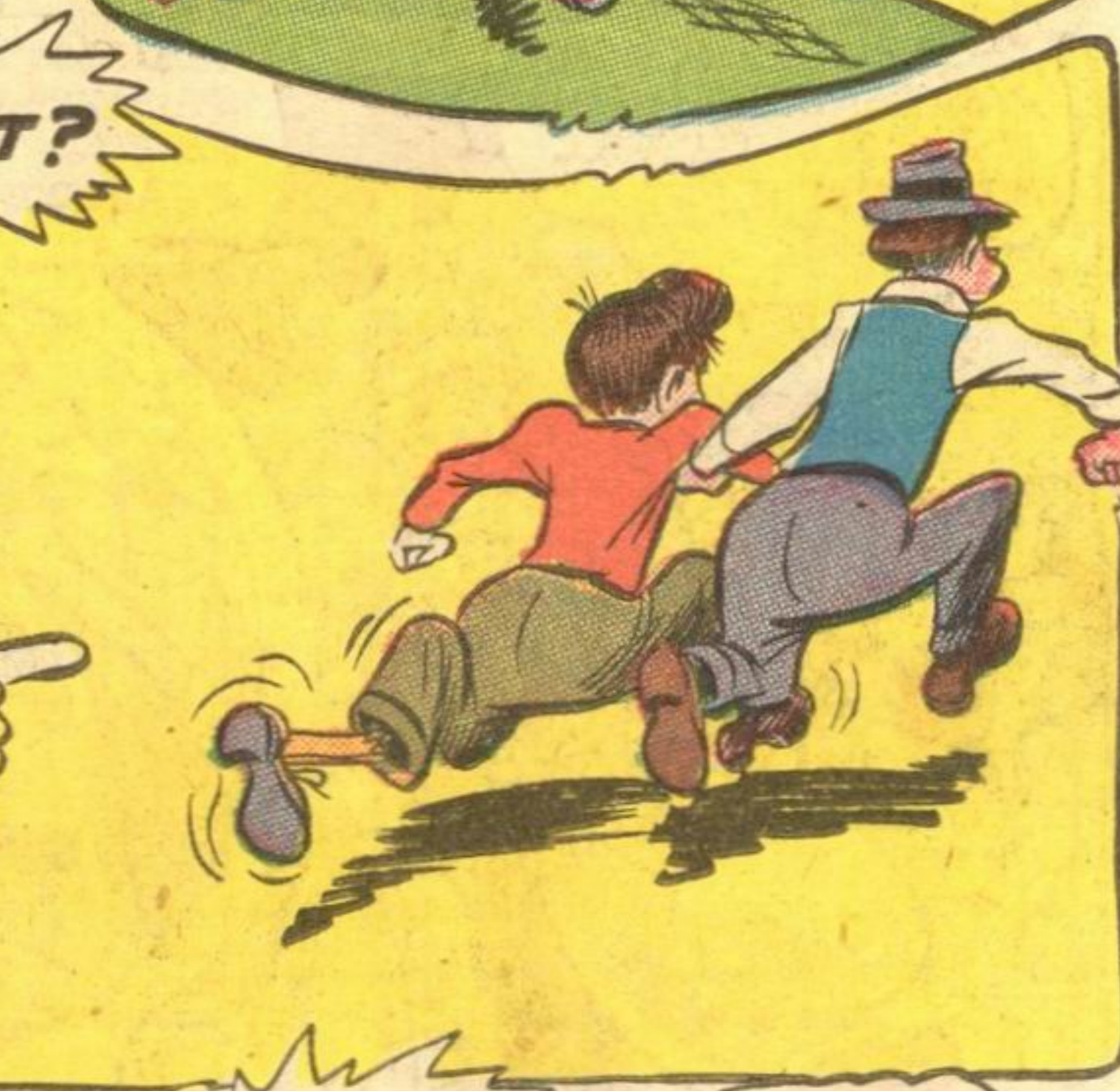
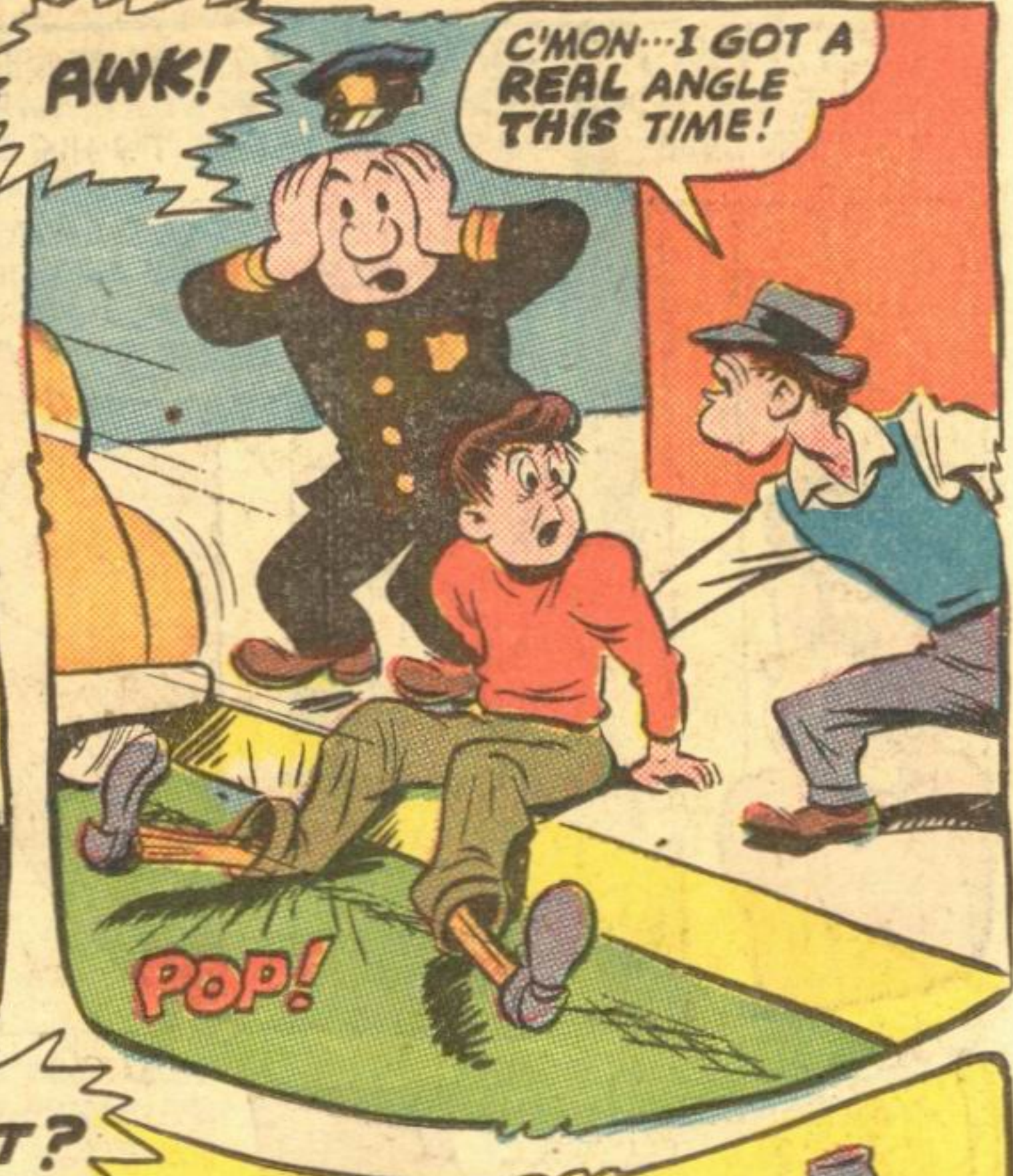
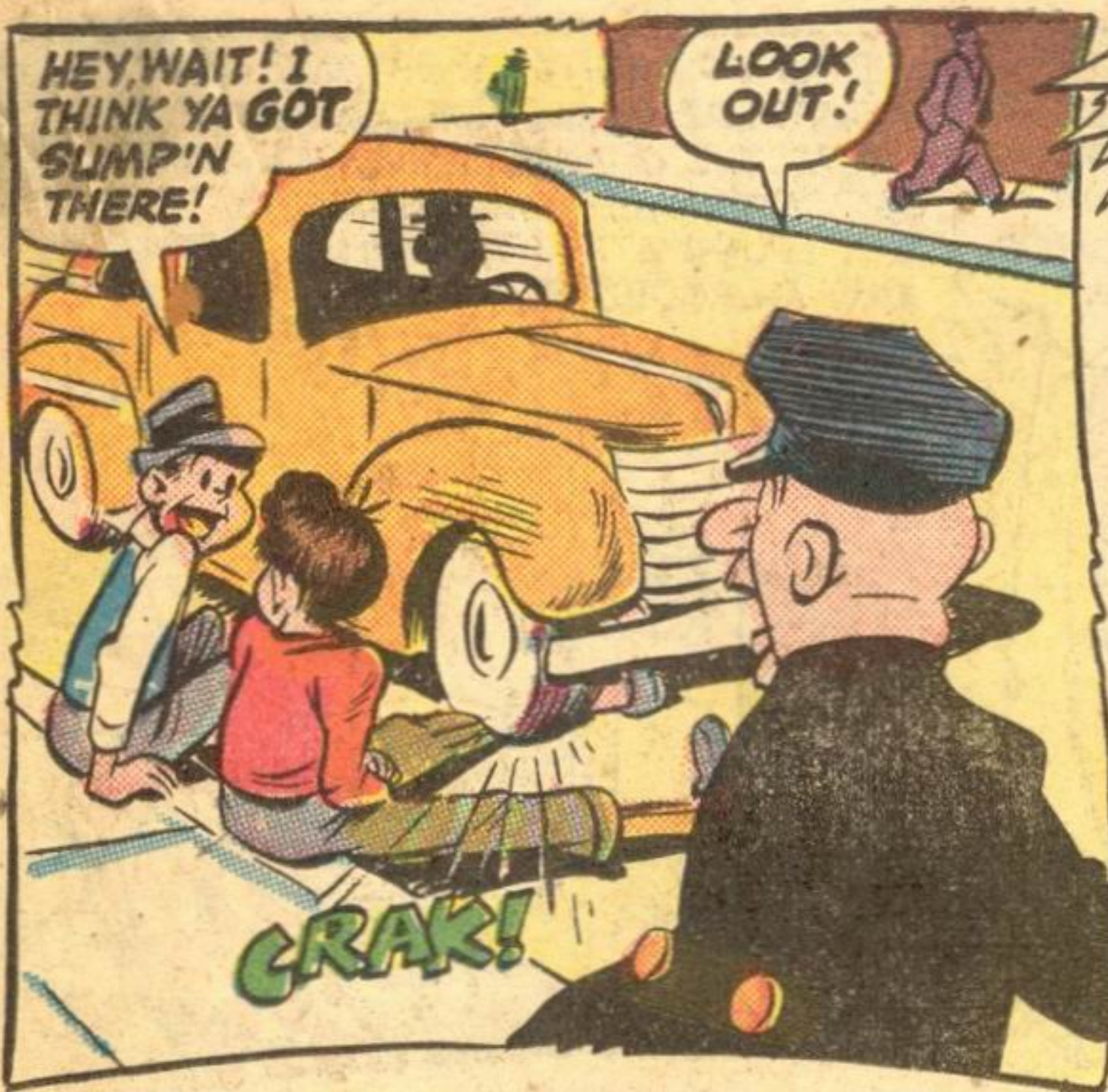
OKAY, M'BOY...
SHOOT! THE
REST OF YOU
WATCH!

UH...IT IS THE
NORTHEAST,
AND JULIET
IS MY SON!

GR-RRR...DO ME
OUT O' THE PART,
WILL HE? OH-OH...
THIS RUG...

ER...WOULD THAT
I WERE A MITT,
UPON YER HAND...



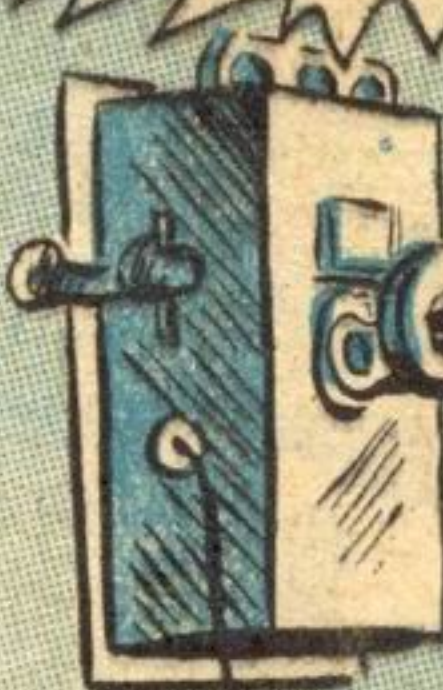


BUT, JIT! THIS ONLY MEANS MORE TROUBLE!

SH-HHH!...YES, MISS DE MILLY! HORACE HEARTBEAT HIMSELF! YA SEE, HE FEELS IT'S HIS DUTY TA DESERT HOLLYWOOD AN' OFFER HIS SERVICES AS ROMEO FER FREE...SEEN' AS HOW YER PLAYS FER CHARITY!

AND, AS HIS AGENT, I MIGHT ADD ...CONFIDENTIALLY, OF COURSE ...THAT THE CHANCE TO PLAY OPPOSITE THE LOVELY MISS ANGELPUSS WITHERSPOON WAS AN ADDED REASON!

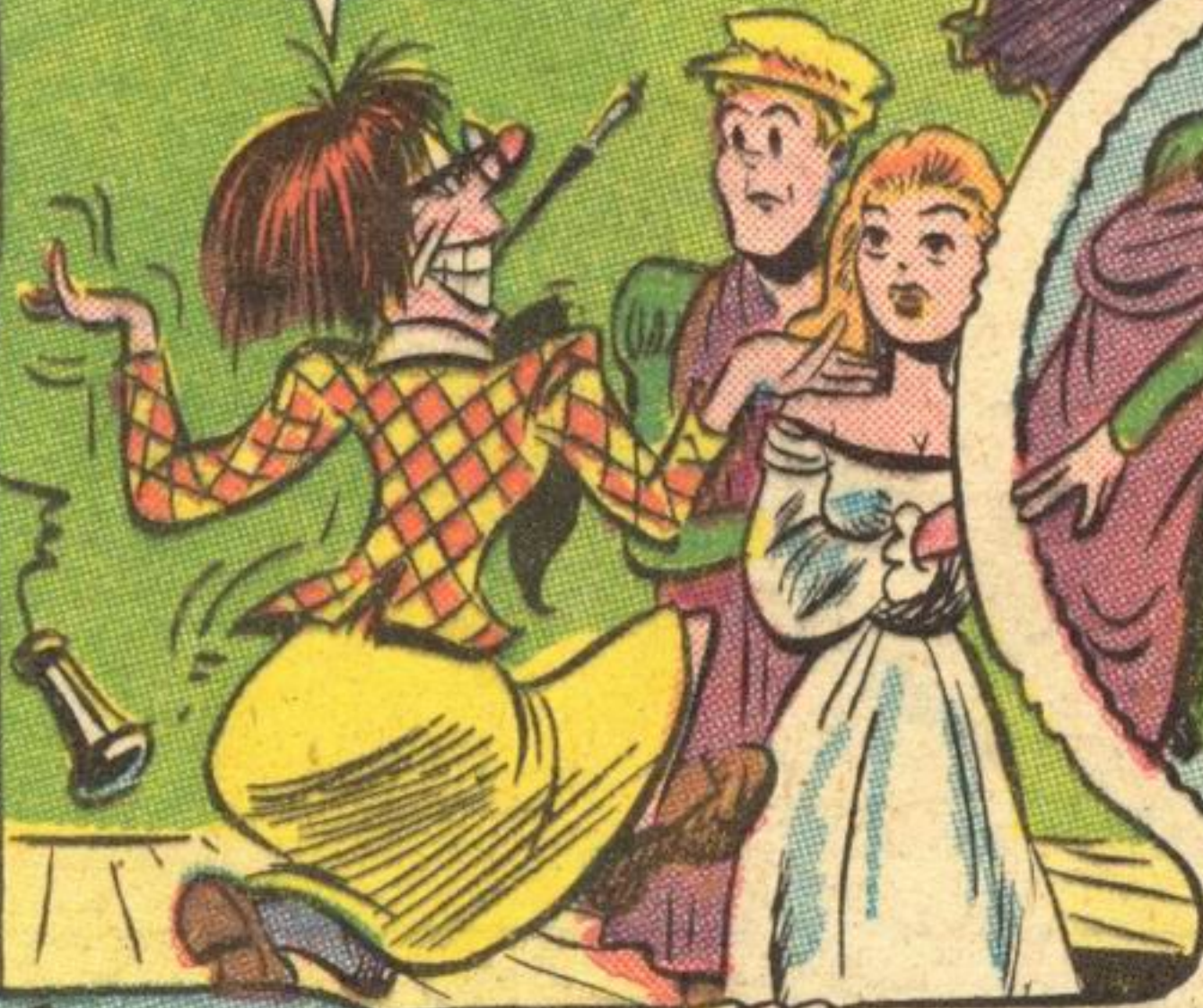
OH, THIS IS TERRIF'! I MEAN...



OH, THIS IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL! I MEAN, IT'S ...WELL...I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT FIRST...

--YOU CAN GET OUT OF HARNESS, STUPID! MAKE WAY FOR A REAL ROMEO!

AND NOW TO TELEPHONE THE NEWSPAPERS! OH, HAPPY DAY!



LATER...

THE MAKEUP'S GOIN' ON SWELL, COOKIE! AN' WITH THIS TRICK SCHNOZZOLA, YER GONNA LOOK JUST LIKE HIS NIBS, HORACE HEARTBEAT!

YEAH? JEEPERS!

BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERIN', JIT...WOT'LL HAPPEN IF THIS GUY HEARTBEAT FINDS OUT I'M IMPERSONATIN' HIM? SUPPOSE HE SEES THE NEWSPAPER?

AW, FORGET IT! THEY COULD NEVER SEE OUR LITTLE RAG IN HOLLYWOOD!



OH, NO? HOLLYWOOD...

HEY... MRS. HEARTBEAT!
LOOKIT WOT I FOUND IN THIS
TANK-TOWN NEWSPAPER!



SEE? AN' I THOUGHT
YER HUSBAND SAID HE
WAS GOIN' ON A FISH-
ING TRIP!

HE DID, THE CUR!
THAT SETTLES
IT! FUEL UP MY
P-80!

EXTRA

The Harelip Herald

EXTRA

**HORACE HEARTBEAT TO
PLAY ROMEO IN LOCAL SHOW**
TO APPEAR OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
LOCAL GIRL... ROMANCE HINTED



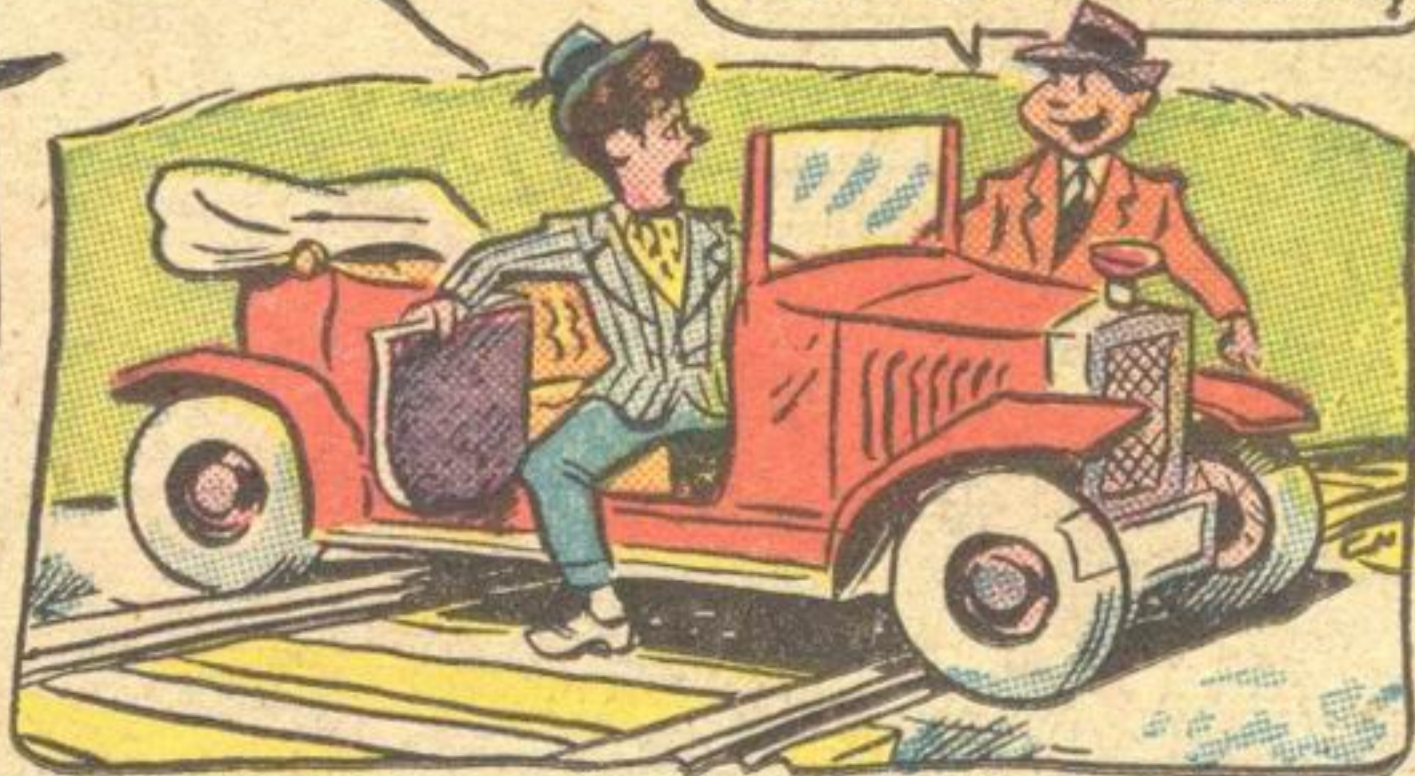
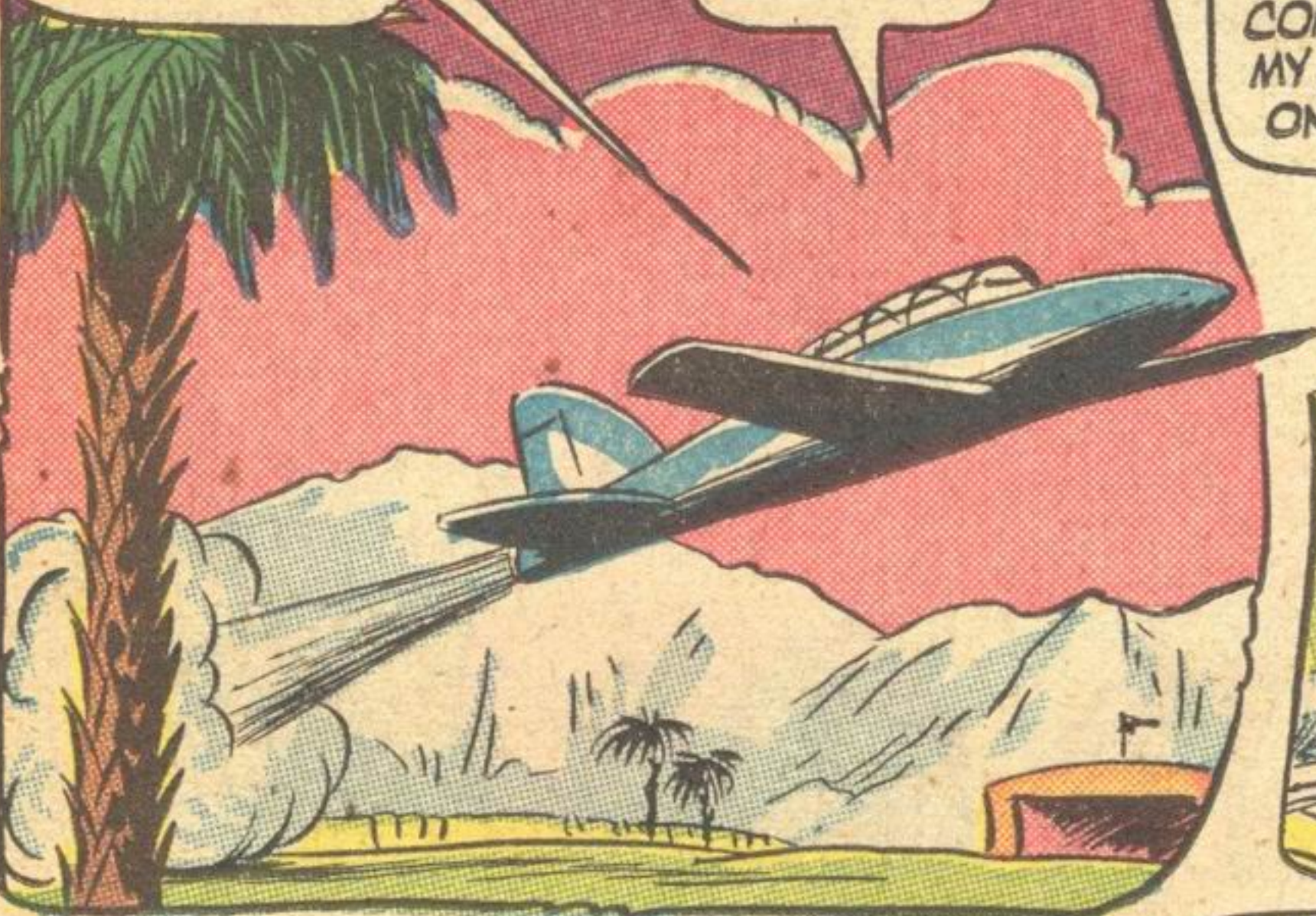
Later...

BUT I DON'T GET IT,
JIT! THERE'S A TRAIN
COMIN'! WHY LEAVE
MY JALOPY HERE...
ON THE TRACKS?

BECAUSE WE GOTTA
STOP THAT TRAIN...
SEE? AS HORACE
HEARTBEAT, YOU
GOTTA RIDE INTA
TOWN ON IT, AN'
GREET YER WAIT-
IN' PUBLIC! SO WHEN
THE TRAIN STOPS...
WE'LL JUMP ABOARD,

I'M HIS AGENT!
HE SHOULDN'T DO
THIS TA ME!

AND I'M HIS WIFE!
HE WON'T DO IT
TO ME!



SEE? I KNEW THEY'D
STOP FOR YER JALOPY!
QUICK... HOP ON!

I STILL DON'T
SEE WHY WE HAFTA
GO TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE!

LOOK, KID... WE GOTTA MAKE IT **CONVINCIN'**!
I TOLD MISS DE MILLY YOU'D ARRIVE ON THE
6:10, AN' YER GONNA DO IT! WE'LL HUSTLE
BACK TA THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM, SO'S
THE CONDUCTOR DON'T SEE US AN' ASK FER
TICKETS! AN' REMEMBER... I'M YER AGENT,
SEE?

OKAY!
OKAY!





B-BUT JIT! WOT HAPPENS TA MY SWELL JALOPY THAT WE LEFT ON THE TRACKS?

AW, QUIT WORRYIN'! WHEN THEY STOPPED THEY PROBABLY ROLLED THE JOB CLEAR! AN' TOMORROW WE'LL COME OUT AN' PICK 'ER UP!



JIT, YA KNOW THERE'S TIMES WHEN I THINK IT'S TOO BAD YA WEREN'T BORN IN MISSOURI! THEN TRUMAN COULD HAVE YA IN THE CABINET! WHY, YER TERRIF'! YER...

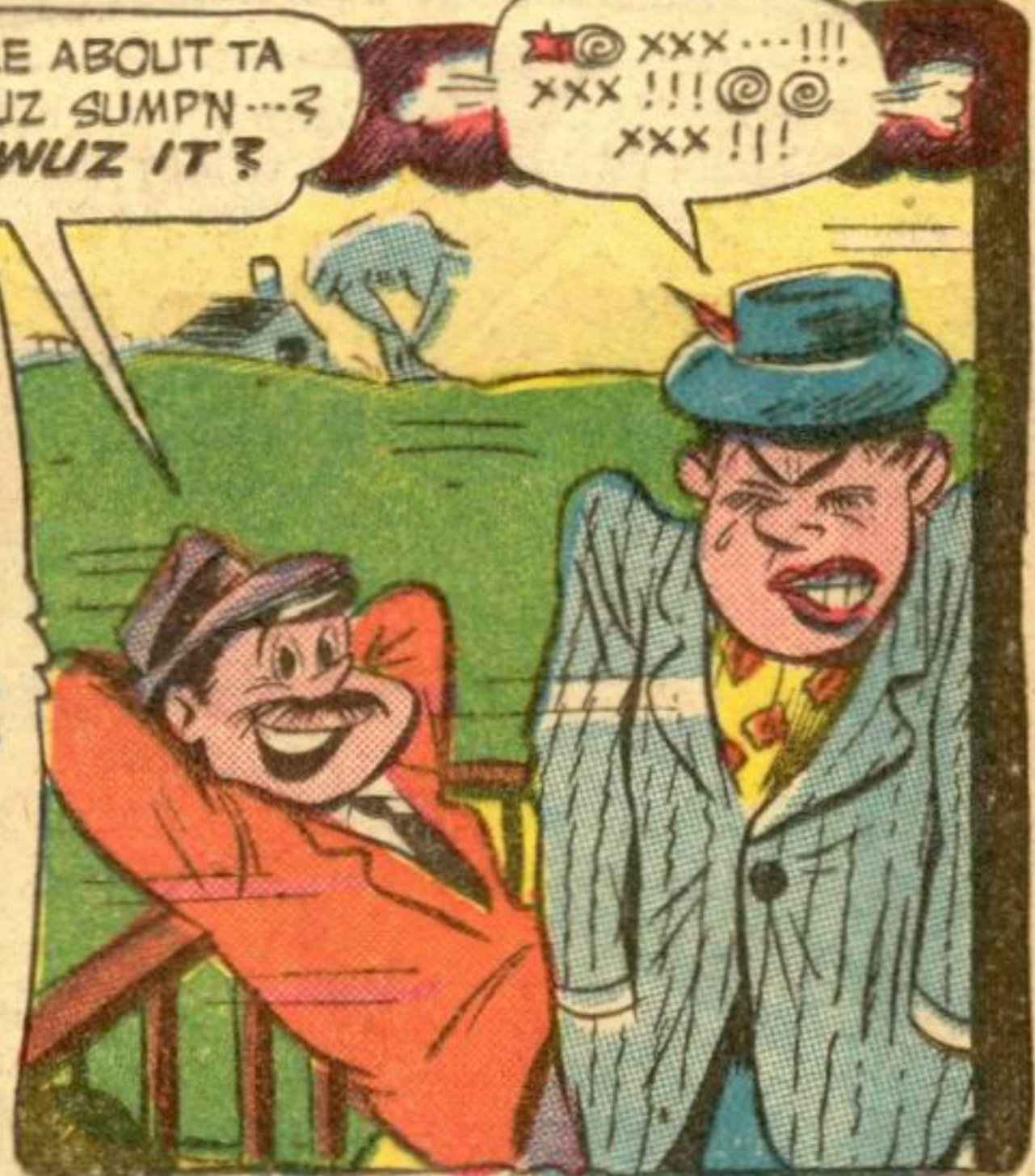


HUH?

AH, YES! CONTINUE WITH THE FLATTERY, COOKIE...

YOU WERE ABOUT TA SAY I WUZ SUMP'N...? WOT WUZ IT?

★◎ xxx...!!!
xxx !!!◎◎
xxx !!!



SOMETIMES, JIT, I THINK YOU'RE A... A...

FORGET IT, COOKIE! WE'RE PULLIN' INTO THE STATION...



...SO SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS! RIGHT NOW, MAKE LIKE DOC BLANCHARD FER A TAXI!

OH, ISN'T HE SIMPLY GORGEOUS?

GULP! H-HOLY SOCKS!



MR. HEARTBEAT! CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

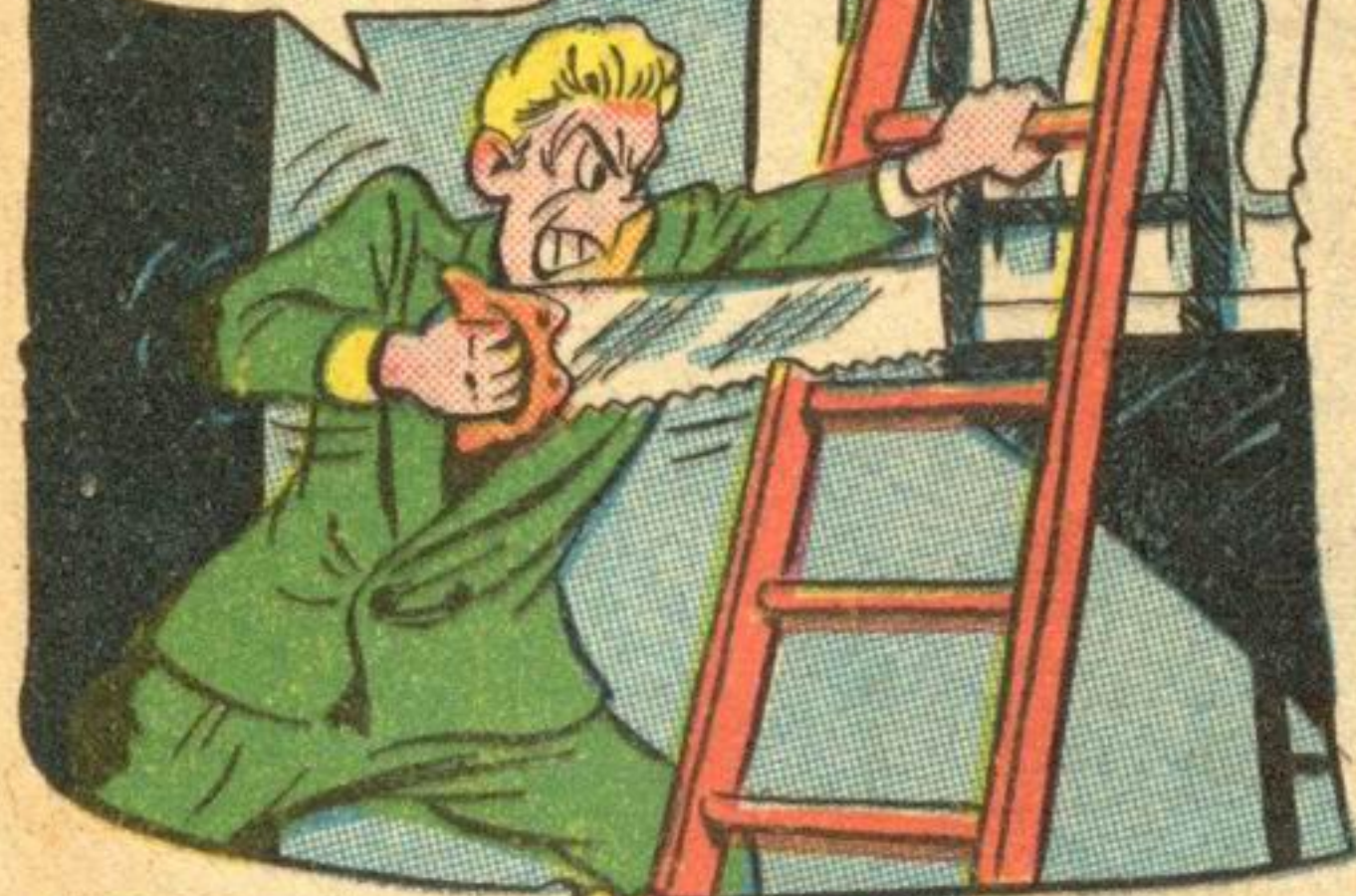
ME TOO!

ALSO ME!

JERKY LIMITED

While at the theatre...

WITH LOCAL COMPETITION, I CAN REMAIN WITHIN THE LAW! BUT WHEN IT COMES TA BUCKIN' THAT HOLLYWOOD STUFF, THEN THERE'S MAYHEM IN MY SOUL!



WE GOTTA GET YOU INTA THAT **ROMEO** COSTUME QUICK, COOKIE! THERE'LL BE LESS CHANCE OF ANYONE RECOGNIZIN' YA THAT WAY!



COOKIE!
SO!



WELL, WELL... AS I LIVE AN' INHALE! A HOLLYWOOD STAR... WITH FEET OF YELLOW PINE!



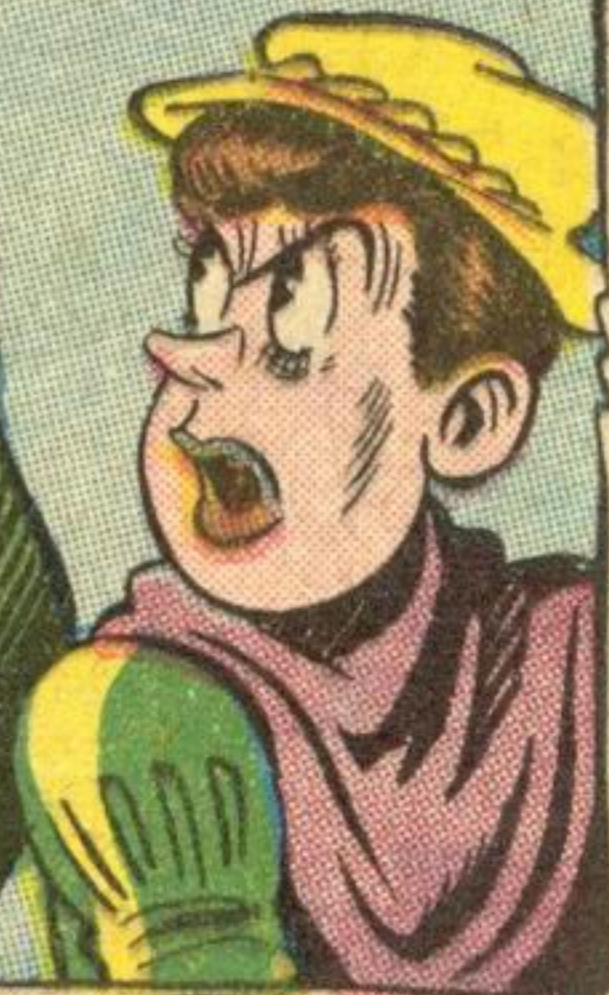
ZOOT!



NOT REALLY ZOOT! FROM NOW ON, JUST CALL ME **ROMEO**!



AW, ZOOT, LOOKIT! AFTER ALL, ANGELPUSS IS MY GAL, AN'...



THAT, CHUM, IS DEFINITELY A MATTER OF OPINION! NOW, DO I PLAY THE PART OF HORACE HEARTBEAT... OR DO I EXPOSE YOU TO THE MOB?

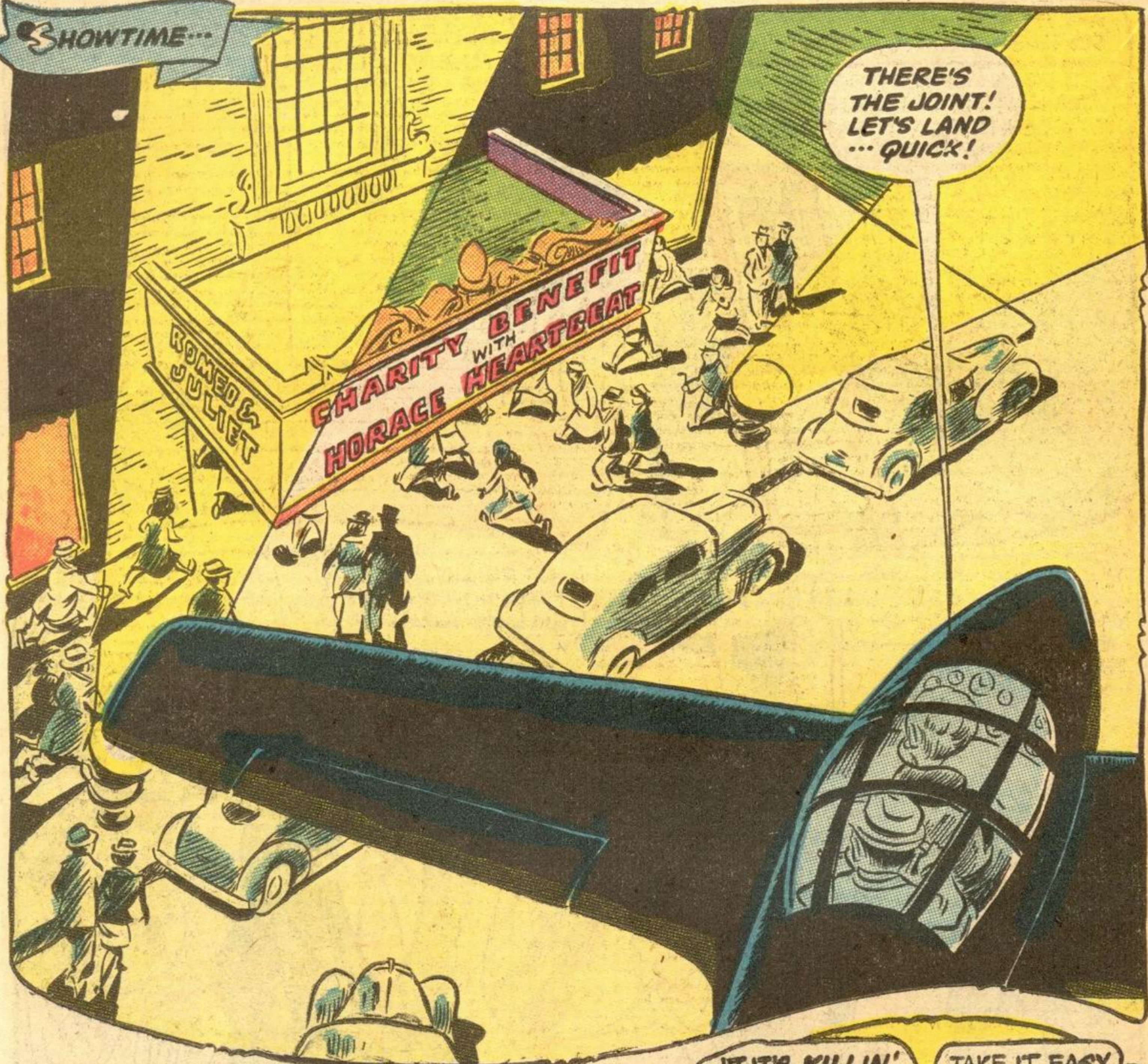
HE WINS, COOKIE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY! THEN DISCARD THE GARB, DARB... AN' LEAVE ME TAKE OVER! TIME GROWS SHORT!

OKAY...
OKAY!

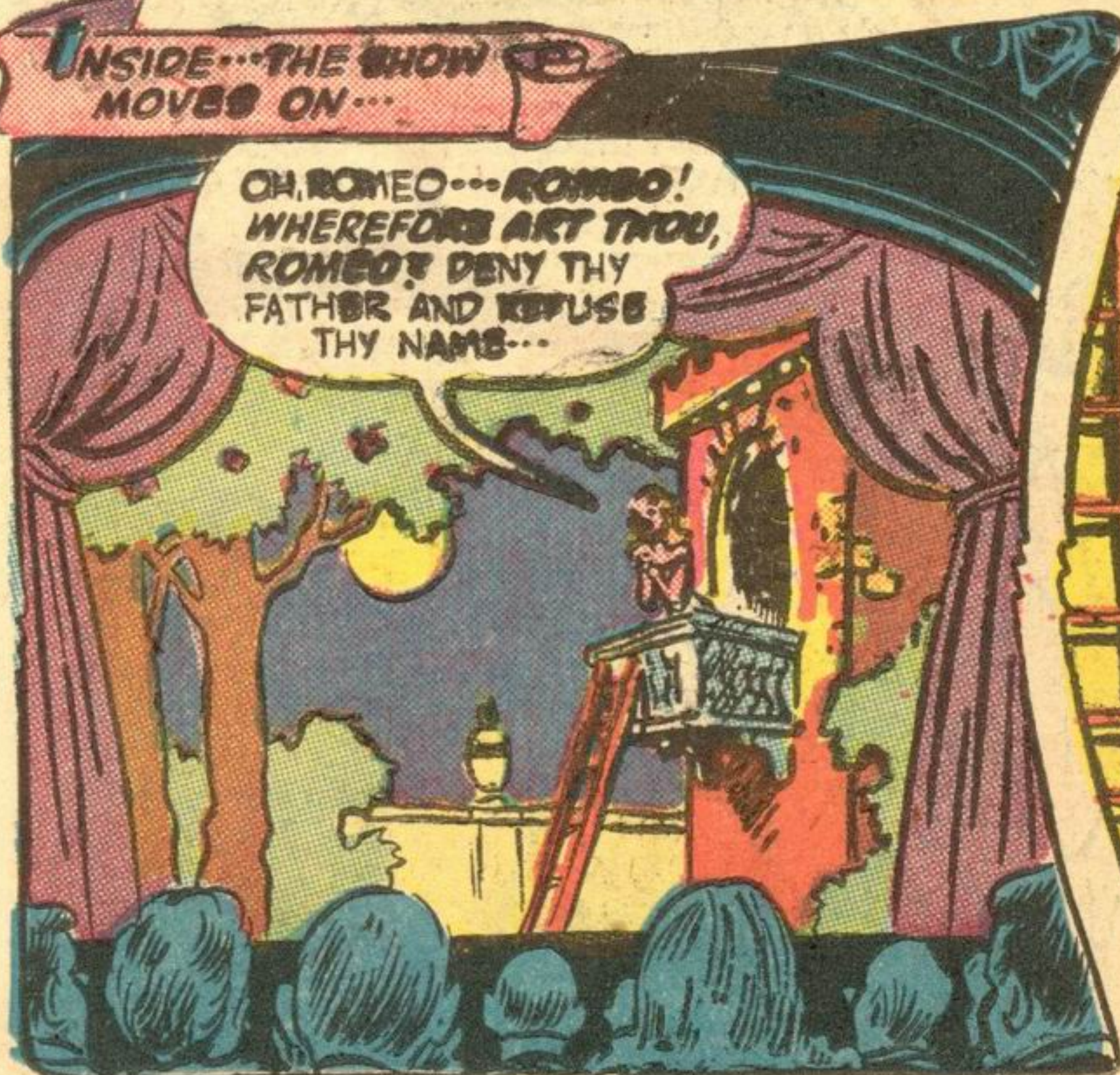


SHOWTIME...



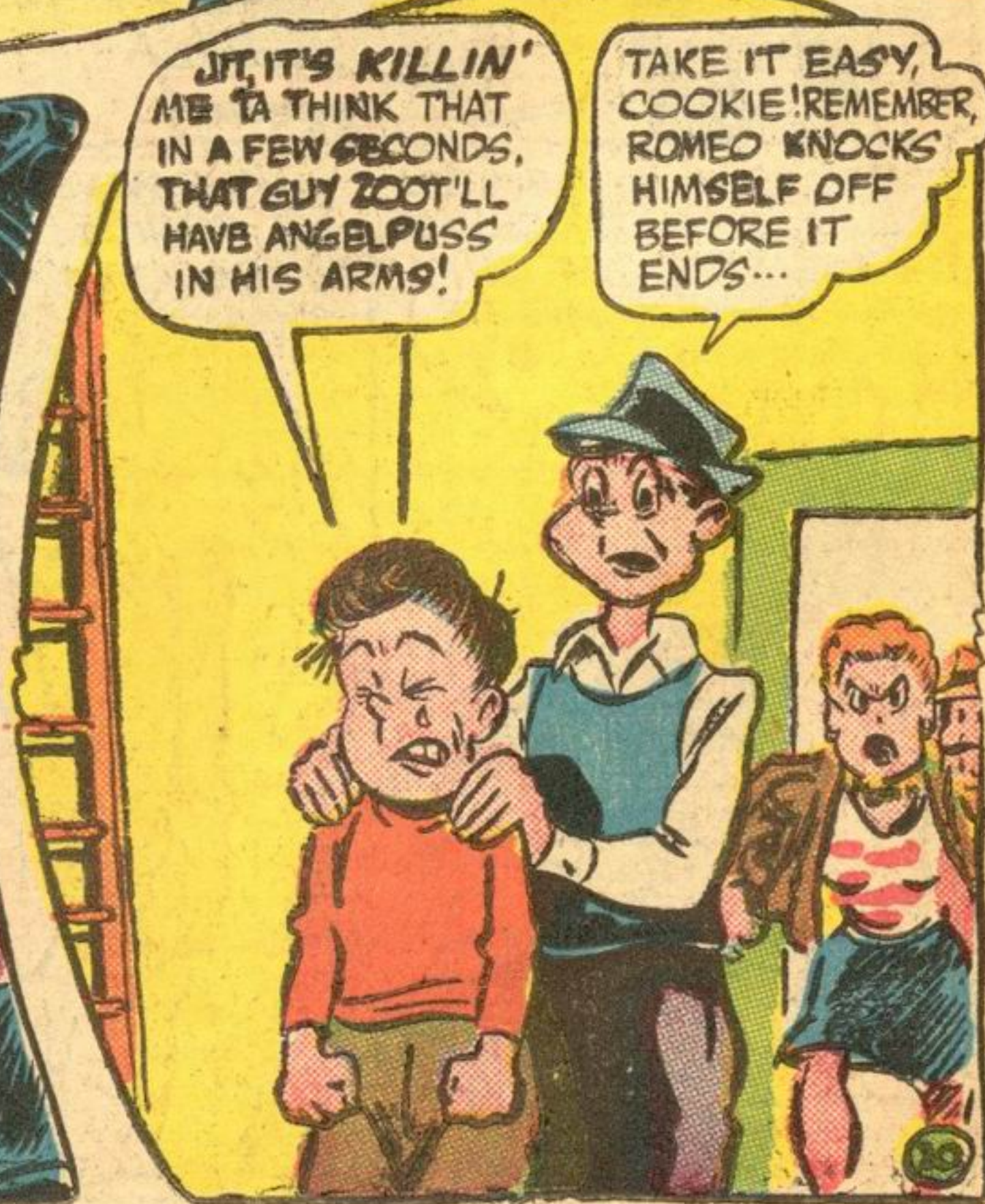
INSIDE...THE SHOW MOVES ON...

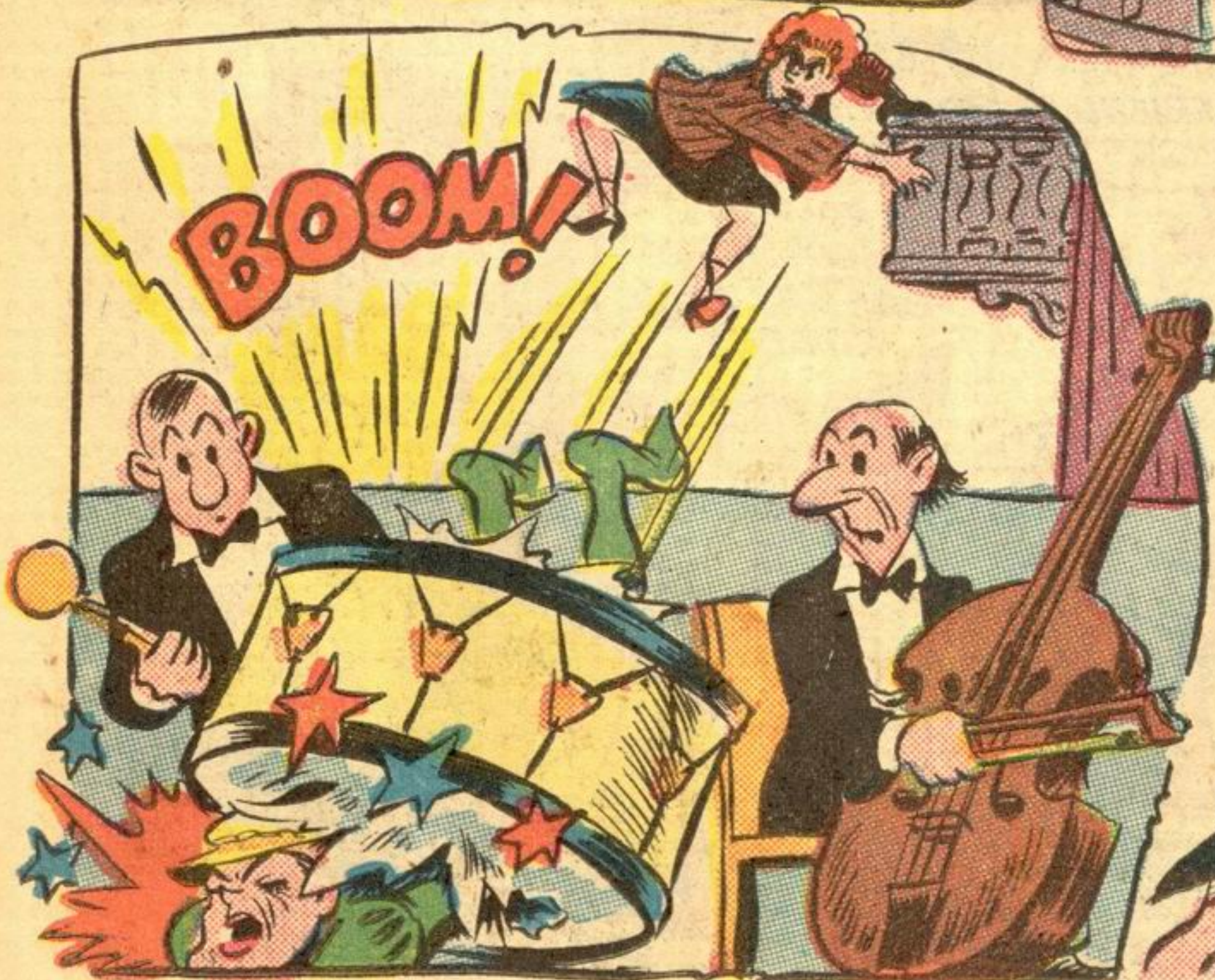
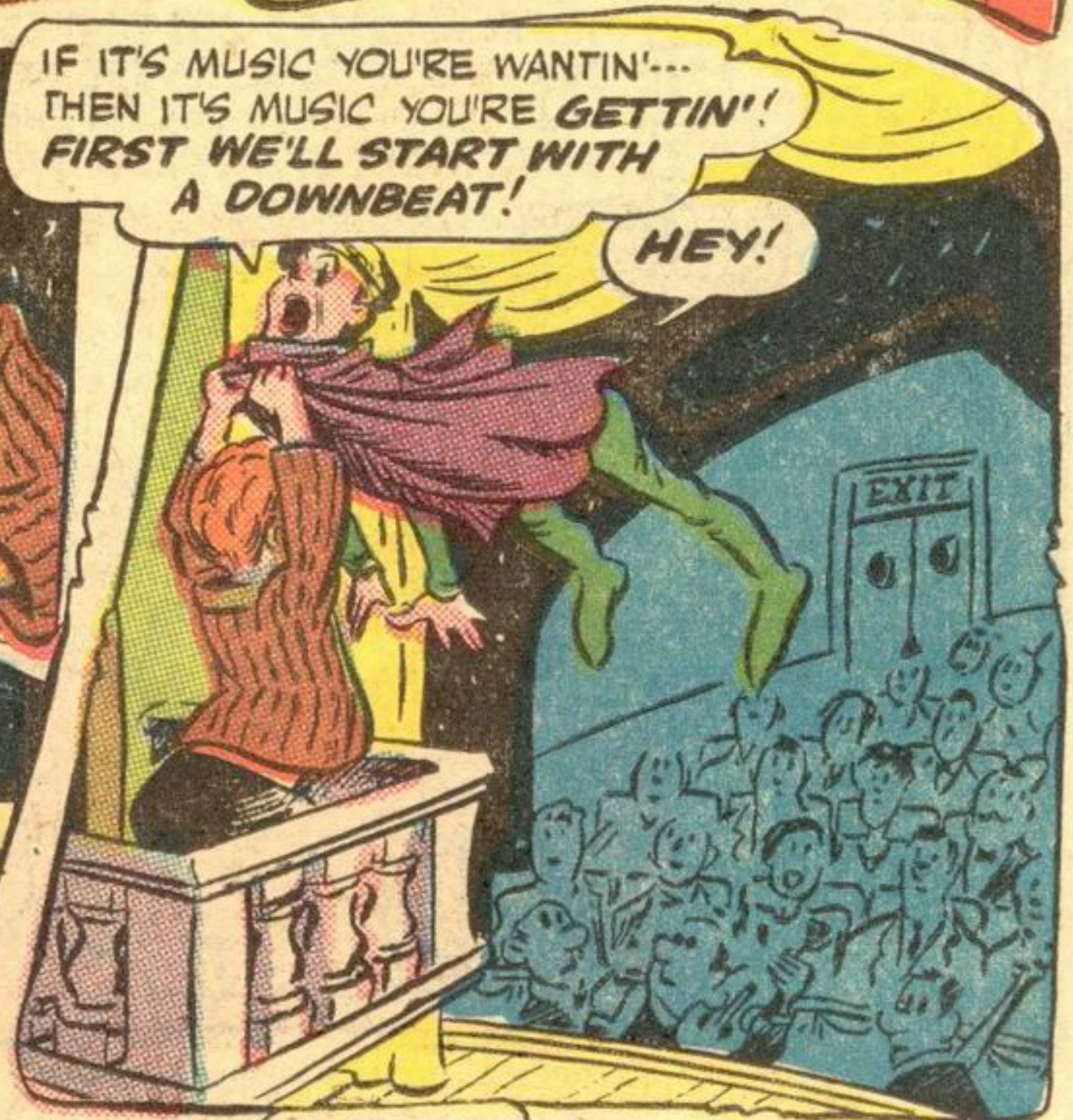
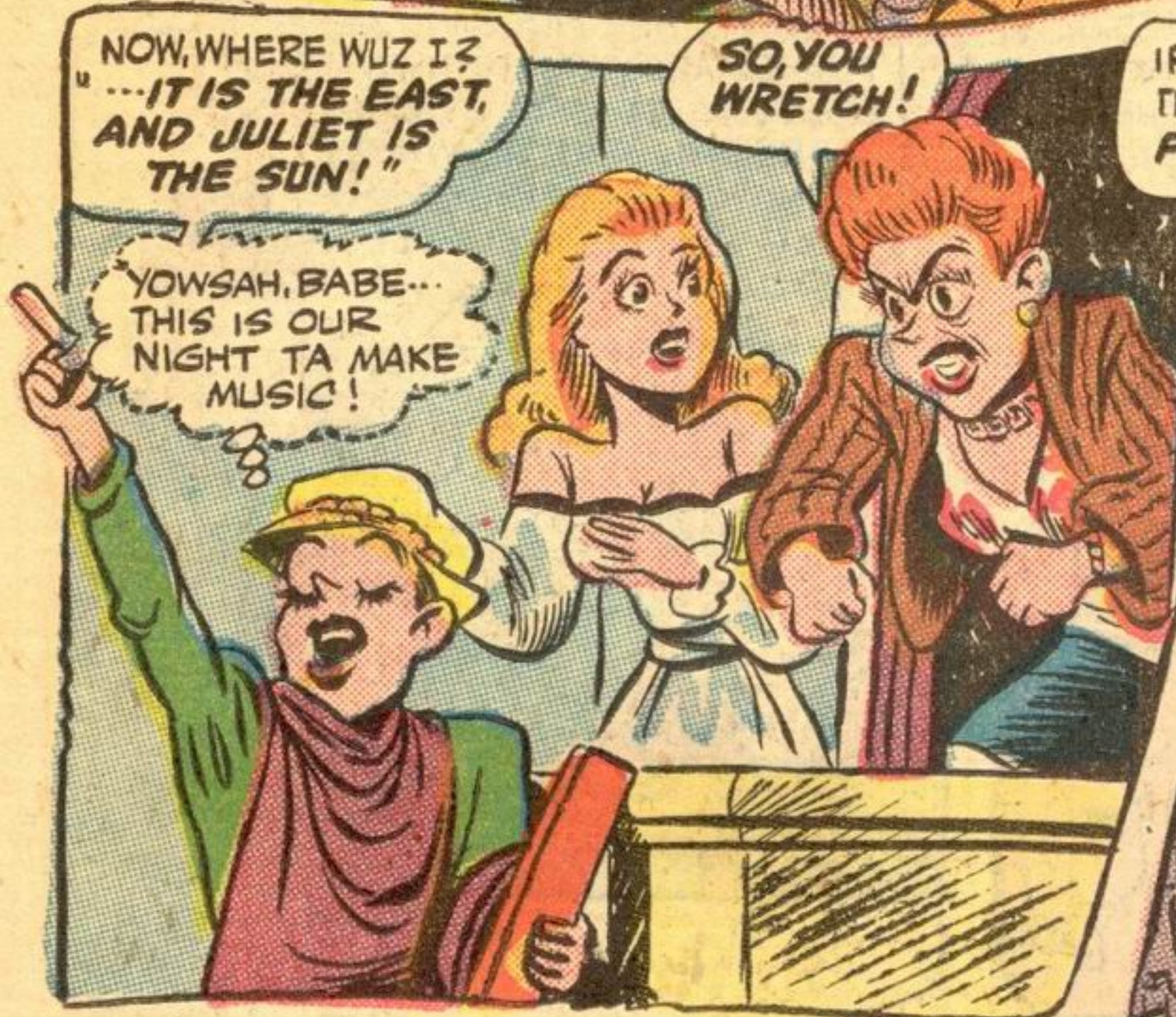
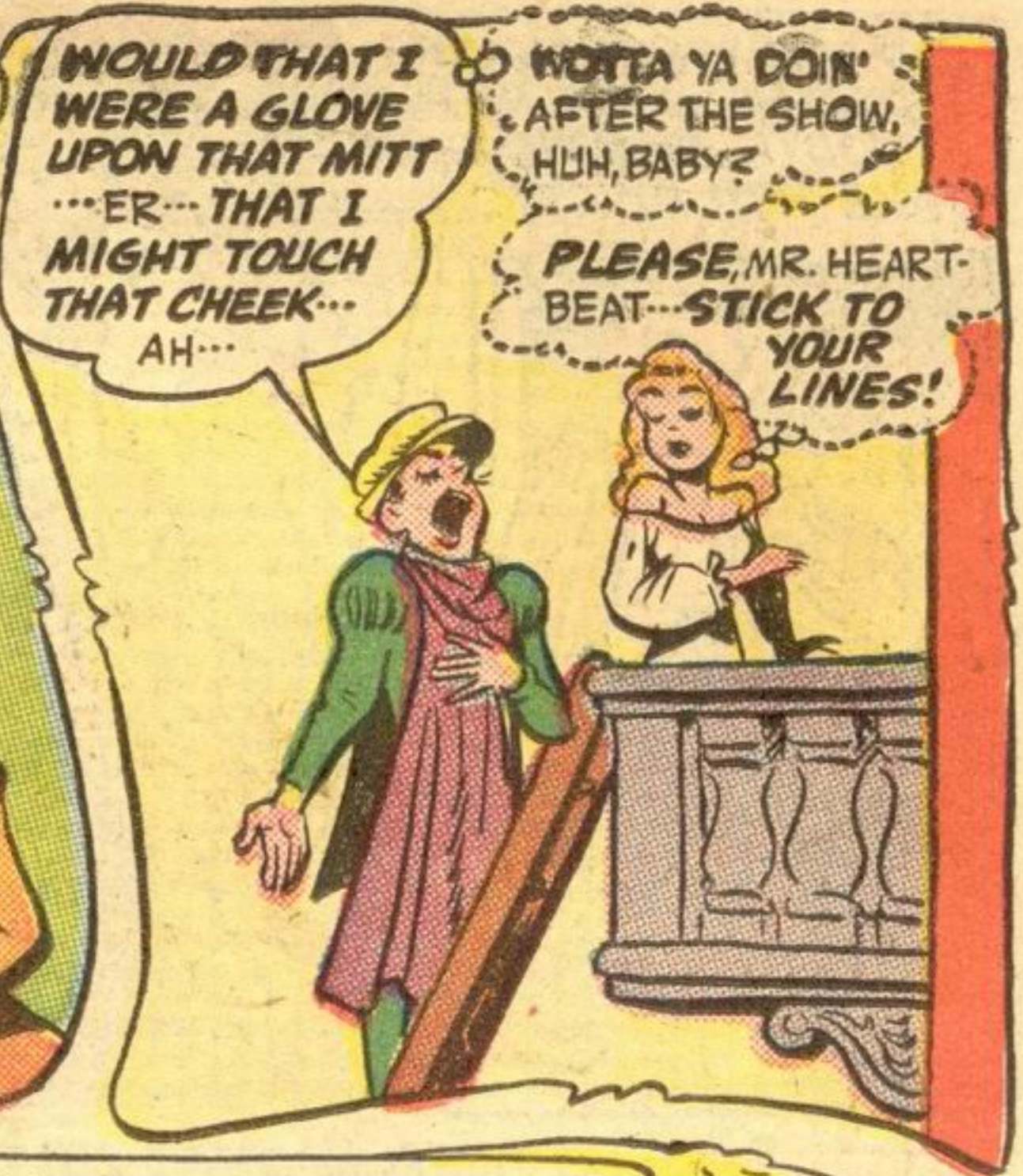
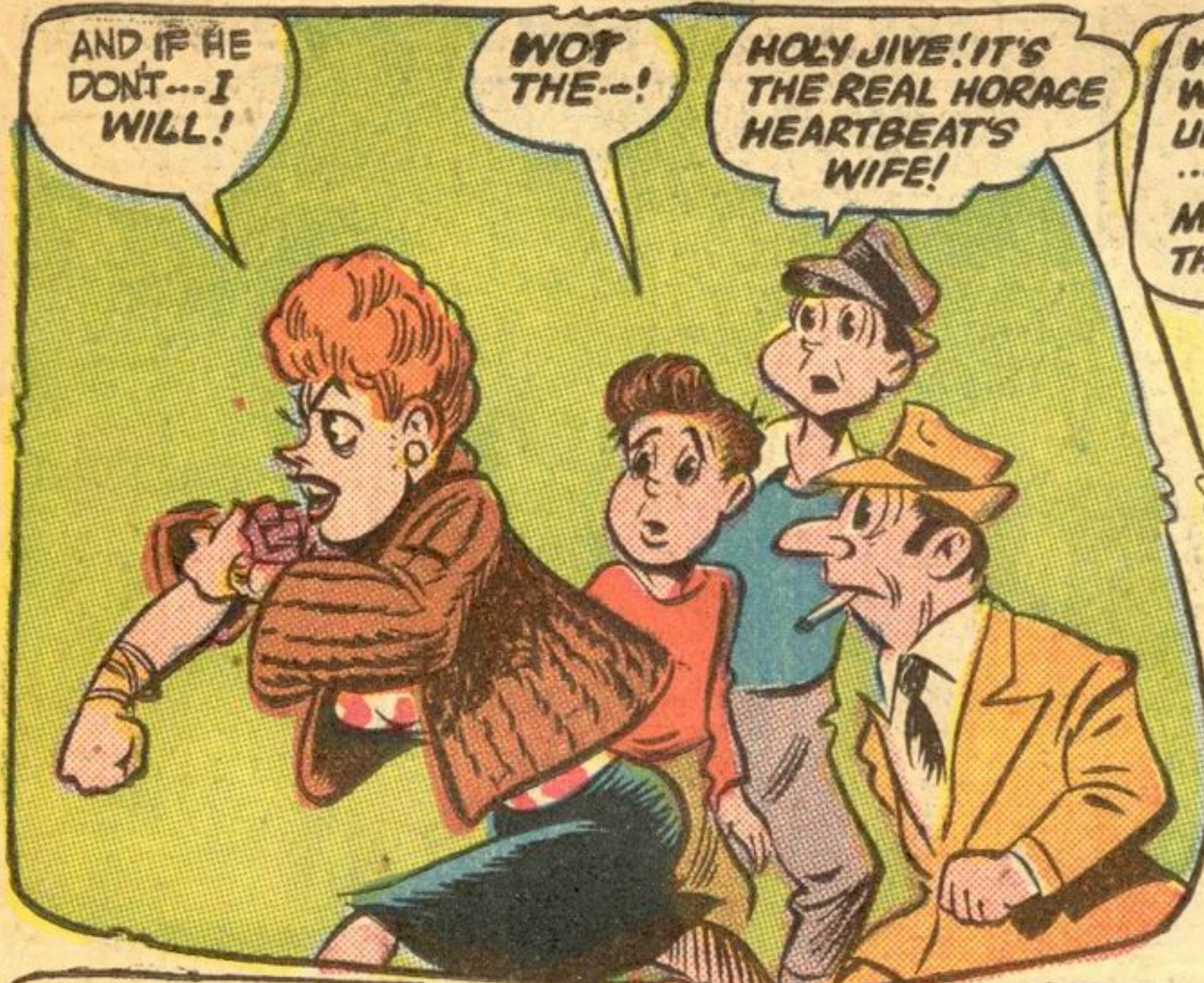
OH, ROMEO...ROMEO!
WHEREFORE ART THOU,
ROMEO? DENY THY
FATHER AND REFUSE
THY NAME...



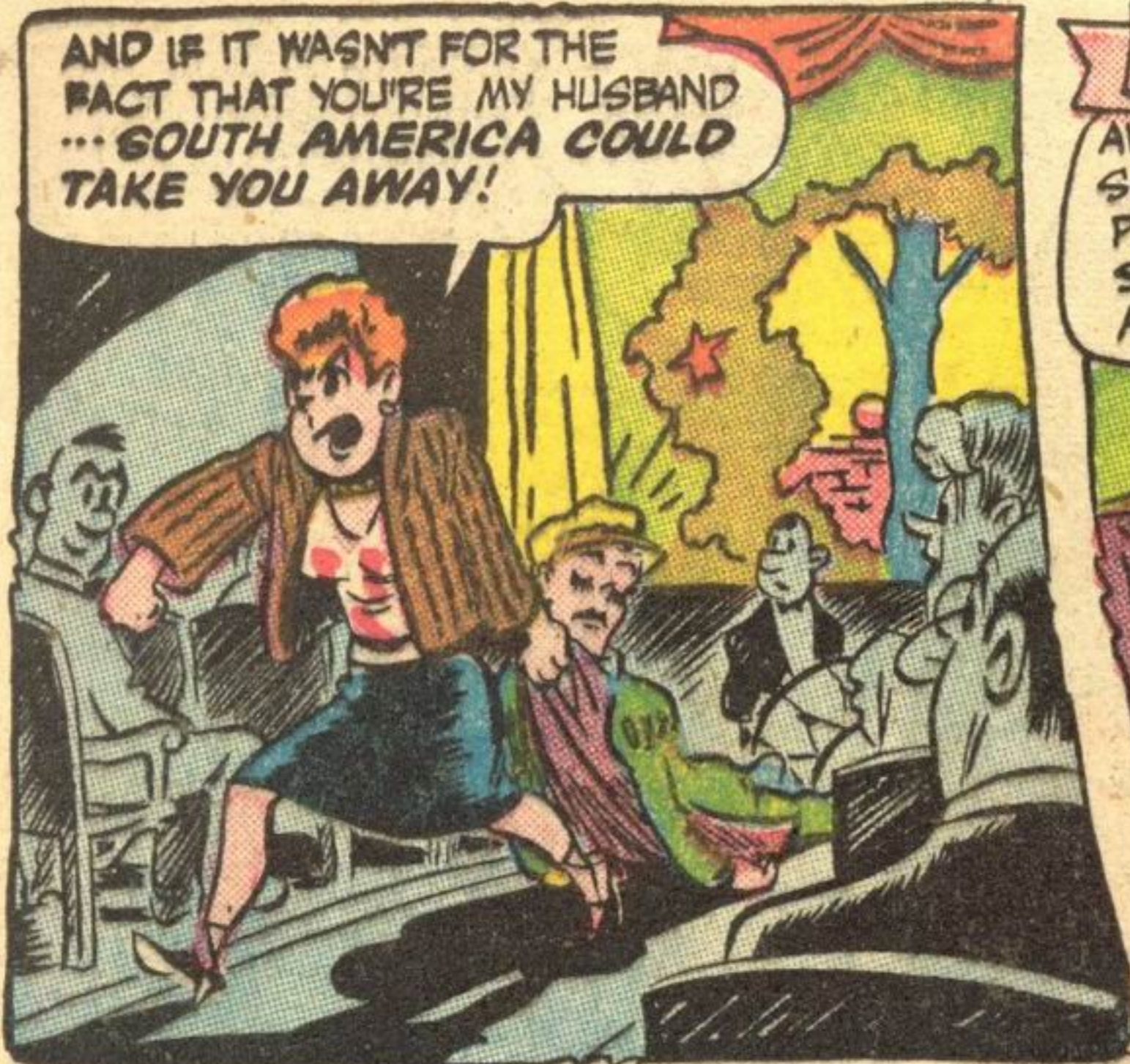
JIT, IT'S KILLIN'
ME TA THINK THAT
IN A FEW SECONDS,
THAT GUY ZOOT'LL
HAVE ANGELPUSS
IN HIS ARMS!

TAKE IT EASY,
COOKIE! REMEMBER,
ROMEO KNOCKS
HIMSELF OFF
BEFORE IT
ENDS...





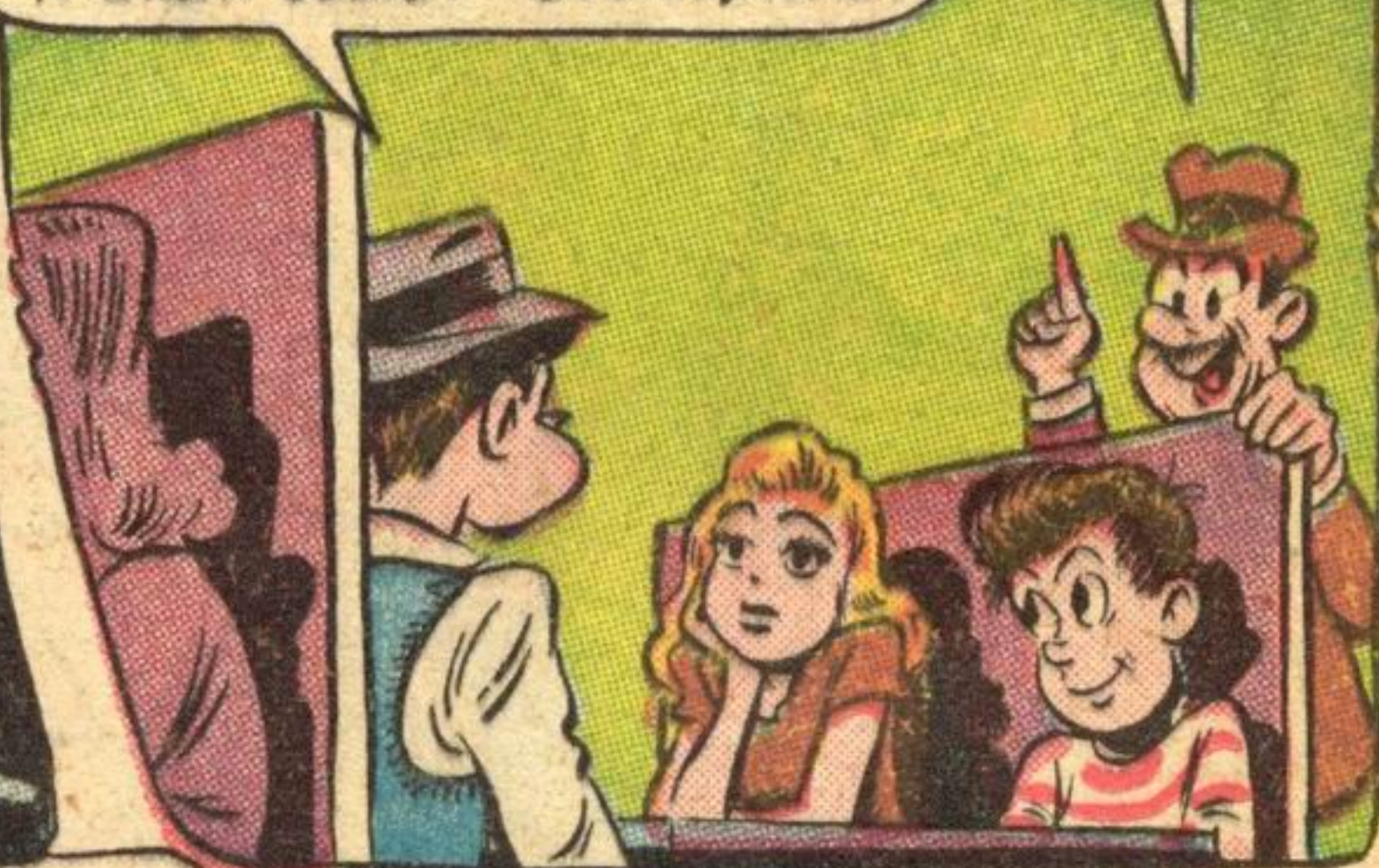
AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THE
FACT THAT YOU'RE MY HUSBAND
... **SOUTH AMERICA COULD
TAKE YOU AWAY!**



And so...the post mortems...

AW, CHEER UP, ANGELPUSS! SUPPOSE THE
SHOW **WUZ** A FLOP---IT STILL TOOK IN
PLENTY FER CHARITY! AN' THERE'S
SOMEONE WHO THINKS YA MADE
A GREAT **JULIET**...**COOKIE, HERE!**

COOKIE!
THAT'S THE
NAME!



HUH? THE
NAME OF
WOT?

THE NAME OF THE GUY THAT STARTED
THIS WHOLE THING! YA SEE, AFTER
MRS. HEARTBEAT GETS TO THE
STATION, SHE SEES SHE'S MADE
A MISTAKE!

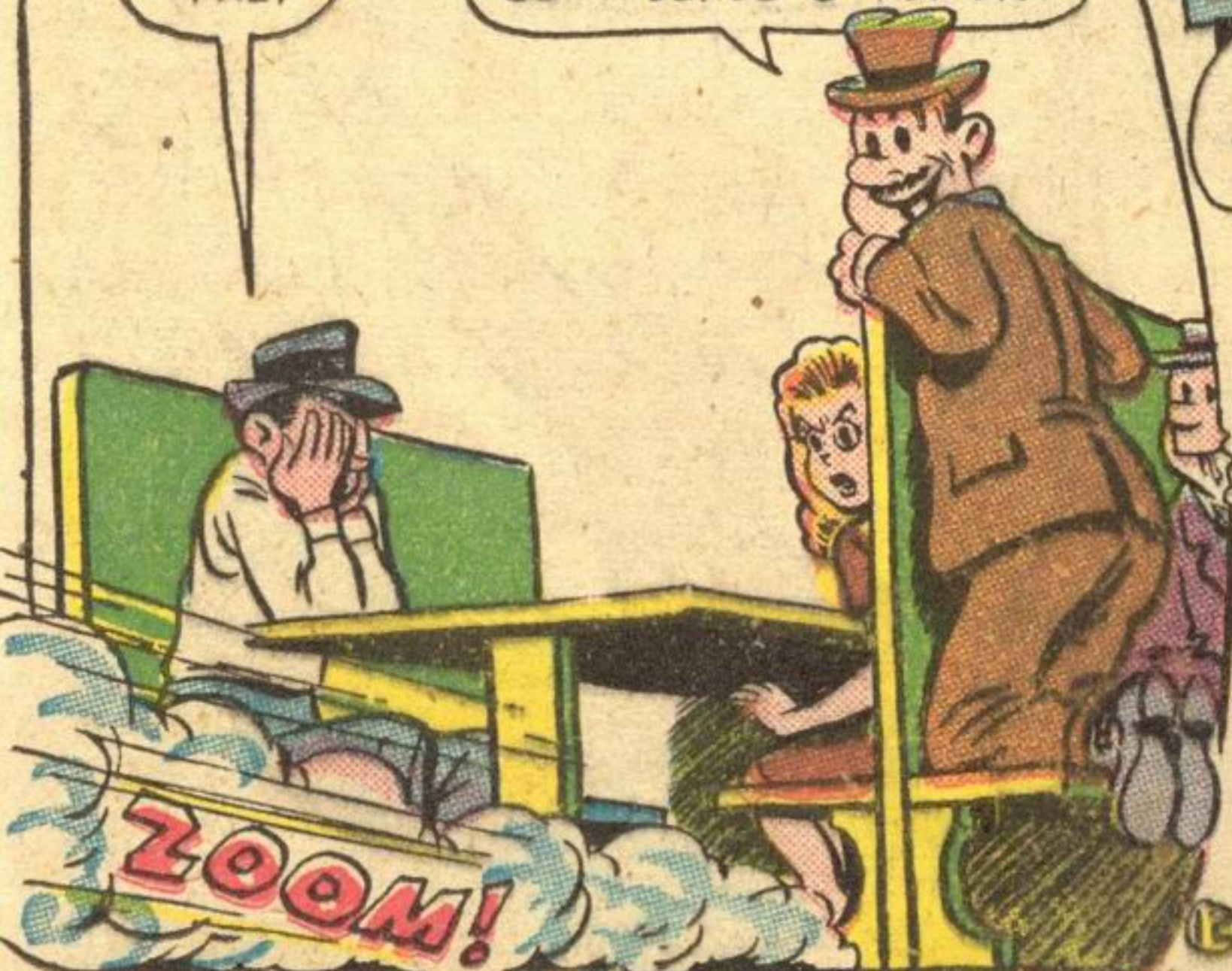


IT **AIN'T** HER HUSBAND SHE'S
PUSHED AROUND...BUT SOME
SUCKER CALLED **ZOOT!**
AN' HE PUSHES THE WHOLE
THING OFF ON A GUY NAMED
LIKE YOU SAY... **COOKIE!**



VERY
FUNNY,
PAL!

YEAH...YEAH!...WOT'S THE
MATTER...AIN'T YER FRIEND
GOT A SENSE O' HUMOR?



AND AS NIGHT
STRETCHES END-
LESSLY ON...

OH, ROMEO...
ROMEO! WHERE-
FORE ART THOU,
ROMEO?

GULP!



The
END

COOKIE in "A MAN'S A MAN"

MR. O'TOOLE closed the book he had been reading all evening, put it back in the bookshelf, and said firmly to Mrs. O'Toole, "Well, mother, that settles it! I'm going to give Cookie *one hundred dollars!*"

"Great day, *why?*" fluttered Cookie's mother.

"I've just finished reading 'Is Your Child An Adult?'," said Mr. O'Toole. "It says that parents have to allow their children to grow up and have responsibilities. Now, giving our boy a large sum of money will teach him its value. He'll learn real manhood! Isn't that a splendid experiment?"

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Toole faintly. She had her doubts!

There was no doubt in Cookie's mind, however, when he received ten crisp, new ten-dollar bills from his dad next morning. "It's all yours, son," said Mr. O'Toole gravely. "You're growing up now and you'll have to learn the meaning of money!"

"Jeepers!" breathed Cookie, making a grab for the money. "Ya kin trust me ta be *real manly!*"

With a feeling of pride and self-assurance, Cookie O'Toole strolled down to the Suit Yourself Shoppe. "I'll take that," he ordered, pointing to a sharp drape shape in green tweed. "Here's a down payment!"

With the new suit under his arm, Cookie turned his steps homeward,

feeling mature and responsible. "Gotta get me a razor!" he thought. "I'm grown up now!"

That afternoon, when Cookie called Angelpuss on the phone, his voice had a new, deep ring to it. "Greetings, woman," he boomed, "prepare for glad tidings! I'm taking you to dinner at the Silver Swan tonight and I won't take no! Be ready at seven!"

"Why, Cookie!" said Angelpuss, startled by the new approach.

"Just be ready!" Cookie repeated firmly. "That's telling her," he added, hanging up. "Now I got things to do!"

A few minutes later, Cookie emerged from the bathroom, his face almost hidden under a **criss-cross** welter of adhesive tape. "Gotta get a better razor," he muttered, climbing into the new green job. "I look **pretty** keen, though!"

It was just seven o'clock when Cookie buzzed the Witherspoon doorbell. Angel, looking just like her name, answered the door. "Why, Cookie," she said again.

"Silence, woman!" Cookie commanded. "To the Silver Swan! I've made reservations!"

"But how, where, when . . ." Angelpuss started to ask.

"There, there, little girl," Cookie rumbled, "just leave everything to me!"

The headwaiter at the Silver Swan

Bowed them to a table and summoned the waiter. "Your order, sir?" the waiter asked.

"Lobster!" replied Cookie with a lordly wave of his hand.

"Oh, Cookie, do you think you ought to . . ." Angelpuss had no chance to go further.

"Lobster," repeated Cookie. "And be sure to . . . *youp! It's alive!*"

"Will this do, sir?" asked the waiter, extending a hand that grasped a quivering, pinching lobster.

"Y-y-y-yes," stammered Cookie, turning faintly green.

His complexion deepened as he ate the lobster. In fact, he was beginning to feel quite uncomfortable, what with his new green suit that suddenly seemed very conspicuous, the cuts on his face that were beginning to smart and tingle, and the unfamiliar sensation of lobster in his tummy.

"Do you feel all right, Cookie?" Angel asked sweetly.

"Sure. Just fine." Cookie gulped, lighting a huge after-dinner cigar.

That was all he remembered until the moment Angelpuss pulled him up

the front steps of the O'Toole house and rang the bell.

"Here's Cookie, Mr. O'Toole," she said. "I don't think he feels very well!"

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. O'Toole kindly. "I'll take care of him!"

It was a cut-up, stomach-achey, green-faced, sad, sick Cookie who faced his father in the O'Toole living room.

"So!" snorted Mr. O'Toole. "Can you pull yourself together long enough to explain why the Suit Yourself Shoppe called me this evening?"

"Huh?" blinked Cookie.

"I understand there's a little matter of fifty-five dollars owing on that . . . that *monstrosity!*" Cookie's dad pointed to the wilted green suit. "Do you know what I'm going to do to you, young man?"

"What?" asked Cookie.

"I'm going to *spank* you! You won't be an adult for a long time!"

"Gosh," said Cookie happily, as his dad's hand descended, "it's great to be a boy again!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24 1912, MARCH 3, 1933 and JULY 2, 1946 of COOKIE published bi-monthly at St. Louis 7 Missouri for Oct. 1, 1947 State of New York, County of New York, SS. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the COOKIE and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24 1912 as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2 1946 (section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are Publisher, Michel Puhh, cations, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7 Mo., Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 W 182nd St., New York, N. Y., Managing Editor, none, Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

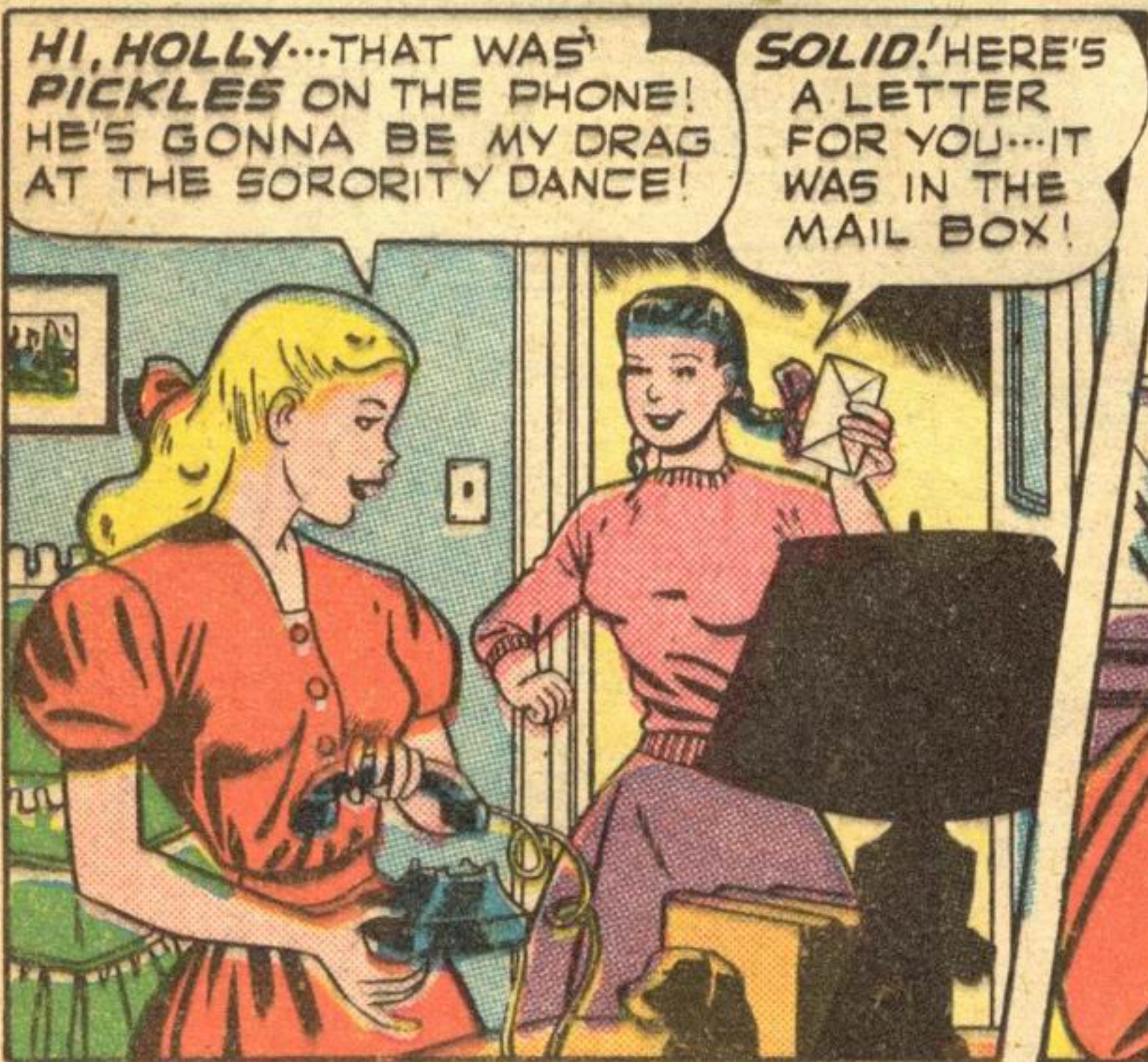
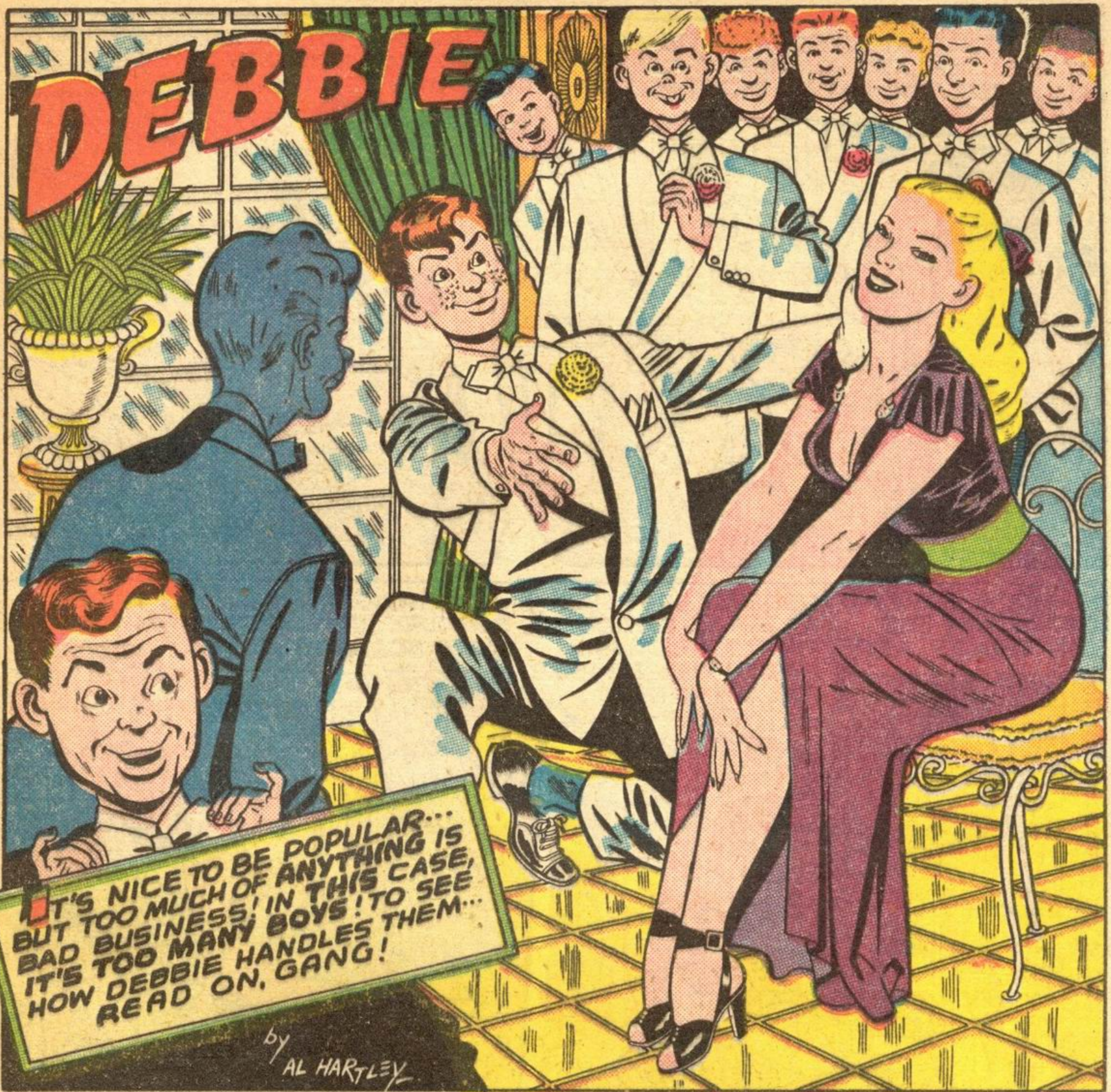
2 That the owner is Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7 Missouri R. W. Rando, 206 West 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None

4 That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1947.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public. (Commission expires Mar 30 1949)



REMEMBER THAT **LIFEGUARD** WE MET AT THE LAKE LAST SUMMER? I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM...BUT HE DIDN'T FORGET ME! LISTEN!

"I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR INVITATION TO ATTEND YOUR SORORITY DANCE! I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON!"



NOW YOU'VE GOT **TWO DATES!** HOW BAD CAN THINGS GET?

DEBBIE, I JUST HAD A LETTER SAYING THAT YOUR COUSIN MARVIN WILL BE HERE FOR A VISIT NEXT WEEK ...

...AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A NICE GESTURE IF YOU'D TAKE HIM TO YOUR SORORITY DANCE!



YES, MOM?



THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR REAL STRATEGY! IF I'M LUCKY, I MAY UNTANGLE THIS MESS! GET ME WESTERN UNION ON THE PHONE, HOLLY!



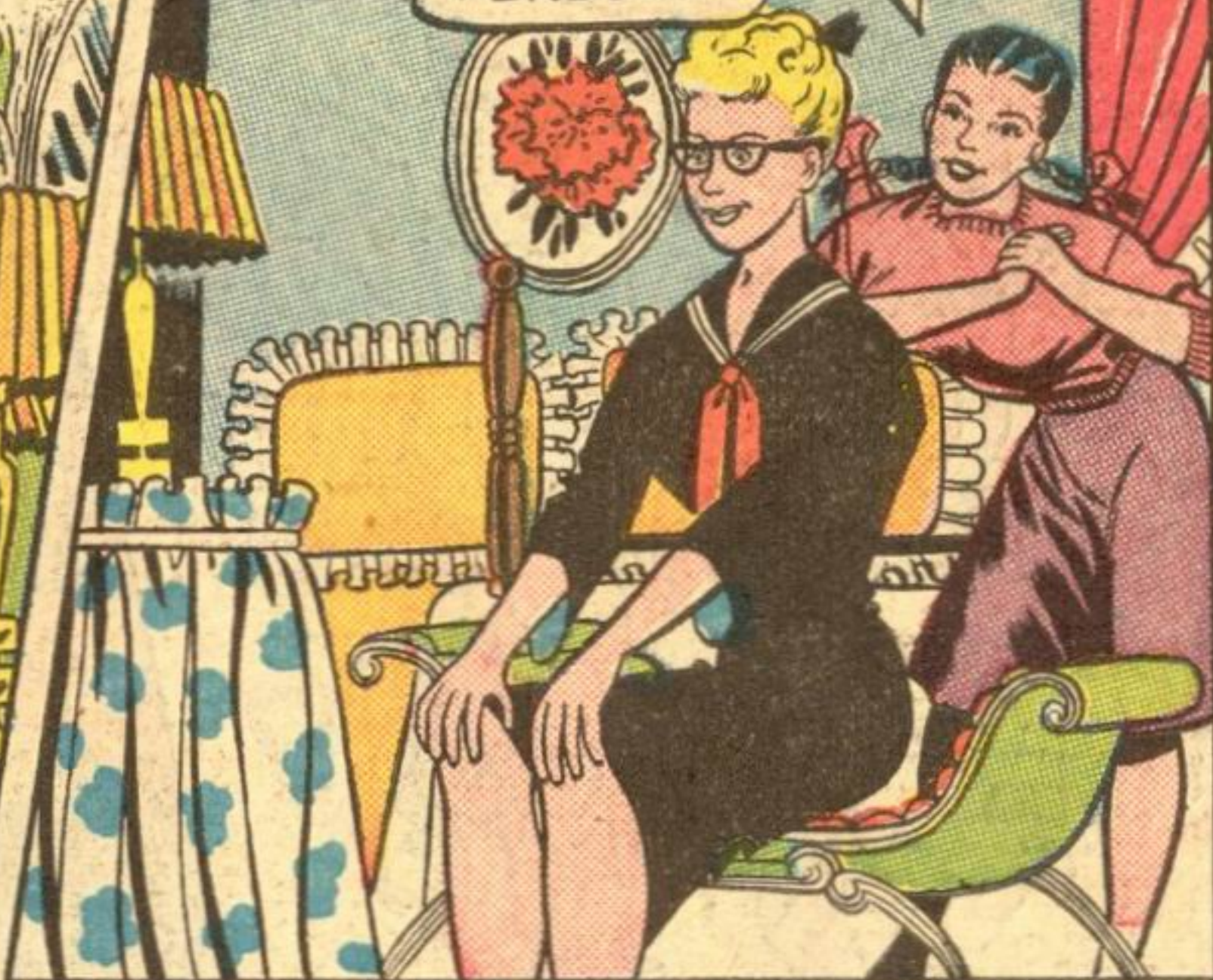
YES, MISS... I'LL SEND IT RIGHT OUT!



NOW I'VE GOT TO DISPOSE OF **COUSIN MARVIN!** HURRY, HOLLY... HIS TRAIN ARRIVES IN TEN MINUTES!



ALL FINISHED, DEBBIE! AND BELIEVE ME, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!!



AT THE STATION...

WELCOME TO TEEN TOWN, COUSIN MARVIN!

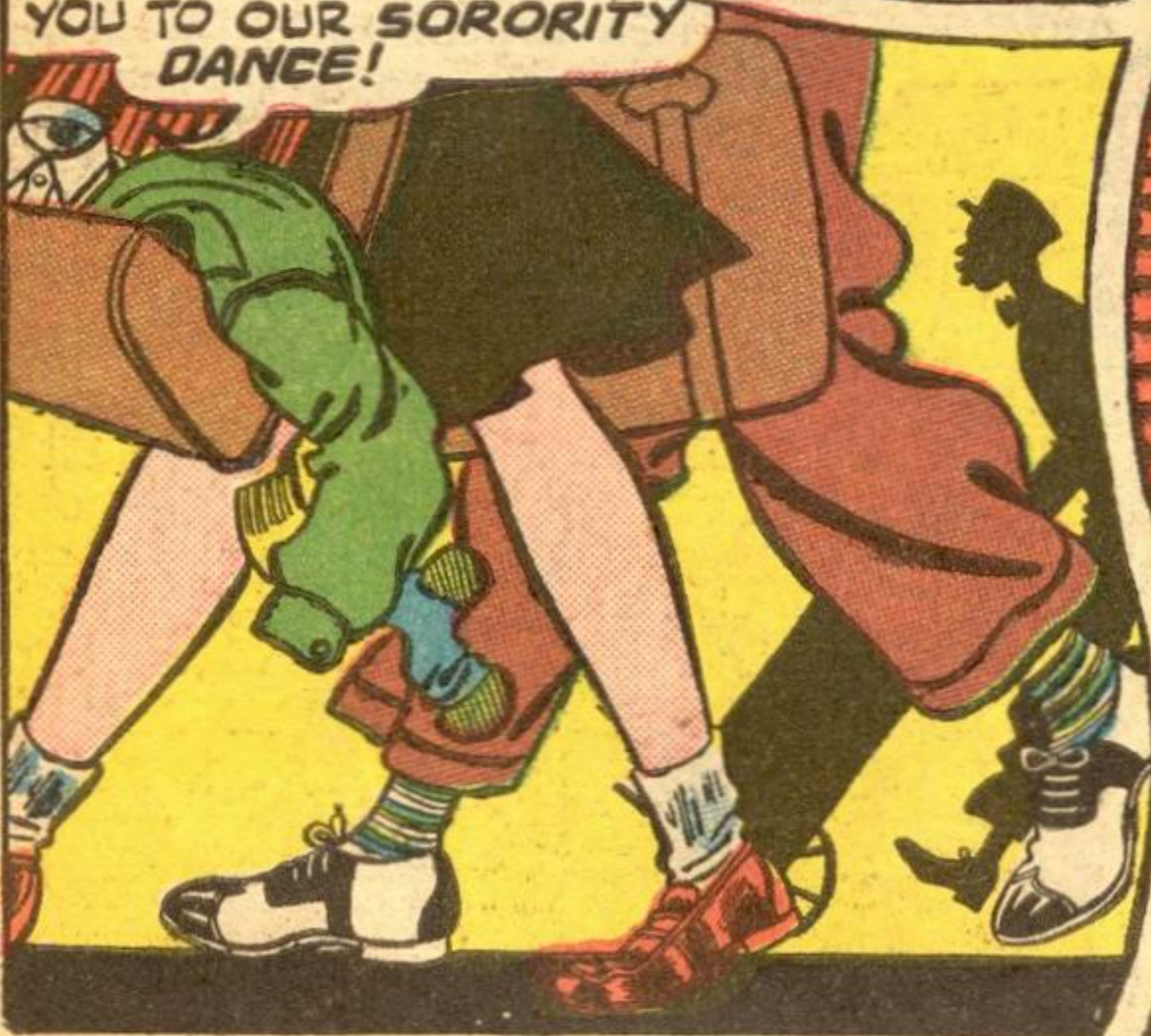
AWK! Y-Y-YOU'RE COUSIN DEBBIE?



THE SAME! HERE, LEMME CARRY YOUR BAGS... I WANNA KEEP YOU IN GOOD SHAPE! I GOT **BIG PLANS** FOR YOUR VISIT!

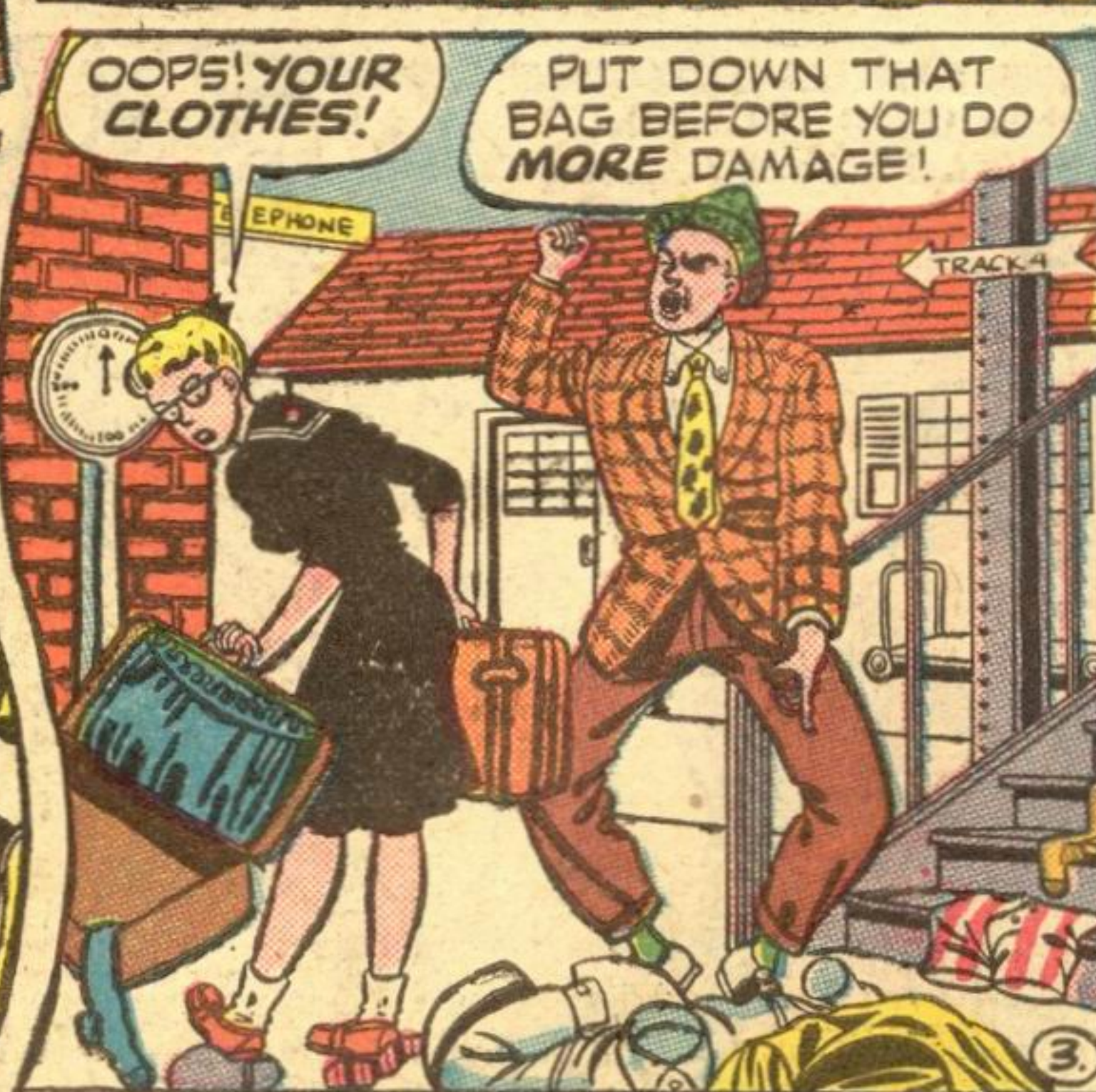


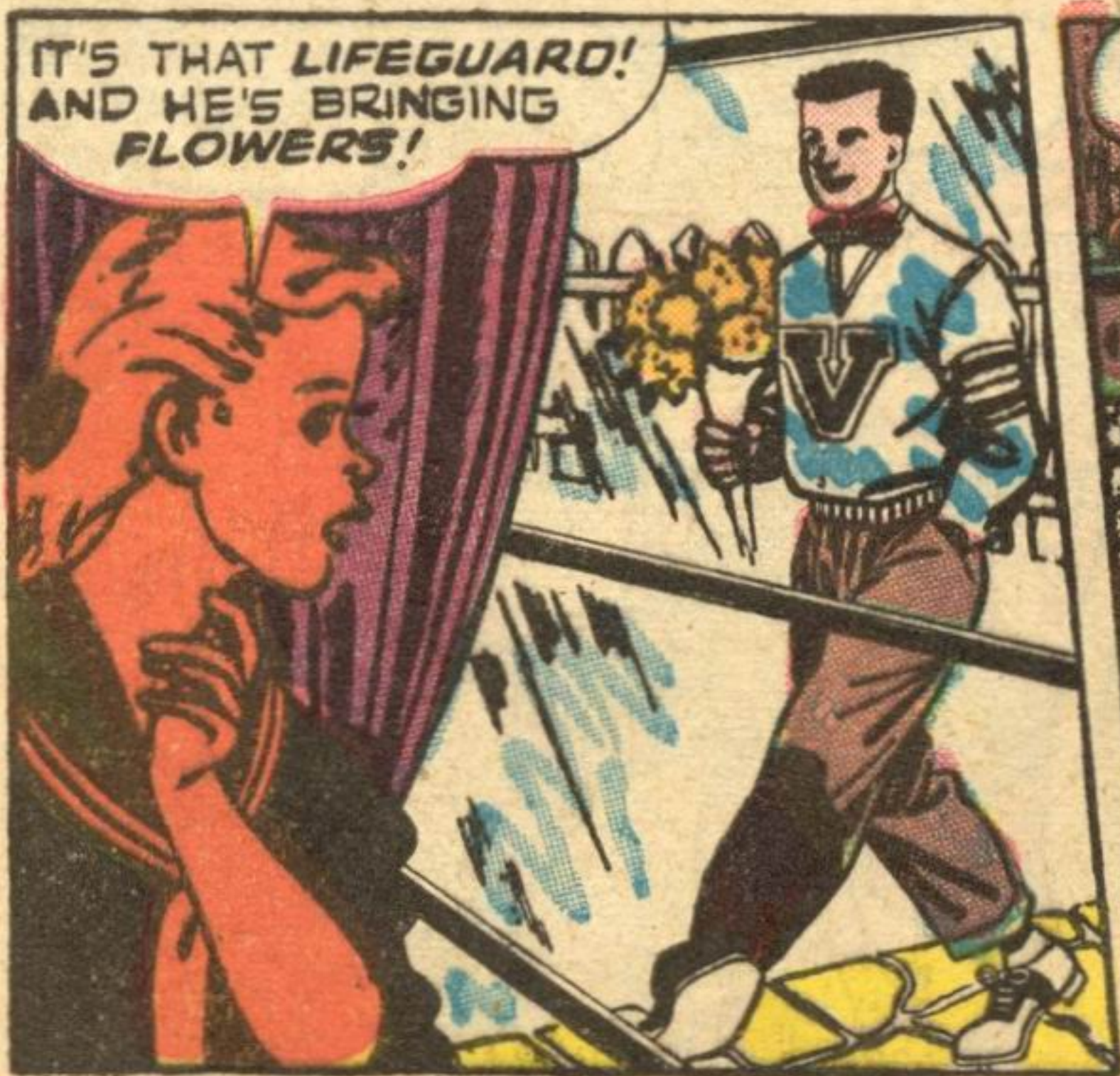
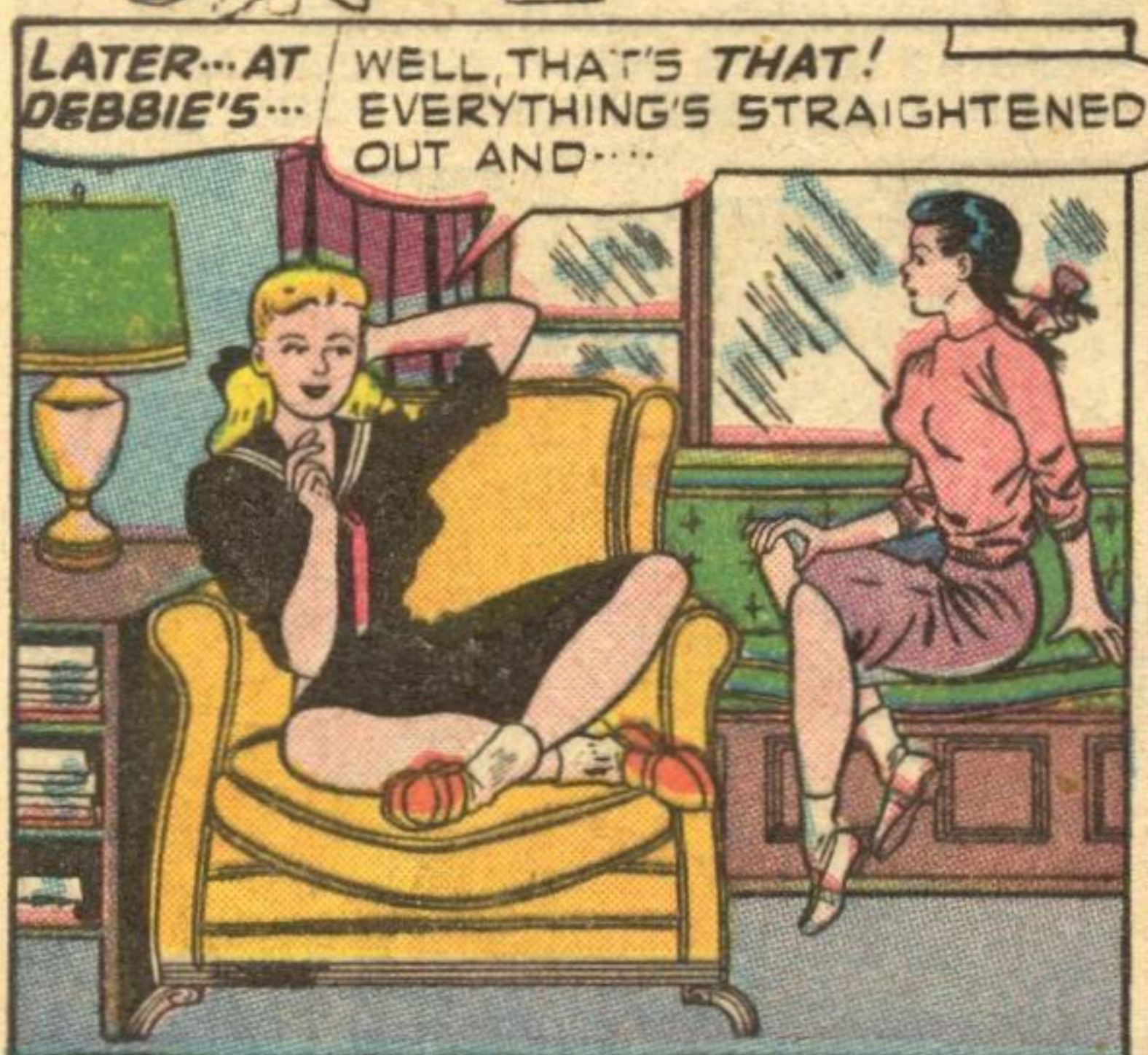
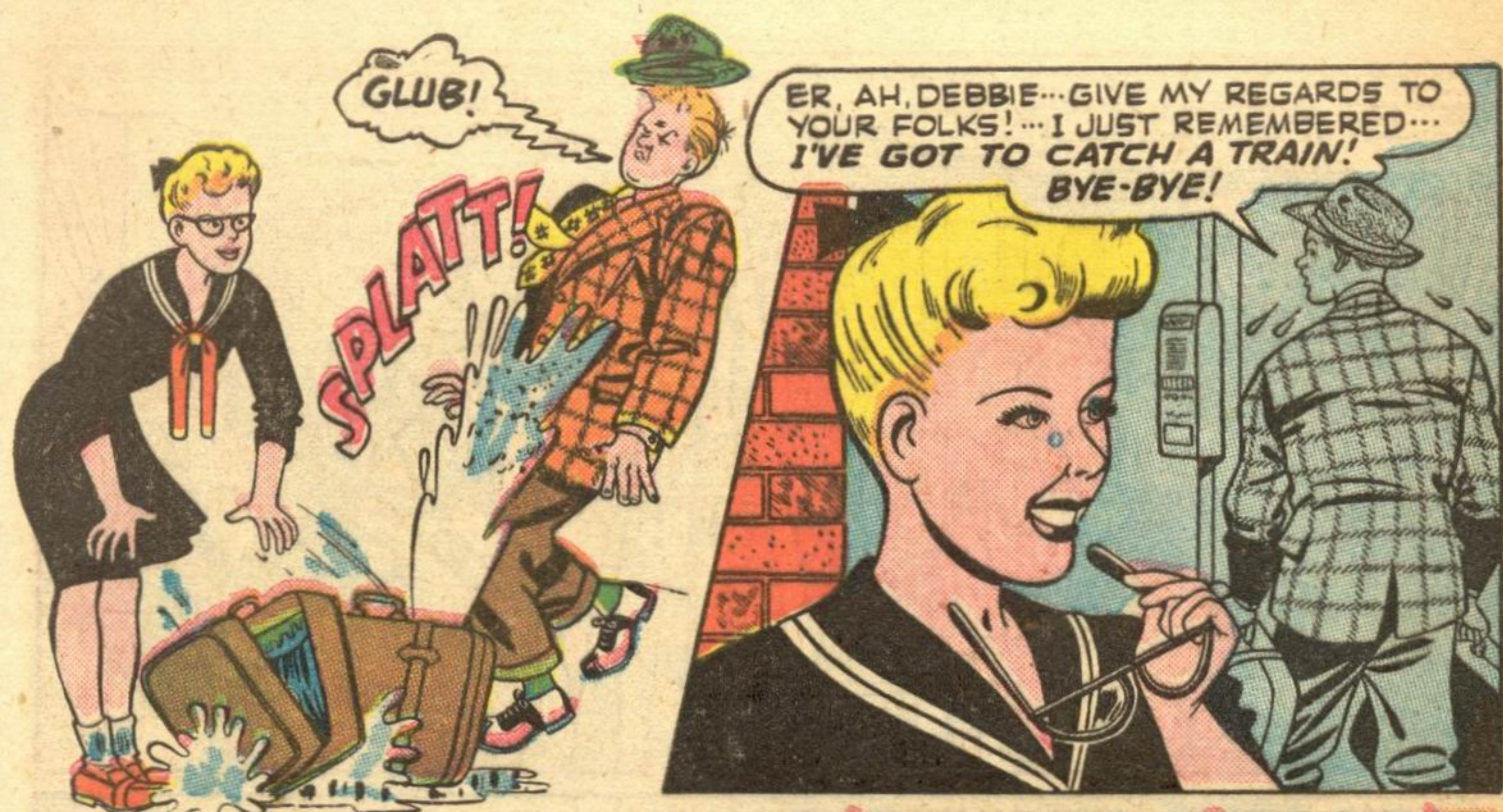
FIRST OFF, I'M GONNA TAKE YOU TO OUR **SORORITY DANCE!**



OOPS! YOUR CLOTHES!

PUT DOWN THAT BAG BEFORE YOU DO MORE DAMAGE!







HOW DO YOU DO?
I....

I KNOW...YOU'RE HERE TO SEE DEBBIE!...WELL, YOU CAN'T STAY LONG...SHE'S A **VERY SICK GIRL!**

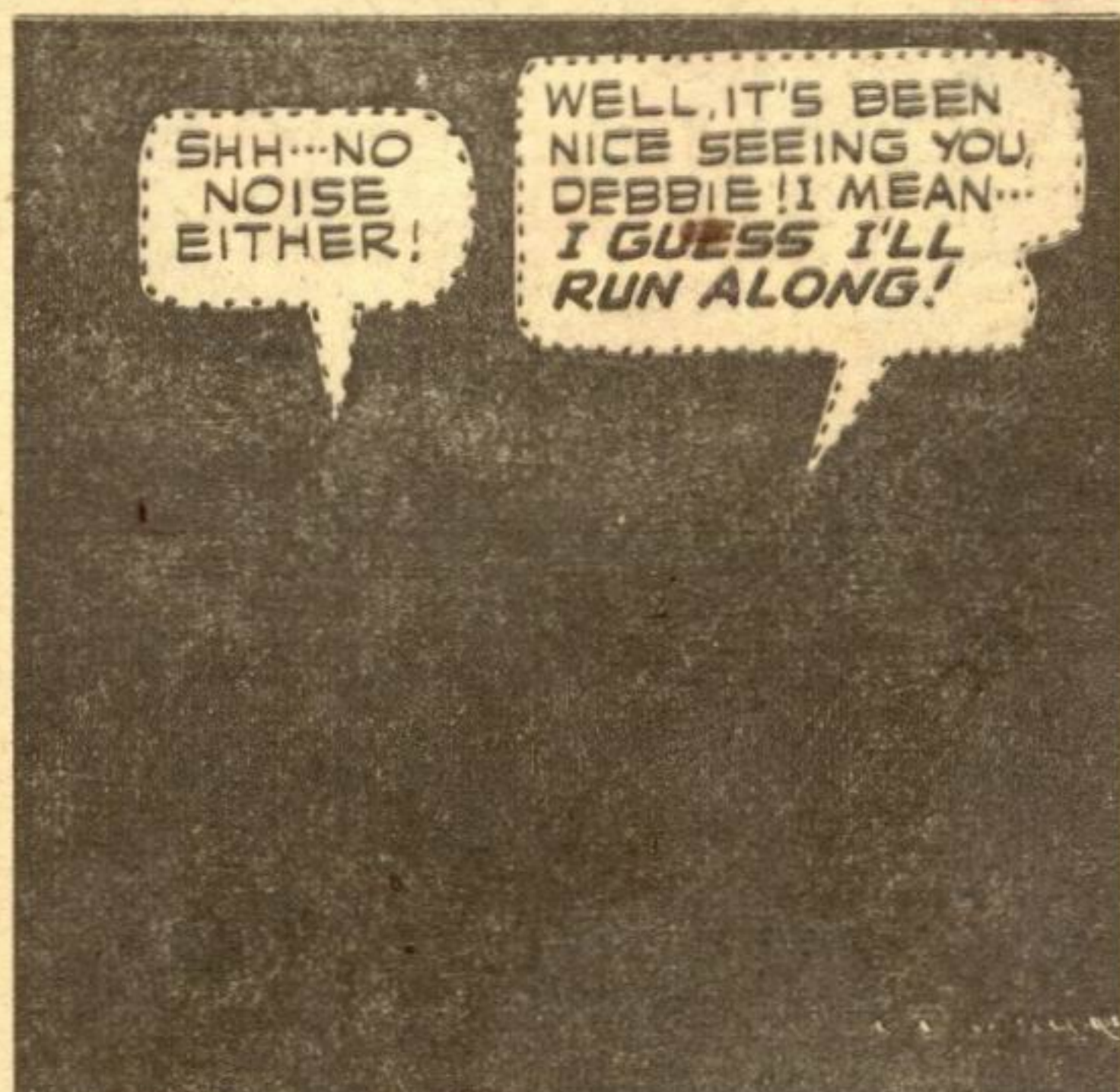
DEBBIE, THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU!

WILL YOU PUT THE LIGHT ON, PLEASE?



SORRY, NO LIGHT... HER EYES, YOU KNOW!

OH, GOSH, I'M...



SHH...NO NOISE EITHER!

WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE SEEING YOU, DEBBIE! I MEAN... **I GUESS I'LL RUN ALONG!**



HE'S GONE!

HURRAY! NOW I'M FREE TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH MY DREAMBOAT, **PICKLES!**

DEBBIE, THIS IS PICKLES! MY KID BROTHER HAS THE MEASLES...AND I'M **QUARANTINED!** I HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET ANOTHER DATE FOR THE DANCE! HELLO?...**DEBBIE! ARE YOU THERE?**

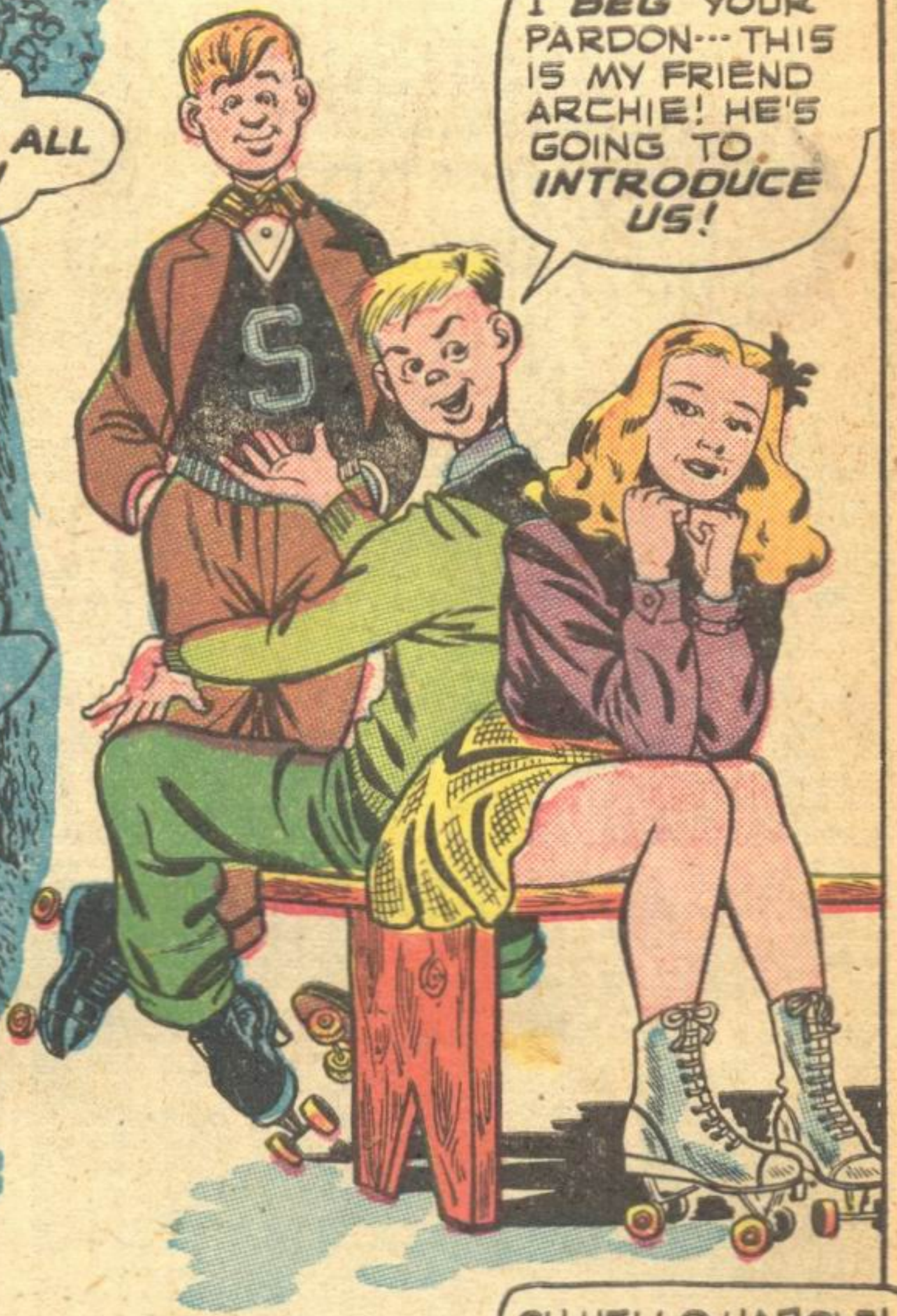
MORE FUN WITH DEBBIE...NEXT ISSUE!

TEEN TALES

WORK- WORK-
WORK... THAT'S ALL
HE AVOIDS!



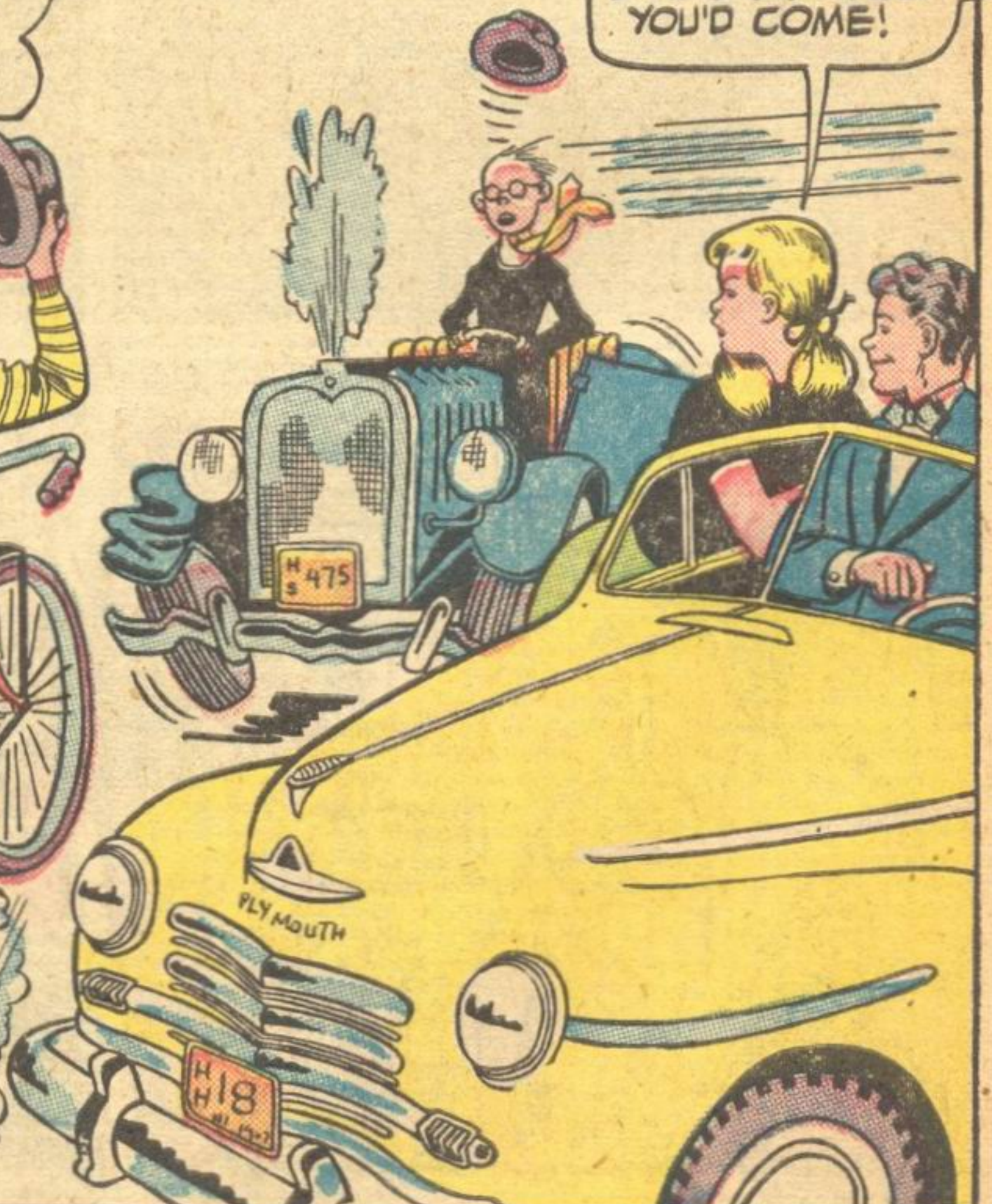
I BEG YOUR
PARDON... THIS
IS MY FRIEND
ARCHIE! HE'S
GOING TO
INTRODUCE
US!



HE TRIED TO
PICK ME UP
THE OTHER
DAY! IMAGINE!

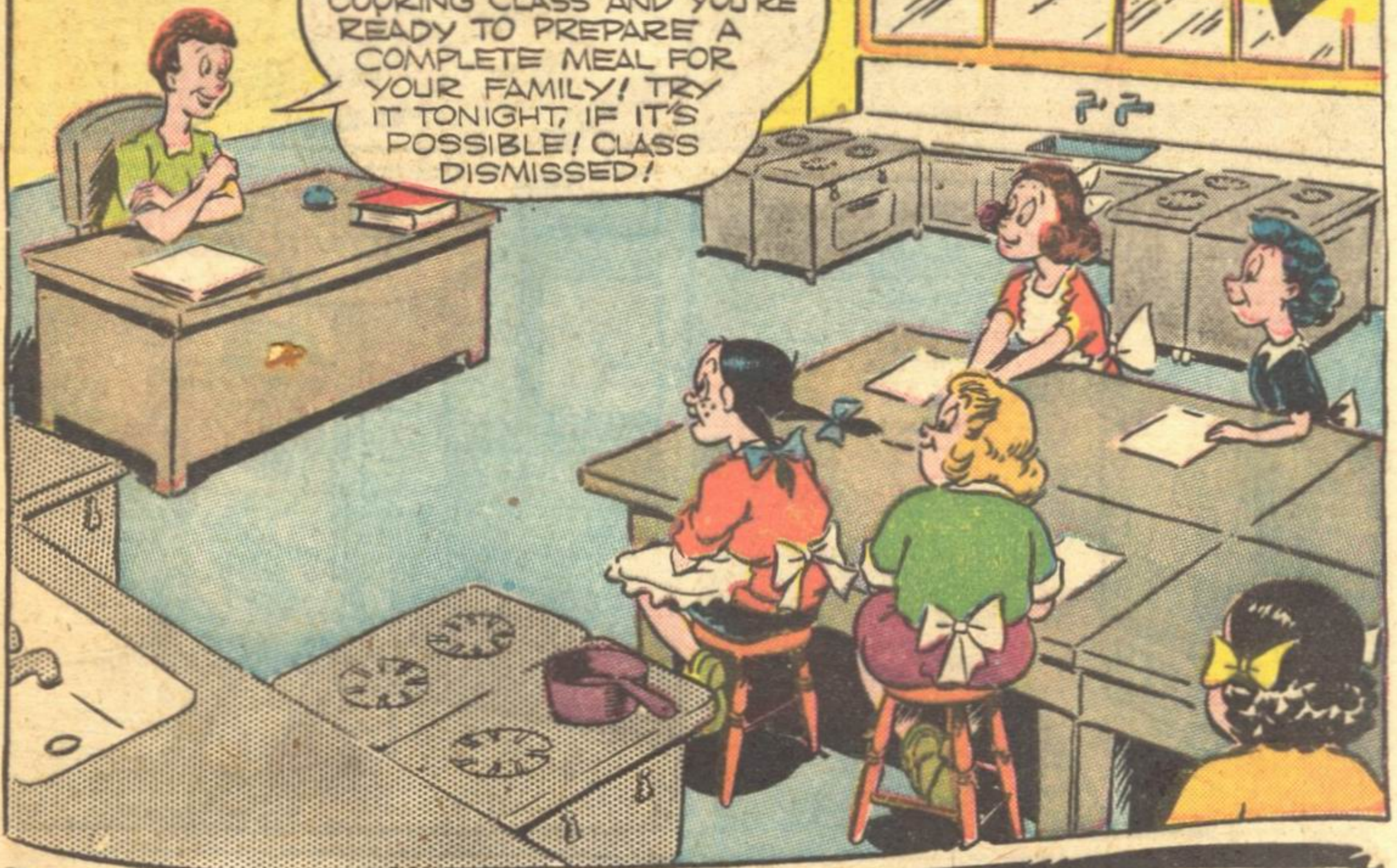


OH HELLO, HAROLD!
I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D COME!



OUR KID SISTER

GIRLS! YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR FIRST SEMESTER IN COOKING CLASS AND YOU'RE READY TO PREPARE A COMPLETE MEAL FOR YOUR FAMILY! TRY IT TONIGHT, IF IT'S POSSIBLE! CLASS DISMISSED!



GOLLY, JAMIE, WE COULD COOK DINNER TONIGHT! BOTH OUR MOTHERS ARE AT BRIDGE CLUB TODAY!

LET'S DO IT, CINDY! IT'D BE FUN!



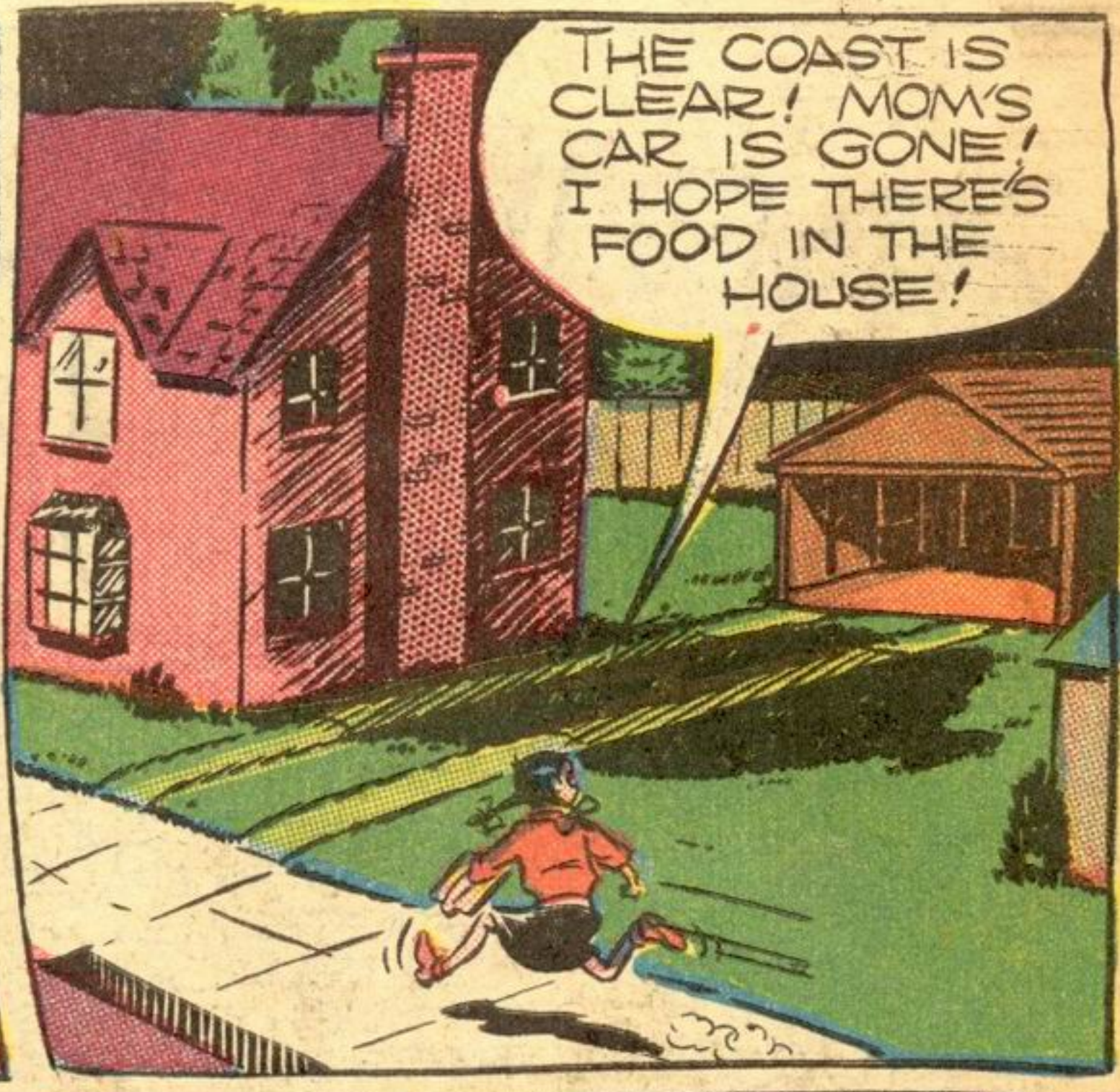
CALL ME UP WHEN YOU'RE STARTED AN' LET ME KNOW HOW THINGS ARE GOING!

OKEY-DOKEY, CINDY!

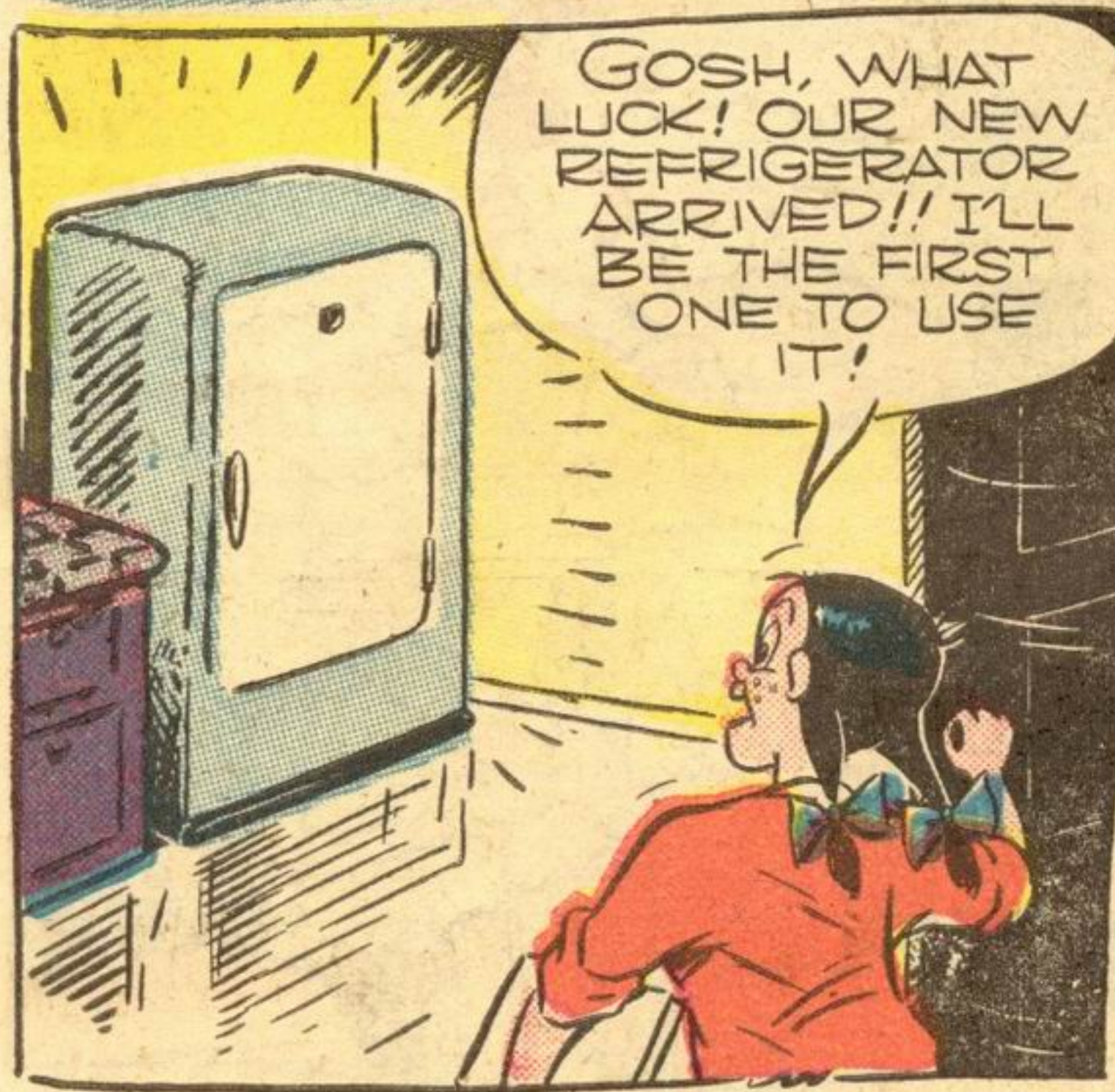




IT'LL REALLY SURPRISE MOMS TO FIND A STEAMIN' HOT DINNER ALL READY WHEN SHE GETS HOME FROM BRIDGE CLUB!



THE COAST IS CLEAR! MOM'S CAR IS GONE! I HOPE THERE'S FOOD IN THE HOUSE!



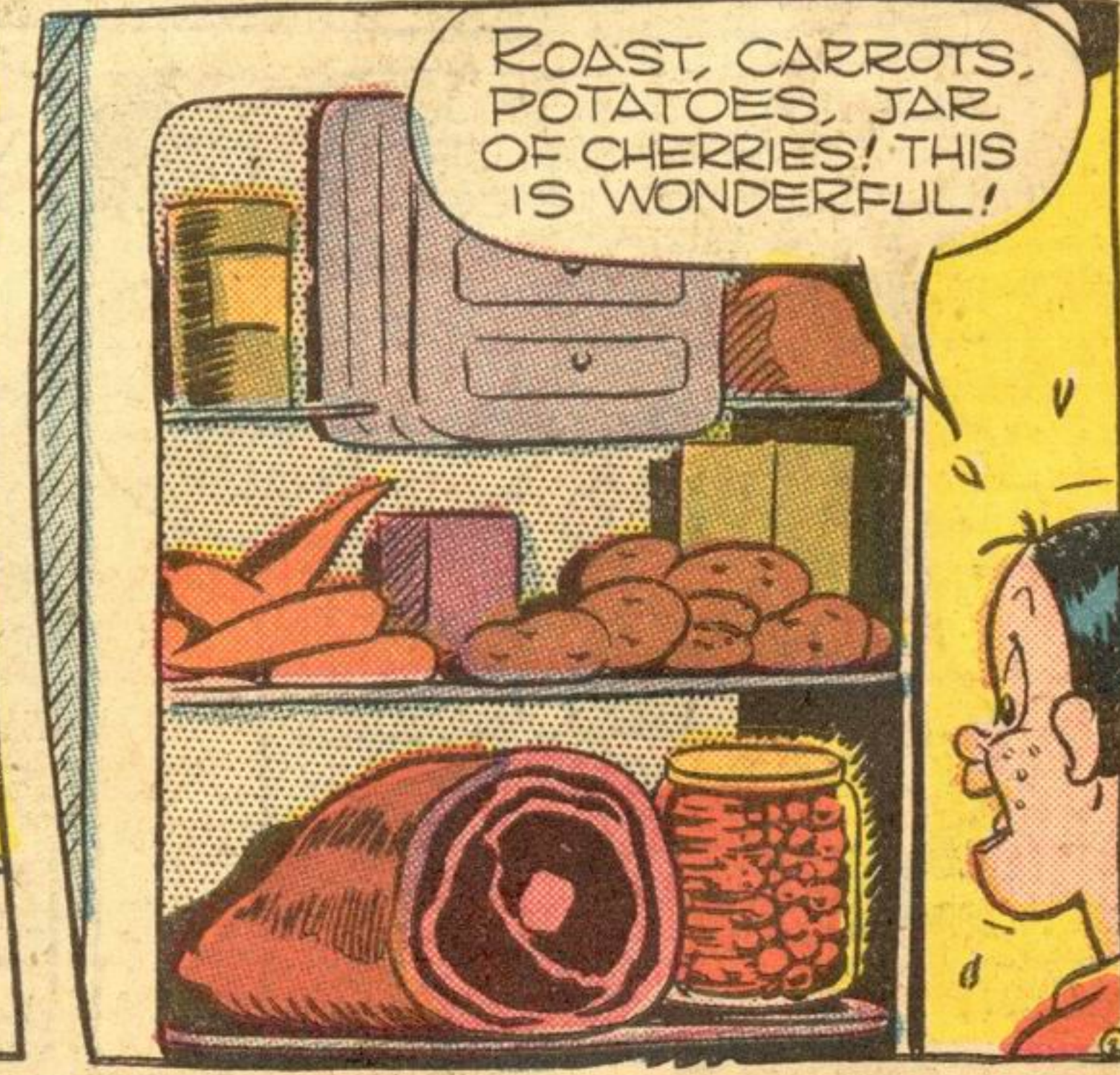
GOSH, WHAT LUCK! OUR NEW REFRIGERATOR ARRIVED!! I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE TO USE IT!



GET THIS APRON ON AND SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT TO COOK WITH!

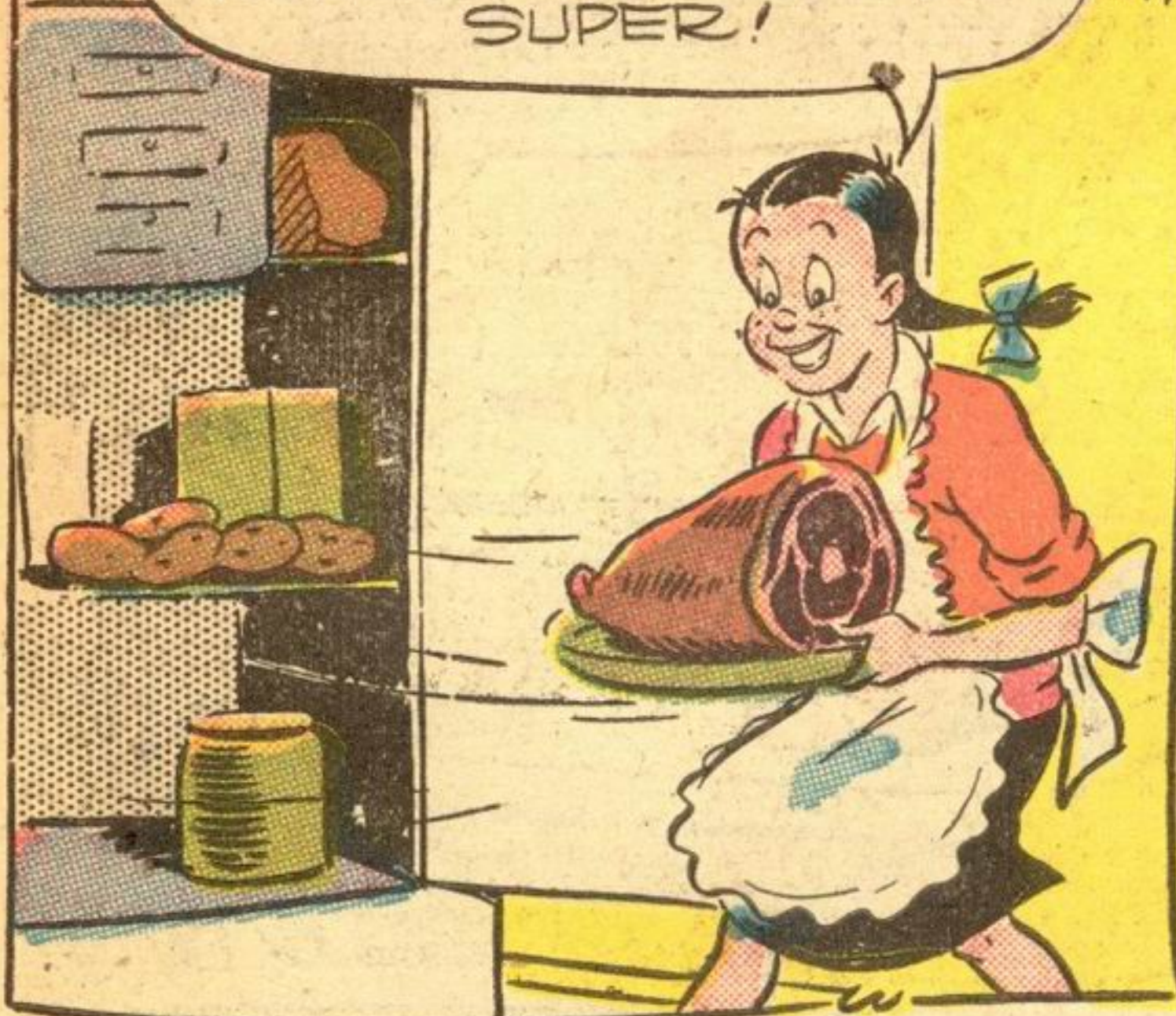


JEEPERS! A FULL REFRIGERATOR! MOM MUST'VE SHOPPED BEFORE SHE LEFT!



ROAST, CARROTS, POTATOES, JAR OF CHERRIES! THIS IS WONDERFUL!

GOLLY, THE ROAST IS FROZEN SOLID! THIS NEW REFRIGERATOR IS SURE SUPER!



NOW, ACCORDING TO LESSON TEN-- ADD A CLOVE OF GARLIC, A BIT OF TOMATO SAUCE, ETC.-ETC.-



THERE! READY FOR THE OVEN!



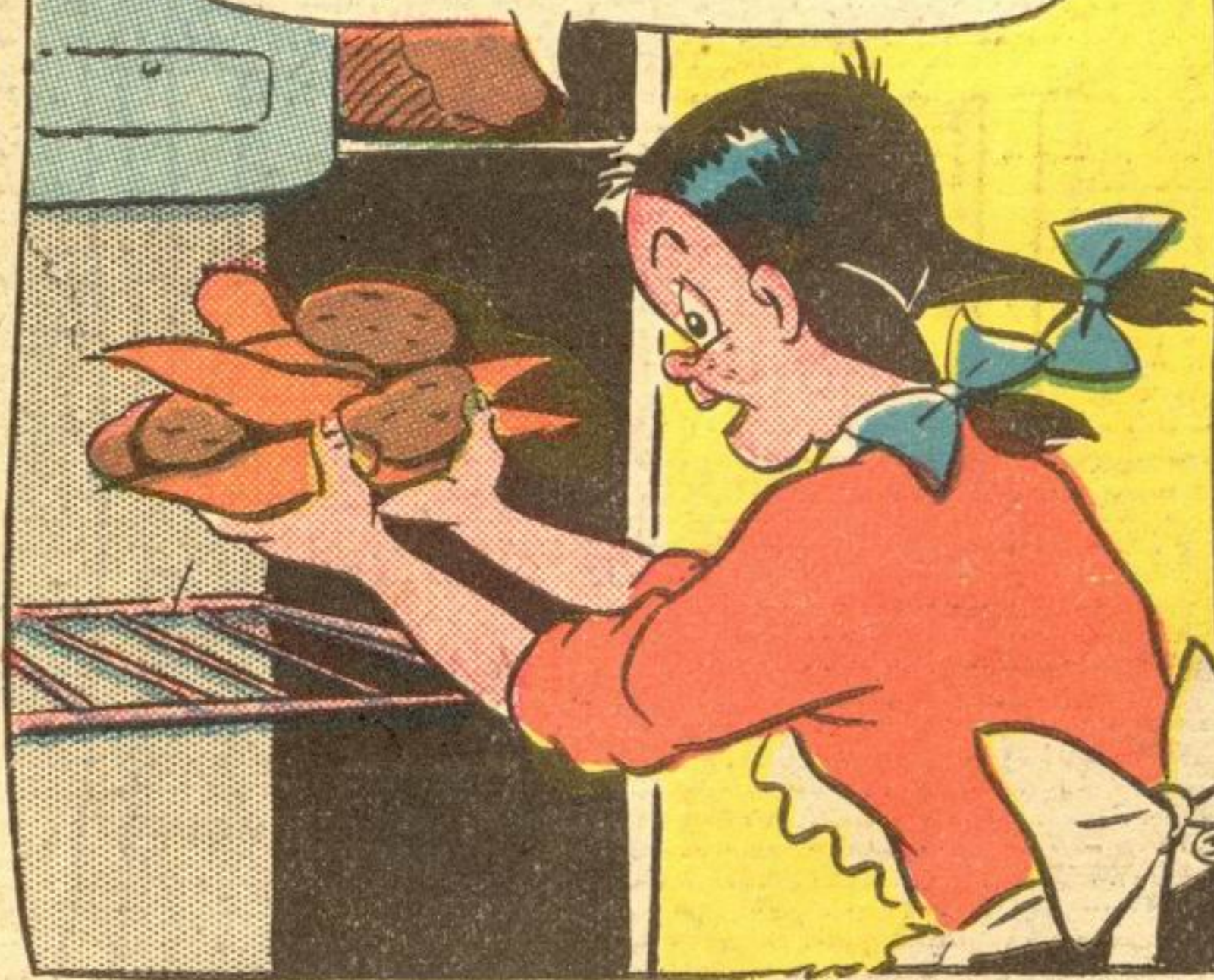
THIS SHOULD BE THE MOS' DELICIOUS MEAL WE'VE EVER EATEN AROUND HERE! I HOPE!



OVEN 350 DEGREES! 20 MINUTES TO POUND! NOW FOR THE VEGETABLES!



GOLLY, THESE VEGETABLES ARE FROZEN SOLID TOO! I HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT 'EM, BEING SO COLD!





M-MMM! THEY LOOK SO APPETIZING!



CARROTS, POTATOES, STRING BEANS--- I GUESS THAT DOES IT FOR VEGETABLES!



THIS IS MY FIRST SOLO ON PIE-MAKING! POPS IS SIMPLY WILD ABOUT CHERRY PIE!



WOW! THE CHERRIES ARE FROZEN AS HARD AS MARBLES!

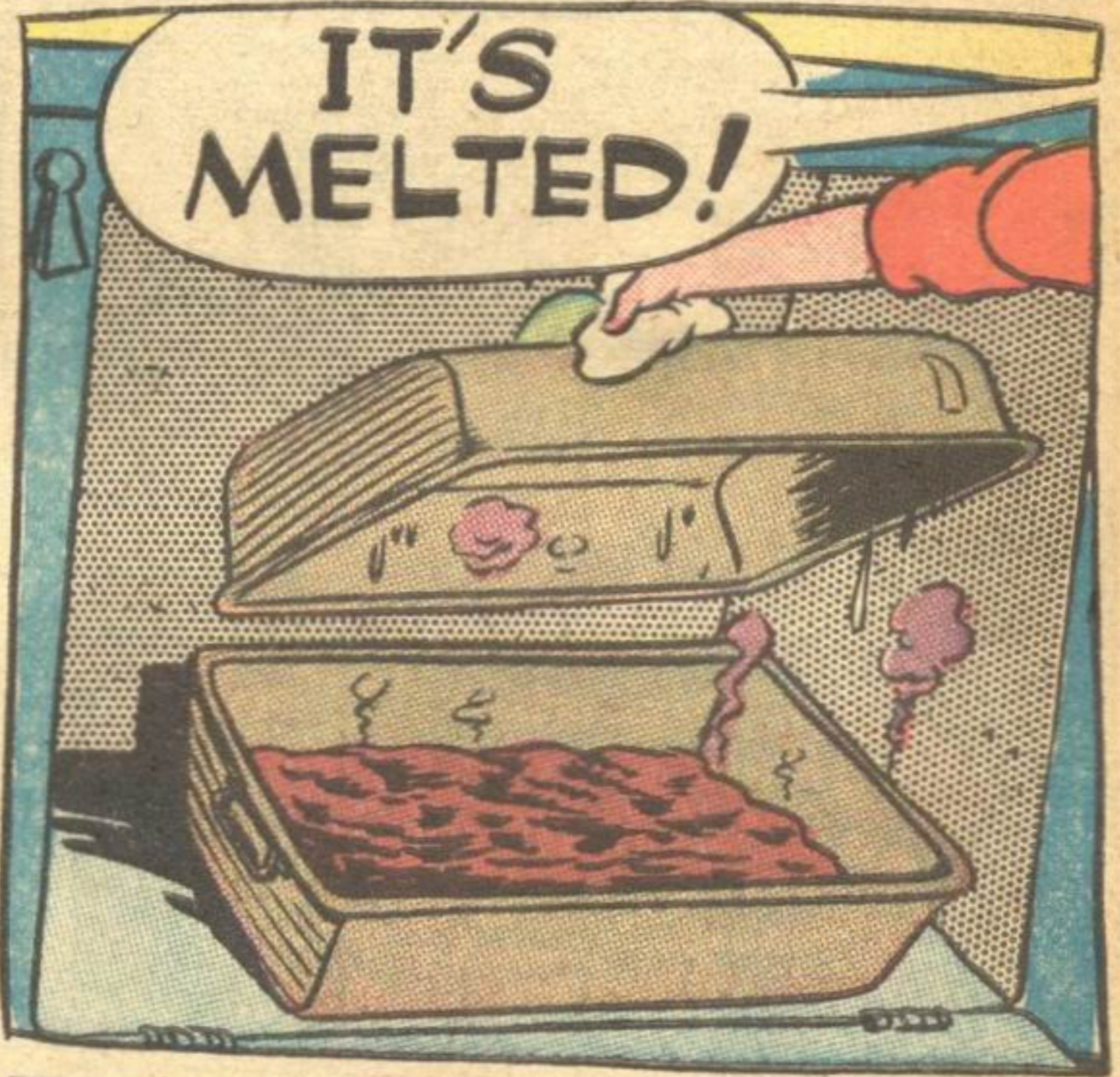
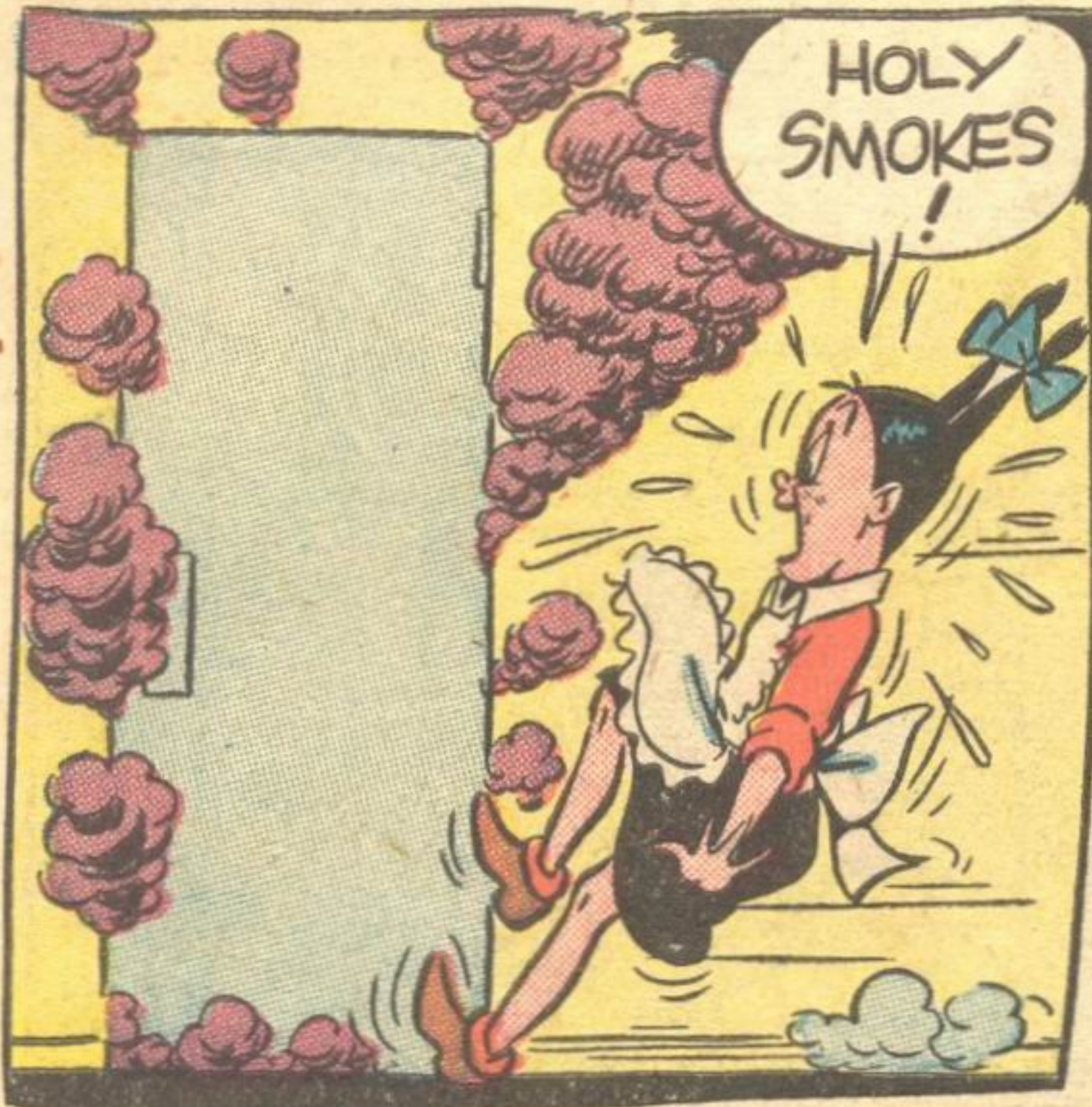


THERE! EVERY THING'S READY!! BET WHEN POPS TASTES THIS PIE, HE'LL RAISE MY ALLOWANCE!



WELL, THAT'S THAT! WASN'T SO TOUGH TO DO AT THAT!

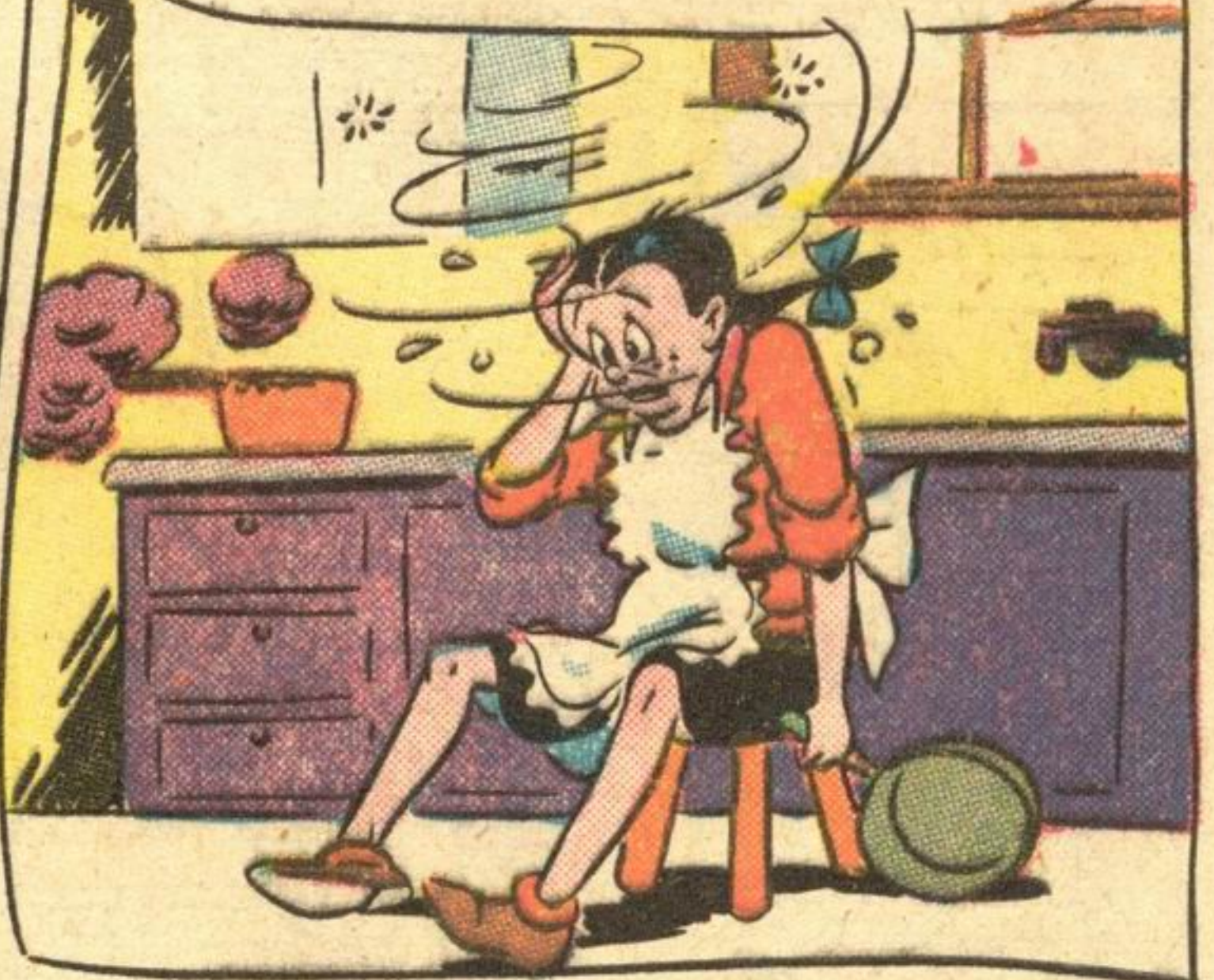




--AND THE POTATOES
AND THE STRING
BEANS!



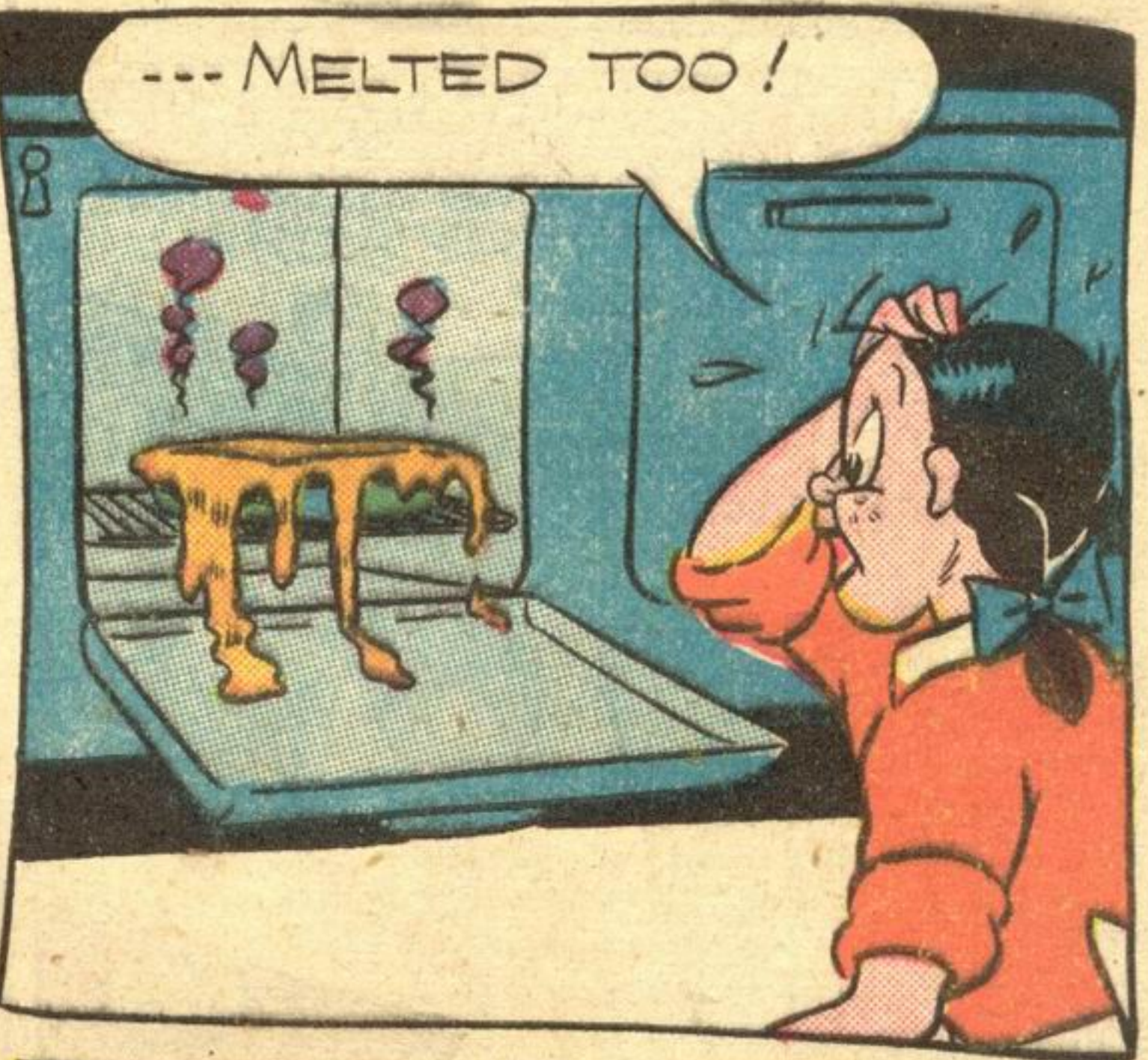
I MUS' BE HAVING
A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!



THE PIE! THE
PIE!!



--- MELTED TOO!



I'M JUST A FAILURE! SNIFF...
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO
LOOK ANYONE IN THE FACE
AGAIN! EVERYTHING I-(SOB)-
COOK JUS'-JUS' MELTS!



CINDY!
CINDY!

GOSH! IT'S
MOM! OH-H-HH,
THE DISGRACE
OF IT ALL!



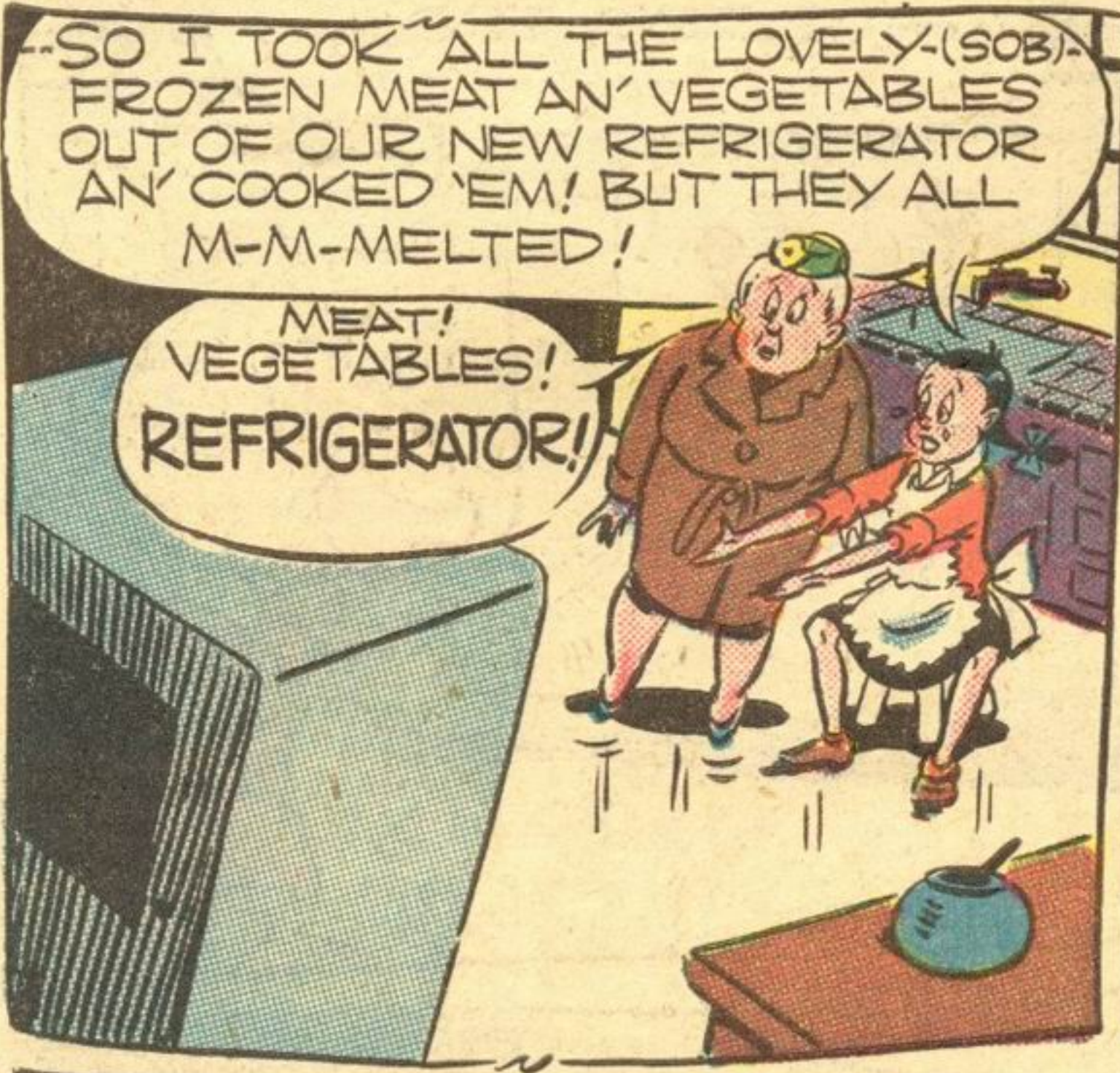


CINDY, DEAR!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHAT'S THAT
AWFUL ODOR?

WOE IS
ME, MOM!
MY LIFE IS
RUINED! I'LL
NEVER BE THE
SAME AGAIN!



WE JUST FINISHED OUR
FIRST SEMESTER COOKING
CLASS, AN' TEACHER SUGGESTED
WE COOK A MEAL AN' SURPRISE
OUR FAMILY-- SO BEING
AS IT WAS YOUR BRIDGE
CLUB DAY, I DECIDED
TO COOK DINNER--



--SO I TOOK "ALL THE LOVELY-(SOB)-
FROZEN MEAT AN' VEGETABLES
OUT OF OUR NEW REFRIGERATOR
AN' COOKED 'EM! BUT THEY ALL
M-M-MELTED!

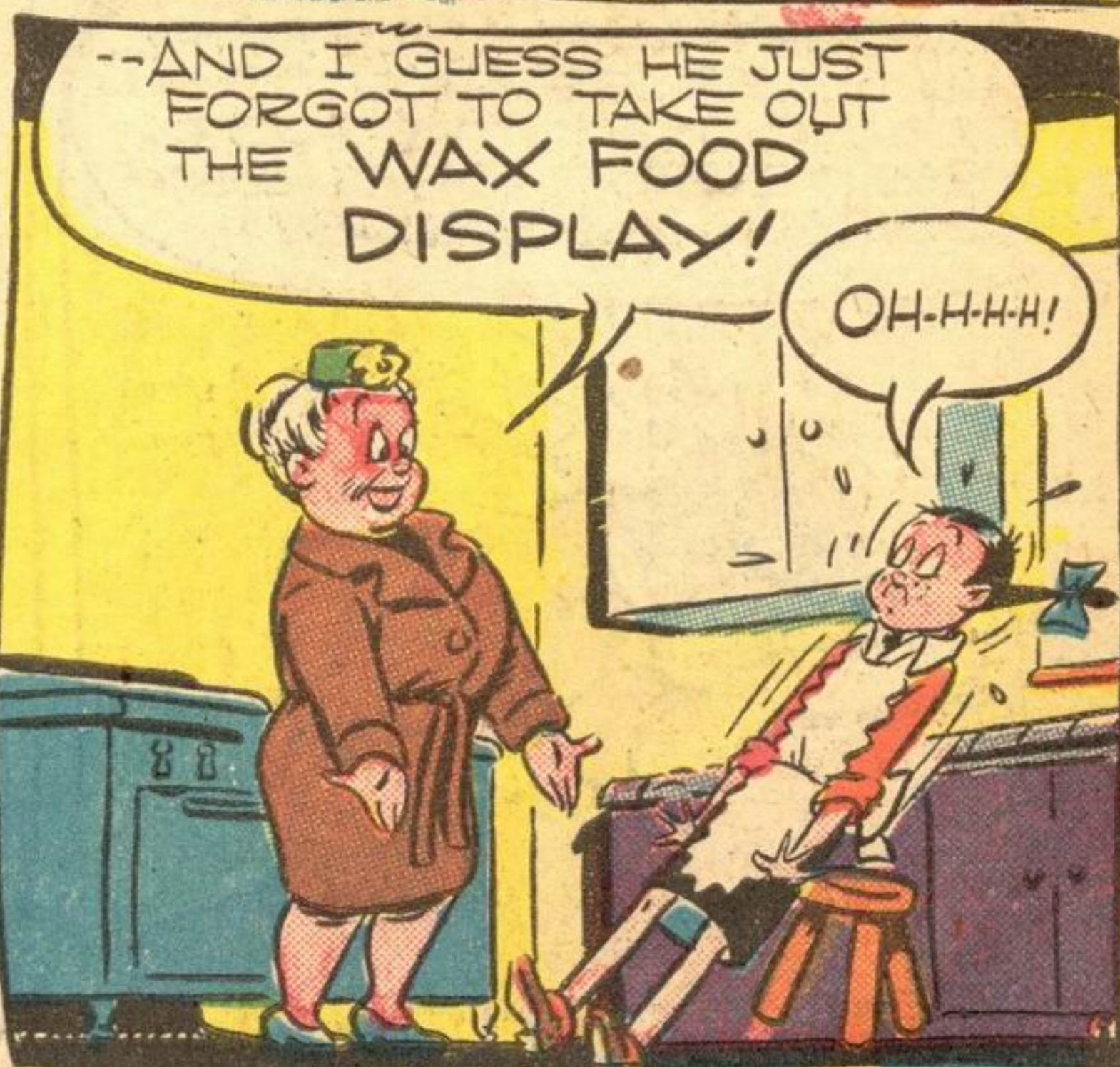
MEAT!
VEGETABLES!
REFRIGERATOR!



NOW STOP YOUR CRYING,
CINDY! THE MELTING
MYSTERY IS SOLVED!



MR. EATON, THE ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCE MAN, CALLED ME
THIS MORNING AND SAID HE'D
HAVE TO SEND OVER A
DEMONSTRATOR REFRIGERATOR
UNTIL THE NEW SHIPMENT
COMES IN NEXT WEEK--



--AND I GUESS HE JUST
FORGOT TO TAKE OUT
THE WAX FOOD
DISPLAY!

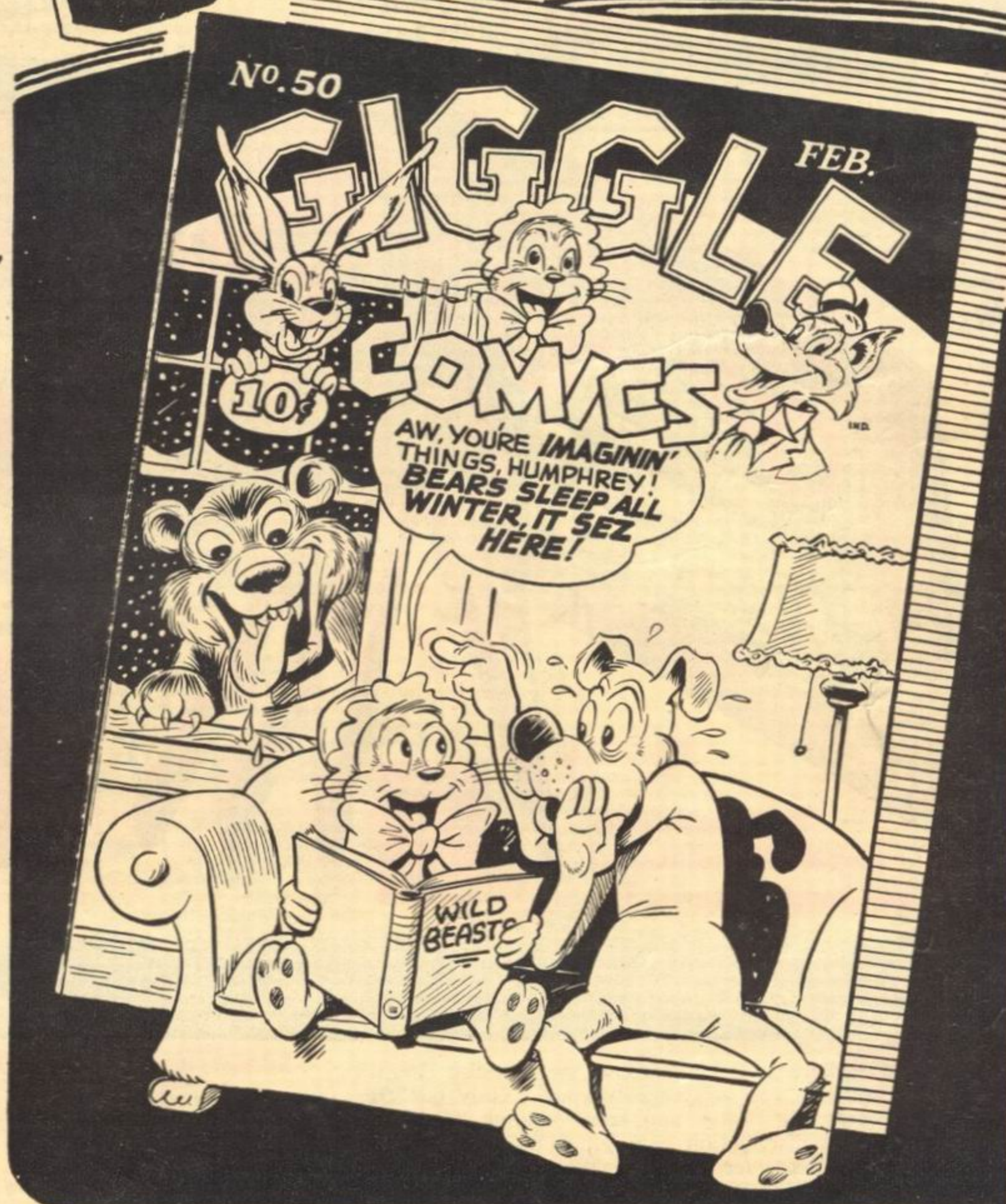
OH-H-H-H!

Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

A TORNADO OF GIGGLES--AN EARTH-QUAKE OF MIRTH! AND ALL IN THAT HEP, HOWL-PRODUCING MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE TALKING... AND LAUGHING!

IT'S STREAMLINED FOR SMILES!

So remember...
YOURS FOR GIGGLES
-- and
RESERVE
YOUR COPY
NOW!



only

10¢

GIGGLE COMICS

Featuring THE GREAT SUPERKATT!

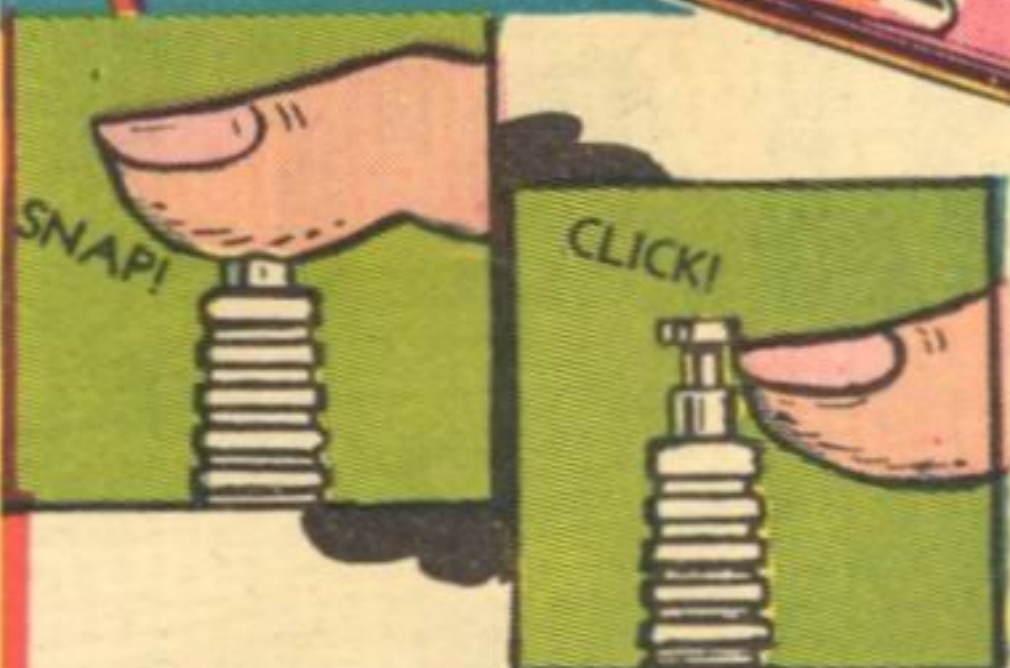


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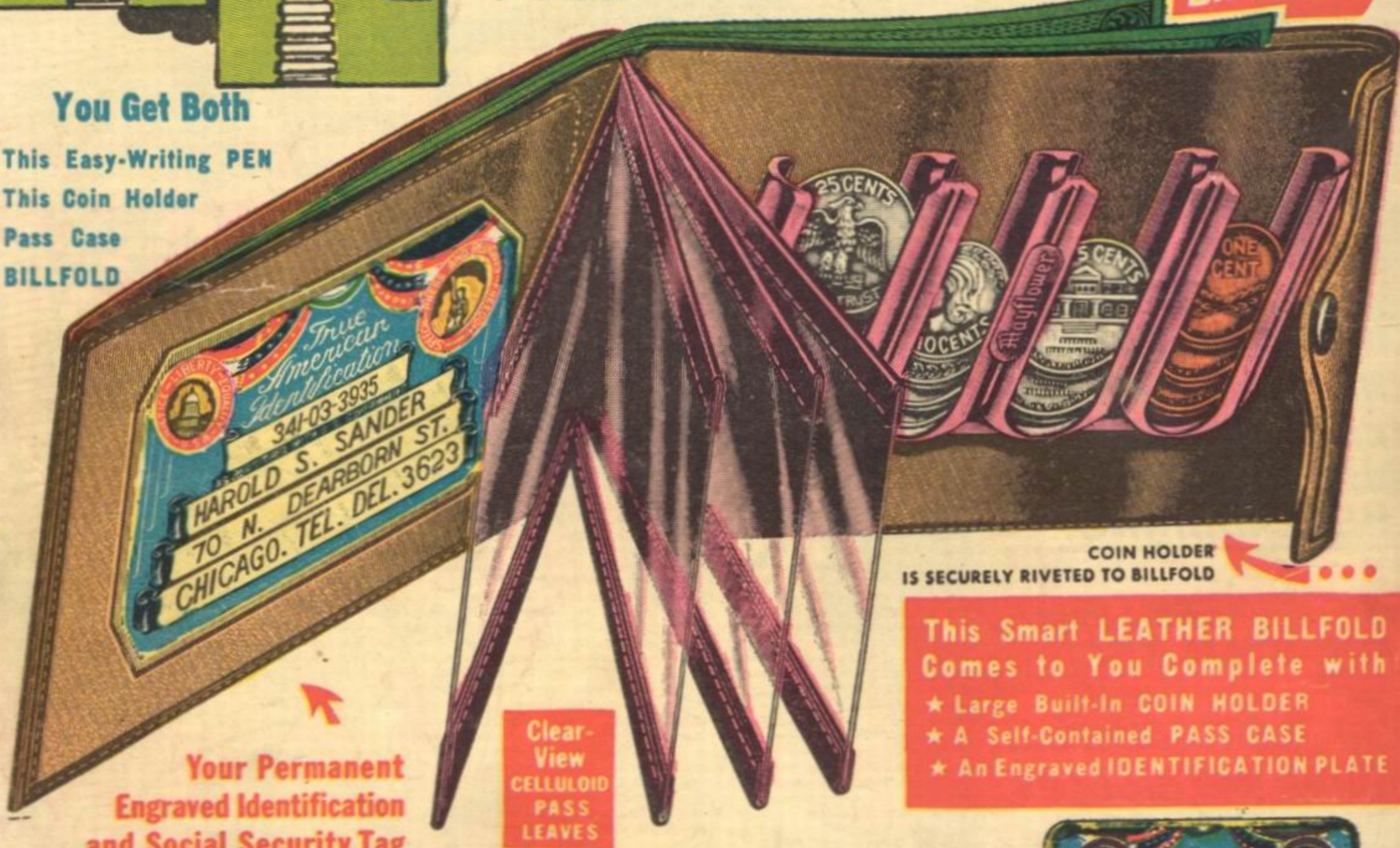
You Get them BOTH for

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You Get Both

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This Coin Holder
Pass Case
BILLFOLD



Your Permanent Engraved Identification and Social Security Tag

Clear-View CELLULOID PASS LEAVES

COIN HOLDER IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with
★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate ENGRAVED With YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



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- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

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